

The Australian

October 30, 1968

Women's Weekly

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia \$1.00

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.



Onassis

**JACKIE
KENNEDY
TO MARRY**

See story inside

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

OCTOBER 30, 1968

Vol. 36, No. 22

OUR COVER

After much speculation and rumor about "eligible" men, from the jet-set and "Debreit," Jackie Kennedy has chosen a husband—Greek shipping millionaire Aristotle Onassis. Their story is on pages 4 and 5.

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Everywhere Johnny goes, Buster goes, too

Buster, an 18-month-old stag-hound, is so attached to his master, Johnny Kilpatrick, of Clare, North Queensland, he cannot bear to let him out of his sight.

JOHNNY was dismayed when he found that Buster was following him to work—for his work is driving a cane-fields locomotive eight hours a day on a 60-mile run hauling cane along the flat, blazing-hot floor of the Burdekin Valley.

From puppyhood, Buster's devotion was a problem. Buster's neck is thicker than his head, so he couldn't be tied up. And to keep him locked up through the long, hot day was unbearable for both dog and master.

Inevitably, Buster chased the train . . .

On the 30-mile outward run the little diesel loco, unladen, bowls along merrily at 15 mph.

It is a hot pace for a dog. Buster would fall behind. When he was out of sight, Johnny thought the silly mutt would give up and go home, saving up his devotion for a frenzy of joy at his master's return at the end of the day like any other self-respecting pet dog.

By mid-afternoon, chugging back at 10 mph on the homeward run with a quarter-mile-long train of laden cane-trucks in tow, Johnny would meet Buster, dusty, tongue hanging out, still steadfastly outward bound.

"He had soon learned that if he stuck to the line he'd meet us coming back," said Johnny.

At the slower pace coming back, Buster could just about keep up.

By
LARRY FOLEY

But a dog running alongside a cane-train meets unusual hazards. When the Houghton River Bridge was under construction, with the decking incomplete, Buster managed to fall through, 30ft. into the river.

Once Johnny found Buster sprawled on a cattle grid. The dog's four feet had slipped between the shiny iron bars simultaneously.

WHERE TO SEE ROBERT CARRIER

FAMOUS cook-restaurateur-author Robert Carrier arrives in Australia by Qantas next month.

His main public appearance in each capital will be for a mass audience in the early evening to enable working girls to hear him. He will also appear in department stores and on television and radio.

During his talks, several recipes from his "Great Dishes of the World" and a table-top flambe dish will be prepared by assistants.

His tour is sponsored by Ronson Pty. Ltd. and The Australian Women's Weekly.

IN SYDNEY:

November 4, 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m., Farmer's city store.

November 4, 6 p.m., Trocadero. Admission free. Limited number of reserved tickets available at electrical departments, Farmer's city and suburban stores, and Grace Bros., Broadway, and suburban stores.

November 6, 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., Grace Bros., Roselands.

Mr. Carrier will be guest-of-honor at a Black and White Committee luncheon at Caprice Restaurant on November 4 in aid of the Royal Blind Society.



JOHNNY, with Buster in his characteristic riding stance. Buster looks insecure, but he travels happily all day in this position.

With nothing but air beneath the grid, this left Buster resting on his stomach, quite helpless.

"You never saw a dog looking so silly," Johnny recalled. "He wasn't hurt—except in his pride."

Another time Buster suddenly found himself on the wrong side of an irrigation canal.

He tried to leap across. Plunk!

Resignedly, Johnny stopped the train, hauled his embarrassing pal out of the vertical-sided canal.

Naturally, by now, Buster

was beginning to think there wasn't much future in trying to pace an iron horse. Trouble was, cane-fields locos aren't designed for passengers, biped or quadruped. Two men ride the cabin—the driver and his offside—and their space must be left clear for them to leap in and out constantly as they pick up loaded wagons at the many loading halts.

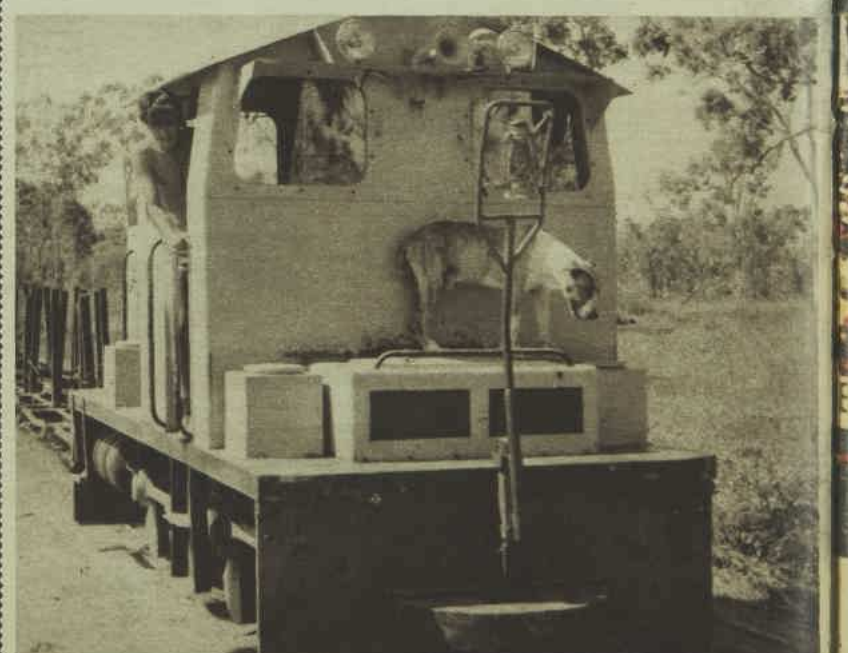
But Buster found himself a possie: on the engine. Once he learned he could ride in state on the flat section just in front of the driver's compartment, only

inches from his master, nothing could shift Buster.

The company frowned at first, finally shrugged and looked the other way.

Today, Buster puts in a full eight-hour shift. He soon allayed company fears—and Johnny's—that he might prove to be a nuisance, chasing cattle, fighting farmers' dogs, bothering children, snatching a chicken.

Buster has a one-track mind: all he wants to do is stick by Johnny. At loading halts Buster hops off, stretches his legs, but never strays from that train.



BUSTER perched on the locomotive ledge. He found the position on the engine after drenchings in a river and a canal, a fall through the bars of a cattle grid, and many footsore miles following the 15 mph engine.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

WHEN THE CAULDRON WAS LIT AT 1968 OLYMPICS



THE SPECTACLE of the opening of the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City when Enriqueta Basilio, Mexico's 20-year-old 400 metres champion, lit the cauldron in the main stadium with the Olympic torch. A total of 7886 athletes from 118 countries marched past before an overflowing crowd of almost 100,000. To add to the color, 40,000 balloons, as well as thousands of pigeons, were released. The pink-sided stairway up which Enriqueta ran to light the flame contained 90 steps.

Picture by ROBERT FELDMAN

● More Olympics pictures, pages 8 and 9



Sandals your feet are Mad about— by Scholl.

Feet feel fitter in them. Legs look livelier. Your step gets springier. So go get yourself a pair of Scholl exercise sandals.

Go get yourself the young look. Everybody's doing it!

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At chemists, stores, and Scholl shops

SO JACKIE SAYS YES— TO ONASSIS

—The charming widow
marries the famous zillionaire

TRYING to marry off Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, probably the world's most eligible widow, has been one of America's favorite pastimes.

Now the game is over. Her marriage to the good-looking Greek "zillionaire" Aristotle Onassis (he's just so rich), a long-standing friend, has put an end to speculation.

It is a slap in the eye for the New York columnists, who for months had gone for the British Lord Harlech.

Jackie is 39, Onassis, "the Golden Greek" and a long-time jet-setter who nevertheless keeps a shrewd eye on his millions, is (he says) 62.

The wedding took place on Onassis' Greek island paradise, Skorpios.

Onassis has been at the Kennedys' Massachusetts home within the past few weeks, and soon after the announcement Jackie and her children flew to Greece.

Jackie and other members of the Kennedy clan have often been guests on Onassis' luxury yacht, Christina, which takes jet-setters through the lovely resorts of Europe, especially those in the Mediterranean, on wonderful holiday cruises.

Some of the finest sun-tans in Europe are acquired on the yacht's decks — though Jackie herself likes a fairly light tan (by Australian standards).

Onassis' former wife, Tina, is now Marchioness of Blandford. She remarried in October, 1961.

Her marriage to Onassis ended in divorce in 1960. The break-up came after his name was linked with Maria Callas.

It was a second marriage for English aristocrat Blandford. He and Tina both had two children each by their previous marriages.

Jackie's escorts, when she began to move in social circles again after recovering at least partly from the shock of her husband's tragic assassination — there is no doubt she loved the former U.S. President, the late John Kennedy, dearly — have been well noted by the world's gossip-writers.

They were mostly men considerably older than herself, names in theatrical and literary circles.

"Regulars"

Her "regulars" included writer Truman Capote, lyricist Alan Jay Lerner, writer Irwin Shaw, magazine cartoonist Charles Addams, and novelist Arthur Schlesinger.

In 1966, John Carl Warnecke, the architect of the Kennedy memorial, was regarded as a "favorite," and, more recently, the twice-divorced film producer Mike Nichols and Antonio Garrigues, Spain's Ambassador to the Vatican.

Invariably there was controversy about Jackie's possible plans to remarry. Americans tend to regard her as national property.

After the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas just on five years ago, people gave Mrs. Kennedy a saint-like aura. Then came the inevitable split:

Those who wanted her to

retain the "saint" image and devote herself to good works and a lifetime of grieving.

Those who thought the best thing would be for her to remarry and to provide a new home and father for her two children, Caroline and John.

A grieving saint-like widow she certainly was not. On the other hand, despite gossip columnists, there was little real evidence that Jackie was looking for a husband.

On the contrary, she seemed to enjoy her gay unattached life in New York. Her apartment in Manhattan is large and luxurious. She was never short of escorts; was present at most big charity balls and first nights; and was a part of the hard core of New Yorkers belonging to the international jet set.

There was Lord Harlech. Lord Harlech first met John Kennedy in London in 1938, when the future President's father, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, was the U.S. Ambassador to Britain. He and Jackie have been friends for 13 years and he was a regular guest at the Kennedy home when, as Sir David Ormsby Gore, he was British Ambassador in Washington from 1961 to 1964.

Interest stirred last year when he and Jackie spent a lot of time together during her month-long sojourn in Ireland.

The world Press began probing the rumor that the former U.S. first lady would become the second Lady Harlech (Lord Harlech's first wife died in a car accident in May, 1967).

But as time went on many of the more cynical observers thought no, Jackie



ONASSIS with his first wife, Tina, now the Marchioness of Blandford, in 1958. They were divorced in 1960.



FALSE rumors spread late last year that Onassis and opera singer Maria Callas (pictured with him) had been married.



FORMER MRS. JACKIE KENNEDY, now Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, and one of the most glamorous women of the age. In recent years gossip writers have left no stone unturned to find out if she would remarry, and whom.



ARISTOTLE SOCRATES ONASSIS, the very, very rich shipping magnate and well-known jet set host, who has married Jackie Kennedy. Aged 62 (he says — some say 69) and grey-haired, he is witty, sophisticated.

wouldn't marry the Englishman. Her pin-up status would disappear if she did.

Jackie continued to be seen at all the "in" restaurants and at Sybil Burton's discotheque, Arthur, rubbing shoulders with other "beautiful" people like the Henry Fords, Baby Jane Holzer, George Hamilton, Wendy Vanderbilt, and now and again with her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill.

Younger

She looks younger than she did when she first entered the White House at the age of 32. Her skirts are well above the knee — like any self-respecting New Yorker's. Her hair is longer and free-flowing.

The look is new, but her influence on the American fashion scene is still strong. The Jackie Kennedy who introduced the classic Givenchy-style coats and the pert pillbox poised rather precariously on the back of

the head now promotes fake hair in heavy falls, gold chains slung low on the hip, and patio pyjamas for evening wear.

The look is essentially youthful and is copied throughout the world. She's a trend-setter in the true sense.

And now, for Jackie, it's Onassis — a colorful, forceful, successful charmer, sophisticated as they come, yet attractive to women, courteous.

Intimates say he's privately a witty conversationalist and a perfect dear to friends.

He is shortish, well built, with well-defined features and steel-grey hair.

And he has a slightly lonely air — as many rich men have.

He is awfully, awfully rich. The insurance value of his merchant fleet is 500 million dollars.

And he holds stocks in 85 corporations in at least ten countries.



LORD HARLECH, of Britain, with Jackie. They are close friends, but there'll be no wedding bells for them now.



ABOARD the Christina, Onassis' luxury yacht (above), Liz Taylor (left) has something to say to husband Richard Burton (right), while Onassis (next to Liz) and another guest listen with great interest. The Burtons are old friends of Onassis. At left, another view of the yacht. On deck is the sea-plane which Onassis keeps handy for zippy transport.



Would you believe it?

A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face!

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I imagined people were talking about me. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed my face—but this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist (bless him!) told me that acne troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is not a sign of "dirtiness." It's caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the **complete** acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam (no soap). Stri-Dex Foam cleans deep down in the pores and leaves an anti-

bacterial film on the surface of the skin to fight the acne infection.

And, twice a day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated—clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove pore-clogging oils and make-up—leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing" . . . able to face the future with confidence.

STRI-DEX

Medicated Foam (in handy aerosol)—\$1.47

Medicated Pads (42 in compact jar)—\$1.26



SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

The Gilbeys are coming to the Melbourne Cup . . .

. . . They used to drive a coach-and-four to Ascot

A FAMILIAR face at the Melbourne Cup this year will be that of Englishman, the Hon. John Gilbey.

He is the man in the gin advertisements. He is also the chairman of the wine and spirit merchants firm which makes the gin.

He and his wife will be the guests of the Victorian Racing Club, and plan to spend a month in Australia.

Mr. Gilbey, a tall distinguished man with a sharp sense of humor and boundless energy, believes in "minding my own business"—and his business is gin. He likes to take an active part, right down to smiling at clicking cameras.

"It's a lot of fun," he said. "I don't think up the advertisements—we have an advertising department for that—but I love doing them."

"I also travel a lot. I spend about six months of the year travelling around the world. Last year I totted up 80,000 miles."

Don't ask me how much I've travelled altogether—I haven't the faintest idea."

On most trips Mr. Gilbey is accompanied by his wife, who is also a Gilbey by birth. They are first cousins and married in 1939.

They have four children and four grandchildren. Their two youngest children are 18-year-old Michael, an

undergraduate at St. Andrew's University in Scotland, and 24-year-old William, who works for the firm.

The older children, Antony and Penelope, are both married and have two children each.

"The oldest grandchild is three years old, so we are new grandparents, really," said Mrs. Gilbey, a very attractive woman with soft grey hair, bright blue eyes, and a neat figure.

"Three boys and one girl. I know you shouldn't have favorites but I suppose I like Alexandra best."

"She is two and lives in Brussels with my daughter and son-in-law, and she doesn't speak either English or French—just a mixture of the two at the moment."

The Gilbeys' trip to Australia will be their second. Their first in 1952 also included the Melbourne Cup.

"My only recollection of it," said Mrs. Gilbey, "is that it poured with rain."

"But we are both looking forward to seeing it again. You hear about it all over the world."

"I don't know what I will wear yet—it's a bit terrifying, actually, as everyone there is very smartly dressed."

"My favorite clothes are suits, so it will probably be something like that."

Mrs. Gilbey is a much keener racing fan than her husband.

"I love it," she said. "Actually, I find the big hats at Ascot rather trying—I can't see the horses."

"I don't bet a lot but I enjoy it. I study the form madly for months, then usually end up choosing by sticking a pin in the paper."

"Quite honestly, it doesn't make much difference either way—by form or by pin."

Mr. Gilbey says he is not a gambler. "I just like winning—I hate losing," he said.

"It's the atmosphere of a big race meeting I like. It's more of a party."

"I like going to the races in style—and being comfortable."

For seven years Mr. Gilbey did go to Ascot in style. In fact, nothing could have been more stylish than the four-in-hand Mrs. Gilbey used to drive through Windsor Park to the races, with the Queen's permission.



MRS. GILBEY drives the Gilbey coach (above) to Ascot races. Standing at the back is Mr. Wyndham Hill Smith, of the Australian wine industry, and his wife is sitting behind Mrs. Gilbey. At right are Mr. and Mrs. Gilbey.



"It was a great honor," she said. "Members of the Coaching Club can go through the park, but of course I'm not a member—women can't be."

"Three coaches, including mine, were allowed through, and we made quite a splash."

Mr. Gilbey added: "We took our guests with us. In fact, a few Australians have come with us—they enjoyed it immensely."

They started up in the wine trade—and we've never looked back," said Mr. Gilbey.

Mr. Gilbey is heir to the title of Baron Vaux of Harrowden, which was created in 1523.

The present Baron is his elder brother, the Rev. P. H. G. Gilbey, a Benedictine monk.

"He's the only Roman Catholic priest for 400 years

are gardeners, and anyway, are away so much."

Mr. Gilbey is an Oxford graduate in Arts.

"I went straight into the business after Oxford—then came the war," he said.

Mr. Gilbey started off as a private in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and ended up as a major.

"I first went to Iceland—defending it against all comers," he said.

"Of course, I wasn't by myself—there were a few other chaps with me," he joked.

"I came back to England, then went to Egypt and Italy for a couple of years. Then I was so old they had to demob me."

Before arriving in Australia, the Gilbeys have quite a bit of travelling to do.

Already this year they have visited Mexico, Salvador, Panama, Venezuela, Jamaica, Nassau, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and France.

"We are going to Sweden first," said Mr. Gilbey, "and then I have a rather extensive trip to Canada, where my wife will join me."

"I am going to Belgium to see my grandchildren," said Mrs. Gilbey.

"After Canada we are going to have a few days rest in Hawaii, then off to Australia."

"There we will go to Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, then New Zealand, then back to Sydney, Adelaide, and Perth. And we are going to South Africa on our way back to England."

"The only thing wrong," said Mrs. Gilbey, "is I find living out of a suitcase terrible."

"It's very difficult travelling to a hot country, then a cold one. I never seem to pack the right things. I organise myself rather badly usually."

"I will leave the shoes for an evening dress behind. Or the blouse to match a suit. And I have a habit of leaving the skirt for a suit."

Mr. Gilbey asked: "Has Sydney changed in the past 15 years? I suppose it has."

"Do they still have that 'shouting' game?"

He explained to Mrs. Gilbey: "Shouting means that when you go into a bar, everyone you know and meet plunks a drink in front of you. And suddenly you find you have six gins lined up at your elbow."

"Not that I mind," he said. "After all, it's my business."

By Jacqueline Lee Lewes

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

MOMMA once said: "No one seems to understand the trouble with the youth of today—riots, fights, sit-ins—everyone is asking how did it all happen. I think one of the main reasons is a lack of family life today. Dad off to the club at night. Mother at some meeting or other. Kids getting more money than I think they deserve, and everyone in the family seems to be living his own life. Yet a family is the best place to learn how to live with other people."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Juvenile delinquency is like charity—it begins at home."

Late last year, the four horses—Irish hunters called Whisky, Gin, Vodka, and Brandy—were bought by Mrs. Gilbey's cousin.

"I went to Ascot only once this year," said Mrs. Gilbey. "We were in France, and only got back for the last day."

"We went by car—it wasn't nearly as much fun."

Coaches are part of the Gilbey family tradition. Mr. Gilbey's great-great-grandfather was the owner and driver of the London-to-Bishops-Stortford coach, driving his horses the 30-mile return journey every day.

Then the steam engine was invented, and the days of coaches and horses were numbered.

"When his two sons came back from the Crimean War

to hold a seat in the House of Lords," said Mr. Gilbey.

"He doesn't get much time to attend, though, as he runs a parish at Warrington, in Lancashire."

"We have a very good working relationship—he prays for me—and I drink to his health," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

At present the Gilbeys are moving house, from Surrey to Richmond Green, just outside of London.

"The Surrey house was too big, with two of the children married, and all our travelling," said Mrs. Gilbey.

"Our new house is an original Queen Anne—with bits and pieces added."

"The drawing-room looks out right over the river—it's lovely," Mr. Gilbey said.

"And it has a tiny garden—thank goodness. Neither of us

AT 1968 OLYMPICS

PEOPLE AND PAGEANTRY



DUTCH swimmer Ada Kok (above) with 17-year-old student Sue McKenzie, Australian entrant in breaststroke and butterfly events.



TOURING the University of Mexico with the famous Rivera mural on the principal building in background, right, Jennifer Lamy, Jean Roberts, and Ruby Robinson.



RON CLARKE, (above, right), who collapsed after finishing sixth in the 10,000 metres, with steeplechaser Kerry O'Brien in the Olympic Village.



RUNNER Jennifer Lamy and discus thrower Jean Roberts (left), trying on a type of short poncho. Jennifer is a typist and Jean is a teacher.

Pictures by
ROBERT FELDMAN



AUSTRALIAN team (above) in the march-past, led by 53-year-old equestrian competitor, Bill Roycroft, who was walking with a slight limp — his toe was broken when stepped on by a horse.

KIMONO-CLAD Japanese women (below) marched along to hand over the Olympic flag to Mexican women dressed in national costumes. Japan was the host country for the 1964 Olympics.



A "HIPPIE" TOUR OF SUBURBIA

By KAY MELAUN

GREENWICH VILLAGE is the home of the off-beats. It's a must on the tourist itinerary. But the hippies got sick of the squares photographing them, so 60 of them hired a bus at about \$A5 each and spent four hours sightseeing suburbia.

As one observer reported, their beards and beads got tangled with their camera straps.

The bus had a guide to interpret the scene. It made several stops to enable the passengers to savor the sights.

At one stop the hippies walked down a tree-lined street in an outer suburb inspecting the residents, who were doing the garden or reading the newspapers in the bright Sunday sunshine.

At another stop, two elderly women asked one of the long-haired tourists if they could take his picture.

"Yes," he said graciously, with a swirl of his cape, if they would permit him to take theirs.

But of course.

On the way back to the Asphalt Jungle, the bus overtook another bus. It was full of tourists on their way to sightsee the hippies in Greenwich Village.

The "Silken Web"

Two Manhattan models-turned-decorators, Barbara Brown and Clare Morrow, apply feminine technique when decorating a spinster client's apartment.

"Unless it's comfortable enough to appeal to a man, she'll never get a husband," they say.

Their favorite client is a divorcee who broke her toe when a bottle of champagne fell out of her refrigerator on it. A doctor living in the same apartment block was summoned. They became friends. He liked the apartment. And so they were married.

They are living happily ever after in a new apartment decorated by the two ex-models.

Barbara, married to a furniture designer, has a teenage daughter. Clare, separated from bandleader Buddy Morrow, also has a daughter aged ten.

This month they got the 1966-67 award for the best remodelling of a New York building facade. It's the I. Miller Galleria on Fifth Avenue.

No lunchtime rush

There are pressures aplenty here, but one pressure the working girl doesn't suffer is the Australian lunchtime rush.

Department stores and smaller shops are open all day Saturday, and most evenings until 9 o'clock. There's none of the frantic skurry to eat a sandwich, get some supplies for dinner, and try to buy a pair of shoes within one hour.

The working girl eats lunch at comparative leisure. She shops for clothes and supplies at stores and supermarkets on the way home, or on Saturdays.

Shopping bags, by the way, aren't essential. The paper bags into which the supermarkets put your purchases are so

thick that you can swing home six bottles of soft drink in the bottom of the grocery bag without fear of the paper breaking.

Life is never dull

Life in the centre of this city is never dull. How could it be when within spit of your flat are: Carnegie Hall, a laundromat, the Martha Graham theatre, an ironmongery, a garage, two Italian restaurants, a jazz bar, the New York Hilton Hotel, a karate-judo gym, and a Belly Dance Studio, where you can "Become An Artist."

"Jogging" made easy

Jogging is still very much in. But those distressed souls who can't get to the park skirting Riverside Drive to dog-trot along the path marked "For Joggers" have an alternative.

Sports store Abercrombie and Fitch advertise an indoor jogger made of aluminium. This looks like clumsy rectangular skis, with two little sliding platforms on which you put your feet.

Cost, with aluminium balance sticks, about \$A65.

"TV or not TV"

Believe it if you like: In his Little Old New York column Ed Sullivan said that Clint "Cheyenne" Walker was going to marry Donna Douglas, blonde daughter of "The Beverly Hillbillies."

Vanderbilt show

Gloria Vanderbilt's art show in Washington, D.C., was reportedly an attendance failure. Twelve thousand invitations went out, but only 350 people showed up.

However, critics praised the 25 collage paintings and line-wash drawings, and eight of the works, priced from \$A200 to \$A536, were sold stickers to the evening's end.

Gloria's looks were praised, too. She wore silver harem pants and vest, white blouse, rhinestone belt, bracelets, brooch, and earrings, and an enormous ring on each finger of her left hand.

Her fourth husband, Wyatt Cooper, attended the show. He's half-way through writing a novel.

Fake leather

The coat in fake leather, with fake-fur trim or zip-out lining, will dominate in-the-street dressing this coming northern winter, according to re-orders placed by New York retail stores.

Colors will be taupe or brown, the coat a topper or full-length.

Running this close will be a suit or dress or pantsuit in leather.

Among other items high on the stores' re-order list are chain belts, turtle shirts (men and women), plaid skirts, wool jumpers, and classic long-sleeved shirts.

The Nehru coat, now in every shop window, and on many men's backs, is in demand for children.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

RANG Mrs. Gordon Samuels (actress Jackie Kott) in the Crown Street Women's Hospital to ask about her new daughter. She told me they have decided upon the name Selina for the baby, who is "small, dark, and very like her father." The Samuels' elder daughter, Deborah, is nearly six.

BELIEVE that the Bill Adams', who are regulars at the Melbourne Cup each year, will be down in November staying at the Windsor Hotel. Their two daughters, Susan, and Mrs. Archie Kennedy, haven't decided yet whether they will go.

AS soon as Mrs. Jock Pagan told me that Mrs. John Howse was president of the newly formed ACT Branch of the Linen Guild (which works for the Ophthalmic Hospital of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem), I knew there'd be some very glamorous functions planned for Canberra. Sure enough, the first one—the Red and White Ball on November 1 at the St. John Priory Headquarters—sounds as if it will be a gala night. Mrs. Howse is keeping the decor a secret, but as her ideas are always so original it's sure to be outstanding. Women guests have been asked to wear a red or a white ball gown, and these are to be judged, with a model gown for the prettiest.

COULDNT make up my mind at the Justin O'Brien party (see picture on opposite page) which of three coattresses I saw looked the smartest. Mrs. Gregory Blaxland's beautifully cut cigar-brown silk one had self buttons; Mrs. John Minter's was in a wonderful shade of tangerine, and Mrs. Baillieu Myer (who was up from Melbourne) wore a belted coat made in an unusual embossed silver material.

SPEAKING to Mrs. Ross Hayes about the Scots College Spring Fair to be held on October 26, and it sounds as if many of the members of the women's committee, who are helping to arrange it, are thoroughly enjoying themselves. Most original ideas I thought were those of Mrs. Michael Harvey, who's in charge of the garden stall. She canvassed her country friends for their old plough discs, had them buffed, and they're for sale as reflectors for barbecues. She also found 100 rose-emblem pottery edging tiles when an old house was being demolished at Woollahra and these also will be for sale. The fair will be held in the school grounds all day.

TWO country engagements of interest this week—one from Gobarralong and one from Cowra. At "Oaklands," Gobarralong, home of the Darcy Carberry's, their daughter, Barbara, and Robert Jones, of Griffith, were feted by friends, from nearby properties, and relatives.

AND, at Cowra, Robyn Delaney, of "Dara," and Denis Rowe, of "Wilton Dale," announced their engagement and set the month of February, 1969, for their marriage at Riverview College Chapel.

ALSO in the country, this time at Orange on November 2, Dianne Carter, of "Tikkana," Nyngan, will wed Lyndon Stewart. Dianne's attendants will be Lyndon's sisters, Marilyn and Sue, and an old school friend Sue Antill.

AND two city engagements of which I also heard this week. Lynette Savage and Peter Wall, who made the announcement at a family dinner party and plan to wed next year; and Colleen O'Grady and Ronald Powell, who celebrated at a party given for them by Colleen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Grady.

DATE for your diary . . . October 26 for the Baby Bunting Committee's buffet dinner and wine-tasting at Avant-Garde, Chatswood. Guests have been told they may "dress as you like."

AND, a second one, November 12, which is the day the annual November Exhibition of the Embroiderers' Guild of N.S.W. will be opened at the Education Department Gallery by Lady Cutler. It will remain open until November 23.

A DELICIOUS French dish and strawberries and cream, served for lunch in the garden of her Centennial Park home was the reward Mrs. Albert Bribosia gave the team of workers who spent the day with her making decorations for the Alliance Ball (to be held on October 25 at Menzies Hotel). Mrs. Bribosia (who's president of the social committee) and her workers are making dozens and dozens of huge brightly colored paper flowers for the ball to which guests have been asked to wear costumes reminiscent of Nice. The Ambassador for France, M. Andre Favereau, will come up from Canberra for the evening.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. David Hewartson with their attendants (from left), Miss Jan Mulholland, Miss Val McKinnon, and Miss Hilary Stammers, outside Pymble Presbyterian Church after their marriage. The bride was Miss Marie Stammers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stammers, of Marsfield. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hewartson, of Blakemore, England.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 30, 1968

TINY ATTENDANTS. Mr. and Mrs. David Green in the garden at St. James's Church, Turramurra, with flowergirls Patricia Forsyth (left) and Natalie McDonald, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Janice Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Richards, of Turramurra. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green, of St. Ives.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kleeman outside the Central Baptist Church, City, after their marriage, with their attendants, Miss Caroline Hill and Miss Elizabeth Hill (left to right), and (at front) flowergirl Joanne Hill. The bride was Miss Judith Frew, daughter of Mrs. D. Frew, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. Kingston Frew. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Kleeman, of Albury.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Wood with their attendants (from left), Miss Helen Glasson, Miss Anne Gordon, Mrs. Bruce Sampson, Miss Margot Oates, and Mrs. Doug Booker, outside Shore Chapel after their marriage. The bride was Miss Catherine Glasson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Glasson, of "Hiawatha," Cargo. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wood, of "Maroo," Koorawatha.



AT RIGHT: Lady Hall Best, Victorian visitor Mrs. Basil Carden, and artist Justin O'Brien at the cocktail party for Mr. O'Brien held at the Macquarie Galleries on the evening before his one-man exhibition opened at the gallery. He will return on October 23 to Rome, where he has been living and painting for the past eighteen months.



CONVENTION AT CANBERRA. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Archer (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Joe McMahon, all of Sydney, at the buffet dinner which was held at the Canberra Hotel during the 62nd Annual Convention of the Master Builders' Federation of Australia. Mr. Archer is Federal president of the Federation, and Mr. McMahon is the president of the N.S.W. Master Builders' Association.



SHIPBOARD PARTY. Mrs. A. Aurian, Lieutenant-Commander B. Credland, RN, Miss Georgiana Morris, and Lieutenant-Commander J. Bird, RAN, at the cocktail party given on board HMS Hermes by the Flag Officer, Second-in-Command, Far East Fleet, Admiral A. T. F. G. Griffin. The Hermes is one of twenty-five Royal Navy vessels which took part in Exercise Coral Sands, off Queensland.

NEXT HE'LL

BE SAYING: "But I haven't a thing to wear"

MEN IN VELVET, PIGSKIN



HIS AND HER evening suits by Valentino, which climaxed the parade. This one was the only girl model to appear. "His" suit, a moire - banded black velvet dinner suit with moire vest, has jet-and-jewelled buttons. Cost, about \$268 (Australian). "Hers" around that, too. She wears a black scarf; he, a white one, tied stock-fashion.

COCKTAILS preceded the preview parade of men's clothes by Mr. Fish of London and Valentino of Rome. They should have been served afterward. By that time, most of us needed a bracer.

The boys in the audience at Alexander's main New York department store eclipsed the girls. Heaven knows they took some eclipsing with their Niagara falls of hair, frantic lashes, and diamond lights in their black-rimmed eyes.

Luckily for me, the film-industry man in the next seat had an earthy approach to the collection gems: Calf-flogging pigskin greatcoat at \$250; Hamlet-type sleeveless doublet suit in sapphire - blue velvet with voluminous-sleeved fuchsia shirt caught at wrists in a frill. Suit, \$129; shirt, \$40.

Mr. Fish himself wore a peach-pink suit edged with white braid. The design details escaped me. It was made out of a damask tablecloth.

"No, really!" protested the commentator. "It was!"

Commentator Mr. Robert Green, short, round, brown-eyed, is fashion editor of "Playboy" magazine. (It was news to me that "Playboy" was so big on clothes.)

His other off-the-cuff remarks, in a half-London, half-American accent, indicated he likes his wit spiced with spite.

Valentino, short, dark, romantic, and his girl companion, petite, blonde, glamorous, looked wonderful in black velvet his-and-her suits embroidered in silver and crystal.

The Fish clothes — oops, sorry! — the Mr. Fish clothes could sink in the sea unheeded by me: A metal-threaded snakeskin dinner

jacket at \$99; another jacket in gold kidskin, at \$169, worn with Kelly-green shirt and wide Kelly-green tie.

As the earthy film type asked, "Who needs it?"

Worse than this, the clothes looked uncomfortable, even on the one model who could be chic in a hessian sack. He is an oriental, trim, medium height, self-possessed. Unlike the other models, who had friends in the audience, he conceded nothing.

The Valentino clothes, however, were occasionally superb. Extreme, but beautifully made.

"Statements"

Valentino went to a good source to borrow for his cape-and-tunic-suit ensembles worn with high boots — the cloaked-and-booted Rome guards.

One thing I didn't dig was the "sensuality" claimed for the clothes by Mr. Green. Just as I didn't dig that they "made a statement."

But Mr. Green gets more things to talk to him than I can.

He said Mr. Fish made a statement. Valentino made a statement. The double-breasted grey - and - white-striped mink topcoat (\$1895) made a statement.

So did the accompanying Digger hat in grey felt. Worn by a grey-haired, walrus-moustached type from Actors' Equity, it was shouting something awful.

One of the audience seemed to be making a statement with his beige wool Nehru-tunic suit, very fitted, trimmed all down the front with beige frog braid.

Beige must be his color. His hair was dyed to match.

Apparently anyone can make a statement. It's the "in" cliché.

What's yours?

Mine, too.



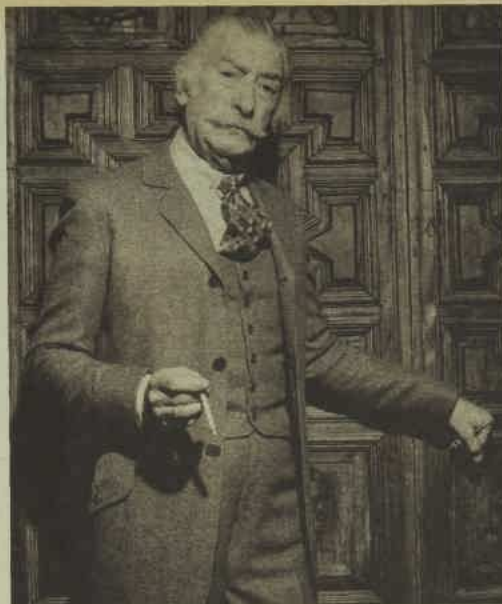
VALENTINO's green - and - white full circle cape \$156 (Australian).



GREY FLANNEL SUIT, 1968-style. In speckled tweed, it has broad, away - from - the - neck lapels. Tie is broad. (Barney's.)



DESIGNERS Valentino (left, in black velvet) and Mr. Fish (pink damask).



JUST THE THING for the office is Valentino's three-piece grey wool business suit with vest (above). It costs the equivalent of about \$220 (Australian). At right, Valentino's sleeveless coral-and-brown plaid jacket is worn with coral bulky-knit wear, and coral wool-knit trousers. \$134.



MAXI-LENGTH brushed pigskin coat (left) is buttoned from just under the high rise-and-fall collar to the knee, and belted in cowhide with antiqued brass buckle. By Mr. Fish. \$200 Aust.

**YES,
IT'S A
BOY**

THEATRE SUIT in black velvet, the coat easy-cut, the pants with the wider leg. Shirt has a lace jabot, lace cuffs. Patent shoes have a bow. (Barney's.)

• HERE'S ALL THE LATEST "HIS" GEAR

VALENTINO and Mr. Fish were, however, not the only designers to show a new look in men's fashions.

About 50 designs were featured in a fashion parade staged in Central Park, New York, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, by Barney's, the biggest individual men's store in the U.S.A.

Some 5000 teenagers screamed themselves to bliss over the styles, helped to Nirvana by the ear-splitting sound of the rock group the Union Gap.

There were fashions for men of all ages, but especially for those in the teens and twenties.

Also featured in the parade were Nehru-styled jackets, Norfolk suits, and body-clinging sweaters.

Despite their swinging look, most of the jackets retained the traditional buttonhole.

A few years back, the store was taken to task by the War Veterans, who complained that by eliminating buttonholes in their suits, Barney's had knocked sales of memorial poppies.

Since then, despite a new fashion director, Baron Gustavus von Will, of Sweden, and a new international attitude to styling, Barney's have watched it.

By KAY MELAUN, in New York



COLES *SPRING FASHIONS!*



For the slim and not so slim,
for the young and not so young!

FASHION'S MOST EXCITING NEWS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER OUR FABULOUS NEW FROCKS. YOU'LL LOVE THE WONDERFUL RANGE OF STYLES, COLOURINGS AND FABRICS AND THE SIZE RANGE IS FROM XSSW RIGHT UP TO XOS.

COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA!



Courtroom drama packs some shocks

"JUDD FOR THE DEFENSE," TCN9's powerful courtroom series — Thursdays, 8.30 p.m. — starring Carl Betz as Judd, provides splendid, strong drama, and never ceases to surprise me with its quality.

My surprise is a rather back-handed compliment, because I am always amazed at the metamorphosis of its star, Carl Betz, from the role of Dr. Alex Stone, of the "Donna Reed Show," to the tough-talking attorney Clinton Judd.

Betz, as Dr. Stone in the saccharine package that was the "Donna Reed Show" (a kind of background husband and domestic trouble-soother), walked through the show amiably enough in the American TV husband way

When the "Donna Reed Show" finished, after eight fruitful financial years for Betz, he settled into his Malibu beachhouse, prepared — financially and philosophically — for long years of waiting for his next chance.

Both he and his agent thought it would be a long wait, that Betz was firmly set in his husband-helpmeet image.

Suddenly, the Judd offer came, and Betz couldn't believe it.

In America, Judd has gone into a second season, which in these TV days, is something of an award in itself.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

lic bishop, Bishop Harold R. Perry, told a funny Bible story.

It was quite a night. It had bad patches, the production was ghastly in spots.

The worrying part of the show to me was a forward problem — the continuing supply of guests. I doubt very much whether there are enough guests to keep up the supply TV demands.

Sydney now has six live Tonight shows — one every night, Tuesday to Saturday, with two on Wednesday. All except one of these shows depend on Sydney for guests.

Invitations must flow in thick and fast for any one newsworthy in Sydney. But I should worry — it all makes for more interesting Tonight viewing, until some miracle occurs and some genius produces a new format for a local live show.

The farmer's viewpoint

"A BIG Country," ABC-TV's weekly current-affairs show about Australia (Thursdays, 9.20 p.m.), is a beauty.

I admire its content and its compere, Cam Tucker.

"A Big Country" is planned around farming and the farmer's viewpoint, but its subjects are chosen to interest city viewers, too.

The first program, "We Don't Want to Leave," about the struggle small farmers are having to survive, was

almost a tear-jerker. It was sad to see and hear about all the hopes and hard work disappearing down the drain on small-farm holdings.

Since then, "A Big Country" has dealt with many problems, from land development in Western Australia to salt-water fishing licences, and happily scotched the almost official rumors that salt-water fishermen would have to pay licensing fees.

"Big Country's" compere, Cam Tucker, has at last been recognised as an on-camera personality by the ABC.

He is a pleasant, unremarkable looking man, who looks like the man next door, but he has an open manner, he started his life as a farmer, and he is an authority (or gives that impression) on the TV jobs he takes on.

Most viewers know Tucker as a weatherman. When he gives the forecast, it is quite apparent he has studied the situation and at a pinch could interpret the highs and lows, the fronts that sweep across the continent, just as well as some of the meteorology boys. He is very good.

I could never understand how or why the ABC overlooked Cam Tucker when searching for a compere for "This Day Tonight." He would have been my pick for the on-camera anchor man.

"The Big Country" should go from strength to strength in popularity. I find it most refreshing.

Like most permanent city-dwellers, I find there is nothing better than a brief escape from the concrete and problems of the city's workaday world to the fresh air of the bush, and new problems—even via TV.

NEXT WEEK



● There are main-course meals, fork dishes for parties, desserts, Christmas cakes and puddings, and gifts from your kitchen — all in our 16-page lift-out:

Christmas COOK BOOK and...

ACTRESS
SUSAN
HAMPSHIRE'S
UNUSUAL,
FASCINATING
LIFE



Expert cook Robert Carrier gives hints for modern hostesses.



HOW TO
WEAR YOUR
OWN WORK
OF ART —
CLOTHES
PAINTED
BY HAND

Read the true story of a labor of love: "Sixty Shining Eyes."

NEW SERIAL:
"THE WIND
OFF THE
SMALL ISLES"
BY MARY
STEWART



You'll go on rounds with a doctor — at Taronga Zoo, Sydney.



OUR
COSMETICS
GUIDE
SHOWS THE
TEN-MINUTE
WAY TO
BEAUTY

Television

—rather put upon, and lacking the strength that Australian women like in men.

He is a different character in Judd. Wearing a broad-brimmed stetson, as becomes a Texan attorney, Betz seems to have assumed some of the essential virility of the State of Texas.

He rampages round the courtroom, dealing in a tough, unpretentious way with every known situation.

Abortion, mercy killing, racist problems, government corruption have all been dealt with from time to time.

Betz is now 46, and sees Judd as his big chance of establishing himself as a dramatic actor.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



CAPRICE from \$16



AMERICANA \$16 HIGH VOLTAGE \$12
SURFSIDE BEACH JACKET \$5



SVELTE WELT \$15



*the international scene
stealers by*

Sutex
REGD. USER

BRI*
NYLON
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

These are just some of the latest international swim styles by Catalina of California as worn by top Asian models Chan See Foon and Joyce Ho. From the West Coast to the Mediterranean, from Acapulco to Singapore Catalina's international look is stealing the scene this season with exciting imported fabrics and exotic new styles in swim and beach wear. See the Catalina scene at your store. It's showing now.

SWIMWEAR...SPORTSWEAR...LEISUREWEAR

TWO COMEDIANS KEEP THIS FAMILY LAUGHING



LUCILLE BALL blows out her birthday candles. She and her family were visiting Debbie Reynolds' beachhouse at Malibu, where they had a party on Lucille's birthday.



DE DE and author, Miss Hernsdorf, of Brisbane, works as a secretary with the UN in New York. She worked in Canberra and, from 1959 to 1967, with the ABC in Brisbane.

Lucille Ball's redheaded mother, known as De De, is a break-up

IT was ten years ago during a trip to the United States that I first met Lucille Ball and visited her home in Beverly Hills. The children, Little Lucie and Little Desi, as they are still called, were then only tiny tots, and I remember, when Lucille told them where I came from, how they rushed into the study to spin a huge revolving globe standing on the floor and then gleefully pointed to Australia.

My godfather, the Rev. Robert J. Baird, a Catholic priest, had introduced me to the family, whom he had known for many years. He formerly served with the U.S. Navy and is now in charge of a parish in Kansas.

In the next eight years, while I worked back home in Brisbane for

the Australian Broadcasting Commission, to my surprised delight I was kept informed of news of the Morton family by cards and letters. Lucille's husband is Gary Morton, large, suntanned, good-looking.

No mention of this family would be complete without an introduction to the vibrant, madly amusing personality who is Lucille's redheaded 77-year-old mother.

Her name is Desiree but she prefers De De, and she keeps in touch with a tremendous circle of friends, most of whom have experienced at some time the warmth of her generous heart. When De De decides she's going to amuse her audience, it's not difficult to see where Lucille inherited her genius for comedy.

Story and pictures by
HAZEL HERNSDORF



HUSBAND GARY, a warm, friendly extrovert, with Lucille and Little Desi and Lucie, photographed on that birthday.

Continued overleaf

TWO COMEDIANS KEEP THIS FAMILY

From page 17

About 18 months ago I returned to America with a job in the United Nations in New York, and my ship berthed in Los Angeles. I had received a message from De De saying, "We'll be down to the ship to meet you. You are staying with us," and that's what happened.

During August this year I spent almost a month with them again, staying both at De De's gorgeous little house in Brentwood and at the Mortons' home in Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills. Lucille and Gary have decorated theirs so tastefully, choosing green for the predominant theme, and they have achieved a rare combination of elegance and charm without ostentation—they wanted a real home to live and play in, and not just a show place.

Children unspoilt, good-looking

By now, of course, I could see a big change in the children, for Lucie had turned 17 and Desi was 15½. Lucie (full name: Lucie Desiree) is a slim and pretty teenager with long hair like a dark cloud framing her face, and Desi is strikingly handsome. Though they have practically every material possession that money can buy, they are charming and unspoiled, for Lucille has tried to raise them sensibly with an idea of real values.

Lucie is an excellent driver and she has her own Jeepster, which is fun to ride in with its open top. One Sunday she drove me home from Mass in it, and there I was perched up beside her passing many of the magnificent homes of Hollywood stars. She was so natural and unassuming.

At night when we were having our dinner, prepared by Willie Mae and Annie, Lucille's devoted cook and helper, I felt as though I were dreaming it all, to be actually sitting next to her and chatting with the family. We discussed the Vietnam War, the population of Australia, and its cities, and many other topics.

Gary had been in Melbourne some years ago and it was fun hearing him recall experiences there—he is a friendly, extroverted personality. The family asked about Australia's beaches, and, of course, I was not backward in singing their praises. Young Desi has been to Hawaii and loves surfing.

Lucie has a friend, a young actor, Phil Vandervoort, who calls her Desiree, explaining that he thinks it is the most beautiful name he has ever heard. The two of them used to spend hours every

day down in one of the poolhouses in the backyard, making pictures by an unusual process.

Lucie would cut out pretty or interesting pictures from magazines (Gary said he'd be reading his favorite story and when he got to the most exciting part it would just be a big hole where Lucie had "gotten at it with her scissors") and Phil would be sawing and hammering out pieces of wood to use as backs and frames. They would give the picture a quaint, old appearance by quickly singeing the edges with a candle, making them tattered and charred; then they glued it to the wood and sprayed it all with clear lacquer.

August 6 was Lucille's birthday, and we all went down to Debbie Reynolds' beach-house at Malibu for a party. When we arrived Lucille gave everyone a big hug and kiss—she is such a relaxed, natural, and affectionate person.

Willie Mae and Annie unpacked food they had prepared and brought in hampers: wonderful Southern fried chicken, potato salad, coleslaw, and so on, and it all smelt so good.

Then came Lucille's cake, a lemon-and-cream concoction frosted with icing and topped with finely sliced toasted almonds. Before cutting it she carried it merrily around the room with its three candles burning. It was the finest cake I've ever tasted.

Now came the birthday gifts, all beautifully wrapped and beribboned as the Americans really know how to do. Lucie's and Phil's gift caused much merriment—for they just didn't know what to get for a woman who has everything.

Here was this gorgeous box so carefully tied, and we watched Lucille's amazed expression when she peered into it. Then out came a very ancient, heavy, rusty flat-iron, the kind your great-grandmother used, followed by a medieval club—an iron ball (also very rusty) with cruel spikes protruding from it, attached to a chain and handle—it would scare the day-lights out of any intruder.

Wig, goggles didn't disguise Lucille

Desi's offering was more dainty—an exquisite little French china antique jewel case painted with a delicate design. It was obvious he had gone to great pains to find it in some store, for he knew his mother adored these fine pieces.

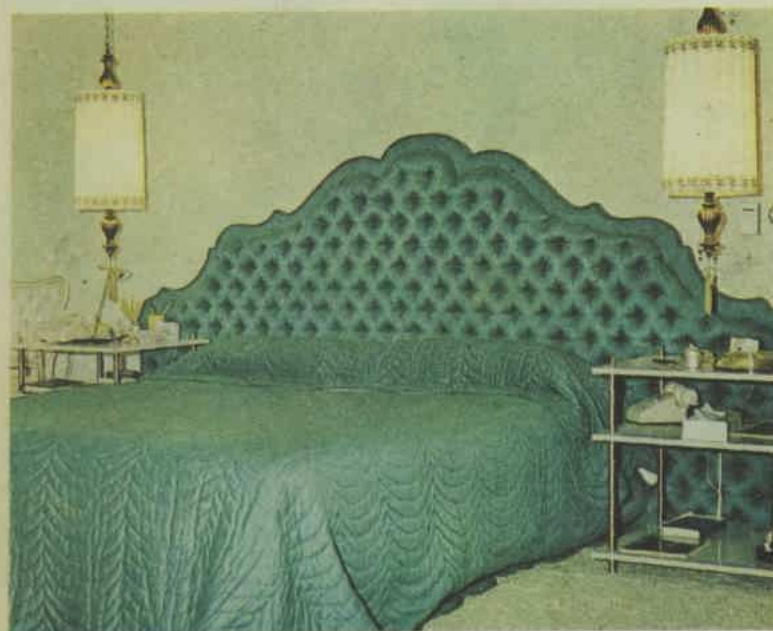
After all the other presents had been



DINING-ROOM has a large crystal chandelier which gives any degree of lighting from very bright down to a candle-like glow.



A CORNER of Little Lucie's bedroom, which is decorated in gay colors she chose herself. Lucie is 17, enjoys painting and acting.



LUCILLE'S BEDROOM is a bright and pleasant retreat.



DESI plays the electric organ in Gary's and Lucille's poolhouse.

LAUGHING

looked at, Gary marched in with his, and all everyone could utter was a long-drawn-out "aahh" as Lucille lifted it from the box—a chunky diamond bracelet studded with hundreds of beautifully faceted stones, flashing as they caught the light. He had had it custom-designed for her.

Her expressive cornflower-blue eyes (the bluest I've ever seen) looked her gratitude and pleasure, and all day long I could see her stealing little glances at it on her wrist; she was probably imagining how marvellous it would look with one of her pretty dresses, for now she was relaxing in slacks.

It is often impossible for famous people to enjoy a day out without being mobbed and besieged by autograph hunters. The Mortons each have a motor-cycle, and sometimes on a Sunday morning they like to ride over to De De's. One day Lucille got the bright idea of donning a wig, big goggles, and a helmet, thinking that would fool 'em and she'd retain her anonymity.

Big laugh! All the way up the street big kids and little kids would run out to greet her: "Hi, Lucy." No matter what she does, they know it's Lucille.

Television roles for the youngsters

About September 12 Lucille went back to the studios to start her new series, "Here's Lucy." Little Lucie and Desi have small parts in it also. It wasn't just a case of nepotism, either, for they really had to work hard for this honor, and Lucille insisted there were to be no special privileges and positively no acting up on their part.

De De proudly tells how it wasn't necessary to pull them into line even once; they did their part and worked as hard as anyone, and were popular with everyone on the set.

The Mortons have five dogs, all very spoilt but adorable. There are two grey poodles and a white one, a Norwegian rat dog which is jet black and looks like a runty little pig, and then there's Junior, a great affectionate hound with real personality.

De De chases the lot of them outside and shuts the door and they all come and press their noses against the glass and tap on the panes with their toenails, and Little Lucie lets them in again, amid much romping and barking and hilarity.

She explains that she just can't bear to see them look so sad with their big, pleading eyes.

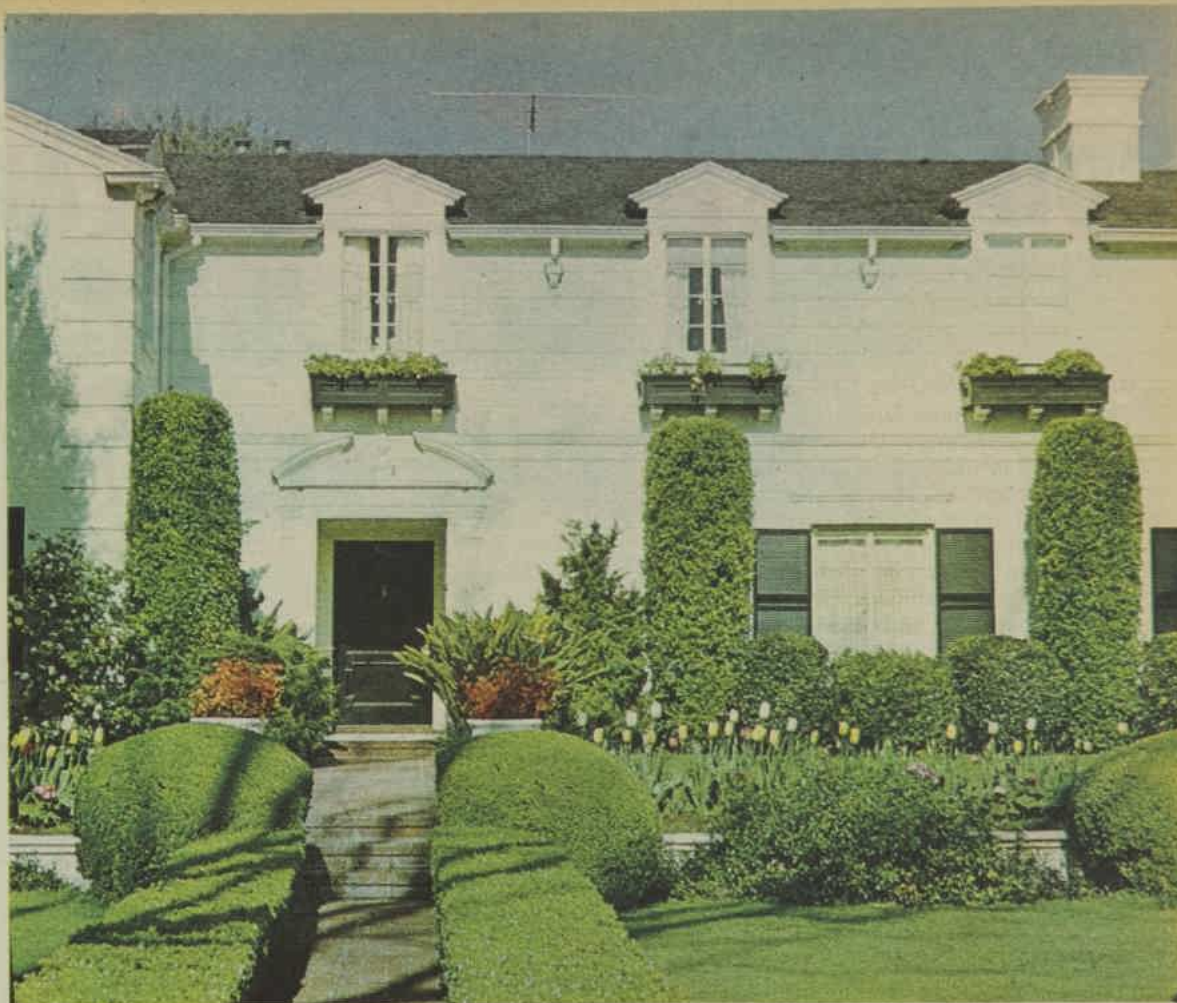
Dog was persuaded to "talk"

One day, Frank Gorey, who drives for the Mortons and is like one of the family, was sitting reading in the study. Lucille got Junior in another room and did a kind of charade at him, gesticulating and making faces and funny noises, and when he got all excited she told him to go in to Frank and talk to him.

Junior trotted in and peered intently into Frank's face, making whining noises, as close as a dog can come to talking. After a while Frank came out and said to Lucille, "What's he trying to tell me?"

Lucy responded in a mockingly innocent tone, "Oh, really, Frank, come on now," just as though she'd had no part in it, as if to say, Now I've heard every sort of thing.

Sometimes when you're swimming in the pool, Junior has a disconcerting way of taking a flying leap into the water and practically scuttling you. I had a great time in the pool, and one day was amused when a bunch of tourists came and gawked over the fence and wanted to know if I were Lucille. That's the closest I'll ever get to being famous.



FAMILY HOME, in Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, is a large but friendly house — "a home to live and play in, not just a show place," Hazel Hensdorf found.



SWIMMING-POOL is a favorite outdoor focal point for family activities.

"OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR"

ADAPTED from the Joan Littlewood stage production which made a big stir in London, "Oh What a Lovely War" is unlike any other war film ever thought of. It was shot on Brighton Pier as a satirical extravaganza covering World War I from declaration to armistice, with brass bands, music-hall singers, haughty generals, posturing politicians, and representatives of the tough, enduring rank and file. And from all the mouths issue only the words that were known to have been said or sung. Although the film is accordingly a ragbag of small parts, director Richard Attenborough went to the top for his actors. For example, he engaged four theatrical knights, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Michael Redgrave, Sir John Gielgud, and Sir Ralph Richardson; and he acquired a fifth when stage veteran John Clements received a knighthood during the filming. The picture will be released in Australia about February; meanwhile, a stage production is touring the capitals here.



ABOVE: Maggie Smith doing her music-hall act. She plays a celebrity of World War I.

LEFT: Signing the Armistice. The war cost eight and a half million lives in the forces on both sides, and more than 21 million wounded, not to mention the countless millions of civilians who died in epidemics and famines.

RIGHT: Sir John French, commander of the British Expeditionary Force in France (played by Sir Laurence Olivier), dances La Paloma with Fanny (Isobel Dean). "Oh What a Lovely War" is a Paramount picture.



THE ENEMY — the Kaiser (Kenneth More, who was Young Jolyon in the TV "Forsyte Saga"), General von Moltke, German Army Chief (Sir John Clements), and German Cabinet Minister Count von Berchtold (Sir John Gielgud); sitting, the Kaiserin (Elizabeth Craven), von Moltke's lady (Ruth Gower), and von Berchtold's (Kathleen Helme). BELOW: Close-up of Kaiser.



SIR RALPH and Lady Richardson play British Minister Sir Edward Grey and Lady Grey.

How to



get gorgeous

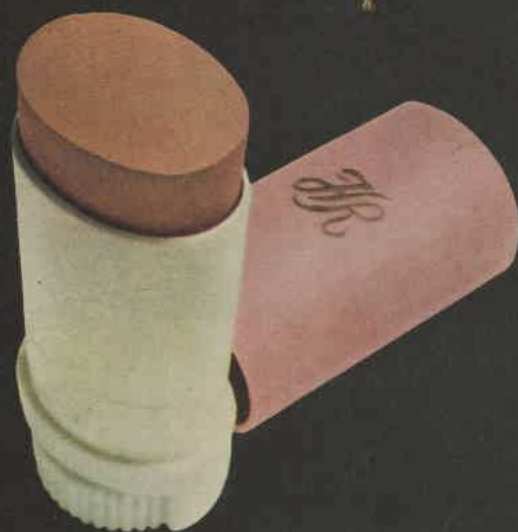
Minute Make-Up Stick is how to get gorgeous. It's the ingenious new make-up from Helena Rubinstein. The first light-as-a-liquid make-up whipped into a stick. An outrageously clever, fluffy little stick. It isn't greasy or heavy or cakey.

It slips over your cheeks and forehead and chin lightly

and gracefully. Then, suddenly, incredible things happen. All those uneven colourings are gone. And the shadows. And little flaws. Your skin is warm. And radiant. And terribly alive all the time.

Minute Make-Up Stick. It's a whole new face in a little swivel case. It's how to get gorgeous, gorgeous.

New Silk Fashion Minute Make-Up StickTM



It makes you gorgeous in a minute.

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Only Modess could give you
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GARDENING



MARY STEWART

● MARY STEWART, the best-selling author whose new book, "The Wind Off The Small Isles," begins as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly next week, is a former university lecturer who has organised her life to encompass housework, writing, and entertaining in an Edinburgh academic circle. Her great love and relaxation is gardening.

THE widely held picture of Mary Stewart, leading romantic-thriller writer, is of a small Scottish housewife with a talent for knocking off the odd novel on a corner of the kitchen table.

Nothing could be further from the true picture of Mary Stewart, whose latest book, "The Wind Off The Small Isles," begins as a serial in our next issue.

The woman who stepped forward to greet me, with a warm handshake and a dazzling smile, was at once very much the lady of the manor and youthfully fresh.

Her crisply cut, sleeveless jersey dress was blue, verging on turquoise, reflecting her wide-set eyes. Its hemline was neither mini nor long, but firmly above her knees.

Her only adornments were a wristwatch, smart gold strap-bracelet, and, when she pulled a cardigan round her shoulders, a round gold brooch to secure it.

Youth and enthusiasm

A modern electric fire beamed its heat at the deep chintzy armchair, and the cats stretched out on the dark brown Bukhara hearthrug.

Mary Stewart's whole aspect is of youth, enthusiasm, and purposefulness—the qualities that shine out of her heroines.

In fact she is a university honors graduate and former lecturer, the wife of the Professor of Geology at Edinburgh University.

She doesn't, however, throw up her hands in blue-stocking horror at being classed as a housewife. "I am," she says. "And it just happens to be lucky I write what people at the moment want to read."

Although she has all the qualities of her heroines, Mary Stewart is firm that "They are not me."

"But while I am writing I am the heroine. I get into the skin of the narrator, my heroine. I live her life."

Her new book, "The Wind Off The Small Isles," is a small masterpiece.

It is brief, polished, told with great economy of words, the love story of a beautiful 23-year-old secretary, Perdita, and Michael.

Set in the Canary Islands, it tells how their fierce battle with the elements reshapes their lives a century after the eruption of the same volcanic island had had a dramatic effect on a pair of Victorian lovers. The lovers' story haunts the house above the volcanic caves in which they were caught in flight, and it haunts the whole brief novel.

Like all Mary Stewart's previous ten novels, "The

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our
London staff

Wind Off The Small Isles" is fascinating and compulsive reading. Mary Stewart believes this is how a good novel should be.

"Readability is the criterion," she said. "A good novel should be easy to read." She instanced Graham Greene.

"I know style is almost a dirty word these days. But for me style IS the author."

"It is treatment that really matters. I've brought this out in 'The Wind Off The Small Isles'."

In the book she makes the point, through her heroine—who works for a writer—that "the same old material, the same old line, the same old setting" can make good reading. All that counts is treatment—and "the quality of the mind that processes these ingredients."

Mary Stewart's quality of the mind and her treatment have put her in the top bracket of thriller-writers today.

Her books have been translated into 14 languages. Hayley Mills and Peter McEnery played in the film of her novel "The Moon-spinners." She gives the copyright free for her books in braille, tapes, and large print for the partially blind.

Yet Mary Stewart won her success unobtrusively.

That is why so many people think of her as a Scottish housewife, although she is English, daughter of a Yorkshire vicar, brought up in an academic world. She graduated from Durham University with first-class honors in English and became a lecturer.

An impulse began it all

Over morning coffee she told me how her success as a writer began, and of the long struggle to keep her life as an author quite separate from her home and circle of friends.

"Yes," she said, "it is quite true. I was sitting around listening to my husband and his friends talking about 'the one that got away,' when I thought to myself, 'I am going to write. As from now.'"

So Mrs. Stewart went into the dining-room, folded back the cloth, and took out pencil and pad. Down went the notes for her first novel, "Madam Will You Talk?"

She and Professor Stewart were both lecturing then.

When the book was finished, Mrs. Stewart hadn't the courage to send it to a publisher—but was urged on by her husband, who pointed out that it might as well be out of the house as lying around. Hodder and Stoughton promptly accepted it.

Then Mary Stewart had a fit of nerves. "A novel is such an intensely personal thing. I could not stand the thought of thousands of eyes reading my private thoughts," she recalled. "I rang the publishers and asked them to stop publication."

Fortunately, they went ahead. That was in 1955. Her novels have been best-sellers ever since.

She had always wanted to be a writer. She was writing romances that were not syrupy. Her heroines were resourceful girls who caught the popular imagination. Her mystery was adult and sophisticated; her locales were vividly and realistically

IS AUTHOR'S GREAT LOVE

described. ("You must have guessed I'm a naturalist," she said.)

But with her success came a whole way of life Mary Stewart hadn't bargained for: trips to America, speeches at literary luncheons, radio, television. Public appearances got her down.

"It took me two months to write a speech, polish it, and rehearse it, then there were the butterflies in the stomach and the almost-nervous collapse when it was all over."

She decided it was just not worth it. "So I refuse now to do any public speaking. A writer has no time to talk."

Her first novel a success, Mary Stewart began to organise her life so that she could write and still run her home.

"Housework," she said logically, "is something that has to be done. So I get on with it and get it out of the way. I have a woman who comes in three mornings a week. And I do all the cooking and the rest of the work, and all the gardening."

She hates a clinical kitchen, and hers has plants and granny furniture.

She gave sound advice on running a home and a career in the same house: "Close your mind to the house as soon as you close the door to your workroom or study."

"It takes time and determination and a lot of practice to do this. But it can be done. I've done it and I know."

Of the housework, she says, "Spare no expense on anything that is labor-saving."

Her own interior decorating, too

She has redesigned much of her house, transforming a dingy cubby-hole into a bar, where the Stewarts entertain friends, and building bookshelves into two small workrooms.

One workroom is on the ground floor and one above, so that she and her secretary, Mrs. Rita Leslie, can work separately and in harmony.

Mrs. Stewart gets down to work each morning as Mrs. Leslie arrives in the red automatic Mini Mrs. Stewart bought for her use.

She takes about 18 months to write a full novel. The shorter "Wind Off The Small Isles" took four to five months.

First she makes notes in longhand in a foolscap exercise book. ("A pencil in my hand has always helped me to concentrate.") From these notes she dictates into a recording-machine and her secretary types the drafts. Mrs. Stewart makes three drafts of every novel before the fourth and final draft for the publishers.

"I had to train myself in the use of all this business-efficiency equipment," she said. One of her machines is portable, so that she can

dictate in any room or while away on a trip.

She is never able to work out a plot or a character while doing her housework or gardening. "Some say inspiration, like the stars, falls from heaven. I say inspiration comes from the ceiling of my study, if I concentrate hard enough."

She enjoys making a home a challenge. "I think running a home properly is one of the most rewarding things a woman can do. It is plain old-fashioned to despise housework, no matter how clever or academic a woman is. That attitude belongs to those bluestockings of a generation or two ago."

Gardening is her complete relaxation. When she and her husband moved to Edinburgh in 1956, she lovingly and artistically landscaped a plot of land in miniature.

"There is time for everything"

They have no children, which is one of the reasons Mary Stewart gives for having begun writing. She miscarried a baby, and, finding she could not have a child, turned to the writing she had been yearning to do.

She had been putting it off, saying she had no time. Now she believes there is time for everything. She gave up another hobby, painting, to concentrate on writing. "And I have almost grown to look down on people who say they have no time for what they really want to do."

At first glance, Professor and Mrs. Stewart live very modestly for two people whose income has long been in the surtax class. But a closer look reveals the beauty of the antique furniture, the selectivity in the collections of Chinese art objects, the artistry in the arrangements of prints and paintings.

"But we started on apple boxes when we were married," Mrs. Stewart said. "It was just after the war, and Fred and I hated utility furniture, which was all we could get."

One expensive taste she indulges is a love of good cars. When the royalties from her books began rolling in, she bought a Jaguar and passed the advanced driving test.

"Only one catch," she said, "is that all the police in Edinburgh know me, since they trained me for the final test. So I have to be careful on the roads."

Travel abroad, which began as a hobby, is now part of her way of life, gathering background for her books. Her husband's professional interest in geology and their mutual interest in caves took them to Lanzarote, where "The Wind Off The Small Isles" is set.

"We had been to the Canary Islands, and Fred wanted to go back some day to see Lanzarote. So we went there for five days."

"I was so fascinated I



THE STEWART GARDEN was painstakingly created by Mary Stewart, with pools of water and rocks, a stream from a grotto, flowering cherry trees, and shrubs in every shade of green on green. The garden, her source of relaxation, echoes the careful planning of her novel plots.

knew that here was a setting I would love to re-create. I just had to know its history.

"I know a lot about natural history, too. So the two linked up."

"Then I thought of the adventures that could happen in Lanzarote, the odd situations in that volcanic island."

"And so it was the setting that dictated the story."

"I felt, I knew, the story must be one that could not happen anywhere else."

"The Wind Off The Small Isles," although short, is so lit with the special magic of people and location that one feels it must have been linked with some very personal grief.

"Yes," she said. "I decided not to write that year, to have a whole summer off, free to enjoy my garden."

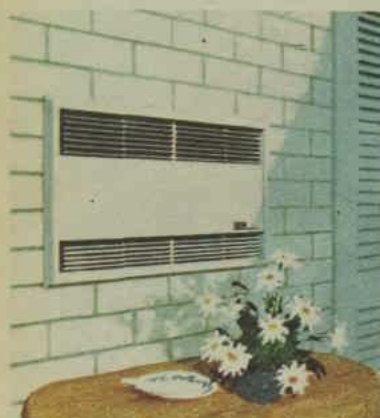
"Then my father died" (she nursed him in his last illness) "and I needed something to help me get over the grief."

"And by writing something small during that illness and his passing it did help."

DICTATING - MACHINE plays an important part in creation. "But I had to train myself in the use of all this business-efficiency equipment," said Mary Stewart.



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FLOWERS FOR ALL SEASONS

● Big gorgeous floppy blooms, small bright field flowers. Make these fadeless beauties from crepe paper following our instructions.

Continued on page 29



A striking arrangement, right, of BLACK-AND-WHITE FLOWERS made from crepe paper and cardboard egg - cartons cut into sections.



Left, fabulous fake HOLLYHOCKS in bright blues and greens shown to advantage in a golden glass jug.

Massed for effect, CHRYSANTHEMUMS (above) of crepe in shades of deep blue, rosy pink, and lilac.



Summertime



**Carnation
no-bake Orange
Cheesecake—
a sure success**

THE CRUST:

2 cups crushed sweet biscuits
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
4-6 oz melted shortening
Combine all ingredients. Press into sides and base of an 8 inch spring form tin. Chill.

THE FILLING:

2 eggs separated
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine
 $1\frac{2}{3}$ cups ($14\frac{1}{2}$ oz can) undiluted
Carnation Evaporated Milk
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon vanilla essence
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
8 oz sieved cottage cheese

Beat sugar, egg yolks and gelatine together. Stir in $\frac{2}{3}$ cup undiluted Carnation Milk. Chill remainder till ice crystals appear around the edges of an ice-cream tray. Stir over medium heat till gelatine dissolves and custard coats the spoon. Add the orange rind and vanilla essence. Cool, blend in cheese. Chill till mixture mounds from a spoon. Beat egg whites till stiff. Whip Carnation Milk to soft peaks, add the orange juice, whip till stiff. Beat in gelatine mixture and fold in egg whites quickly. Pour into biscuit shell. Chill 6-8 hours or overnight.

THE GLAZE:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
1 dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

1 dessertspoon lemon juice

Combine sugar and thickening in a pan, blend in juices. Stir till boiling. Cool, spoon over cake top. Decorate as desired. Serves 6-8.

**From
contented
cows**



FLOWERS FOR ALL SEASONS

Continued from page 27



Tall spikes of yellow CRINKLED DAISIES, left, are shown off elegantly in a slender dark green wine bottle.

Three ROSES, above, are made from pink and blue crepe paper and delicately tinted with finely powdered red chalk.

These lovely floppy GIANT ASTERS, below, closely resemble the real flower and are surprisingly easy to make.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

To Curl: With closed scissor blades underneath petal and thumb on top, stroke and stretch petal lightly over blade.

To Cup: Place two thumbs together on inside of petal and gently press thumbs outward to stretch paper in centre of petal.

To Flute: Hold edge of petal between finger and thumb and pull gently in opposite directions.

To Tint: Grate colored chalk over a piece of fine wire mesh (a coffee strainer will do) and rub the fine powder on to the inside of petal with cottonwool. Or buy tempera color; apply the same way. Flowers must be assembled with tinting face uppermost.

To Make Double Petals. Cut out double petals and lightly paste together along top edge.

To Make Pollen: Stretch small pieces of crepe fully, fold into 8 thicknesses, clip very finely following grain of paper, then clip off finely in opposite direction.

GENERAL MATERIALS

Crepe paper; dry paste; 14-gauge and 20-gauge galvanised wire for stems; 22-gauge copper wire for tying and light stems. All available from stationers and hardware stores.

Continued on page 30



FLOWERS FOR ALL SEASONS

Continued from page 29

Flowers of the fields, a riot of color in a BASKET—BUTTERCUPS, FIELD POPPIES, CORNFLOWERS, and white DAISIES.



CORNFLOWERS

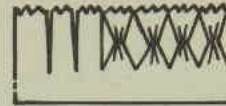
MATERIALS: Black, white, purple, national blue and green crepe paper; copper wire.

TO MAKE: For centre, cut 1½in.-wide strip across black, white, and purple crepe rolls. Using 2in. length of each, place one on top of the other, stretch and clip fine fringe ¼in. deep following grain of paper; roll up and paste end down.

For petals, cut 1½in.-wide strip across roll of blue crepe. Using 12in. length, stretch fully. Fold into 8 thicknesses, pin at

base and cut along top edge with pinking shears. Cut petals as shown in diagram. Open up strip and, holding each petal at the point it is cut to, twist each petal round once as shown below.

When all are twisted, gather petal strip round centre ¼in. below centre top. Cut length of wire for stem. Fasten flower



head with one end and wrap remainder with ½in.-wide strip green crepe.

FIELD POPPIES

MATERIALS: Flame, black, and moss-green crepe paper; yellow chalk or tempera color; copper wire.

TO MAKE: Cut 3in. and 4in. square moss-green crepe for each centre. Stretch both squares gently. Crumple smaller one and roll into a ball. Place in centre of other square and pull crepe over ball to cover completely. Twist underneath, fasten with wire. Paste, dip in chalk or tempera.

For stamens, cut 1½in.-wide strip across black crepe roll. Stretch fully a 6in. length. Clip a fine fringe ¼in. deep, following grain of crepe, and crumple it. Gather stamen round centre, fasten with wire; cut off crepe ¼in. below centre.

Cut petals from flame crepe paper, 2½in. high, following sketch. Paste two together lightly along top edge, cup each deeply in centre. Using four petals for each flower, paste base of petal and fasten to back of centre, two facing each other, the remaining two between them. Tie with one end of length of wire. Wrap remaining wire stem with ½in.-wide strip moss-green crepe.



BUTTERCUPS

MATERIALS: Canary and moss-green crepe paper; yellow chalk or tempera color; copper wire.

TO MAKE: For each centre cut a 2in. and 3in. square of canary crepe. Make centres as above.

Cut 6in. lengths wire. Cut 1½in.-wide strip canary crepe, and cut out petals as in diagram. Paste together at top. Cup in centre. Gather petal strip round centre. Fasten with wire, leaving protruding piece for stem. Trim flower. Paste and wrap base and stem with ½in.-wide strip moss-green crepe.



DAISIES

MATERIALS: White, lemon, and green crepe paper; copper wire; powdered lemon chalk, tempera color, or pollen (to make pollen see page 29).

TO MAKE—Centres: Cut two 2½in. squares from lemon crepe. Stretch gently. Crumple one square and roll into a ball. Place in centre of other square and gently pull crepe to cover ball completely. Twist underneath and fasten with wire. Paste and dip into chalk, tempera color, or lemon pollen.

Cut 1½in.-wide strip across white crepe for petals. Cut into petal shapes (see diagram below). Open up strip and curl tips of petals lightly over scissors blade. Gather round centre, tie with wire, leaving enough for stem. Wrap stem with ½in.-wide strip green crepe.



Continued on page 40



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in resealable gold lined cans



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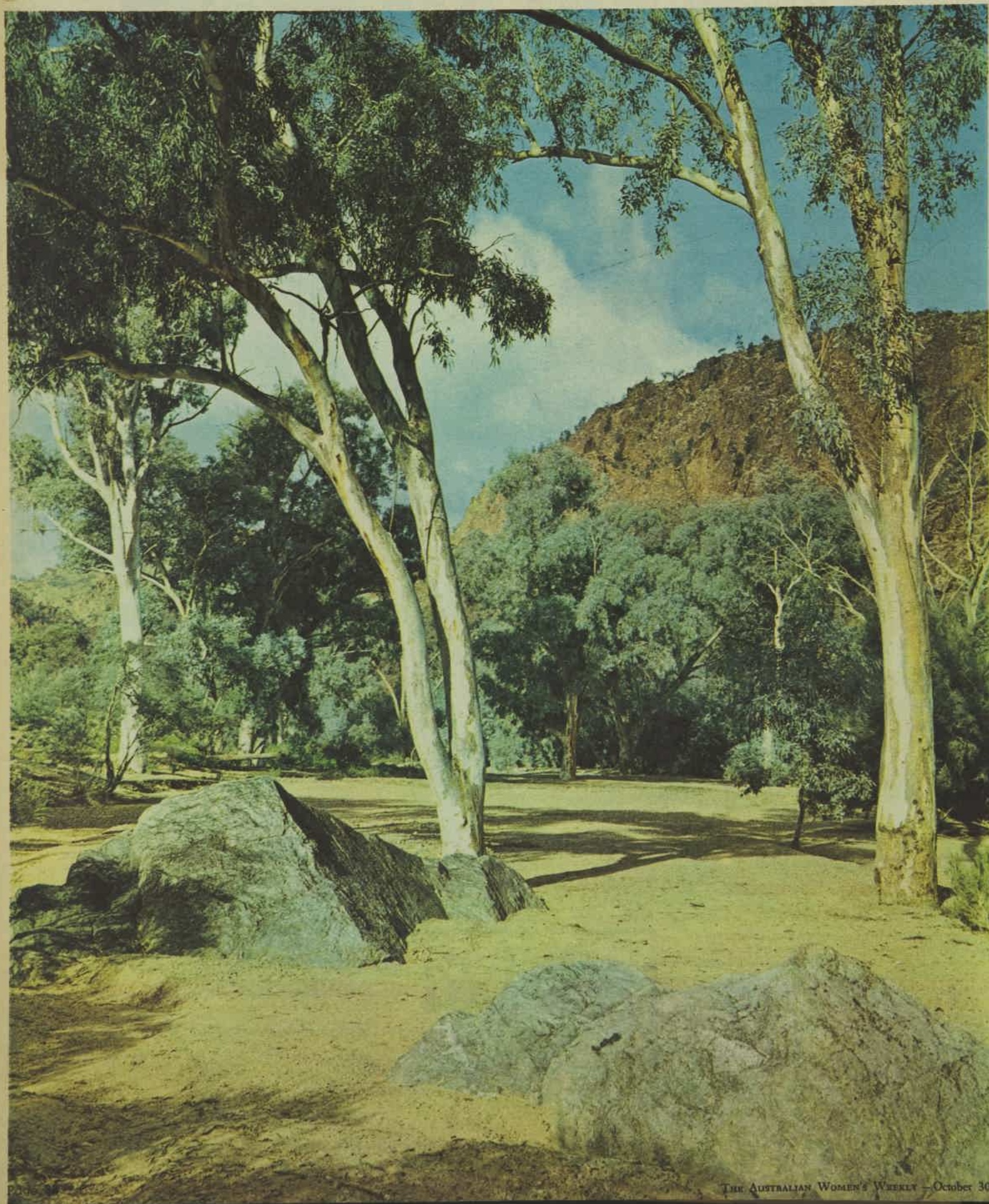
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BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

UP IN THE FLINDERS RANGES

These lovely pictures of the Flinders Ranges country, which runs from a point 126 miles north of Adelaide down into the flat shoreline of the Spencer Gulf, are by South Australian photographer KEITH PHILLIPS, who has just published a book, "The Flinders in Color," about this area.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

RIGHT: The rich blue of the Elder Range, one of the most distinctive and massive ranges in the Flinders, viewed through Bridle Gap — sometimes called Black Gap. The picture was taken from the slope of one of the outer walls of Wilpena Pound, a strange, rugged, saucer-shaped formation lying in the mountain chain.

LEFT: Gum trees stand among the boulders in the dry bed of a tributary of Arkaroola Creek. "Arkaroola Station," in the northern Flinders Ranges, about 80 miles east of the townships of Copley and Leigh Creek, has just been opened to tourists. There is a caravan park, a store, and some motel accommodation. Visitors will be able to see something of sheep-station life at "Arkaroola," as well as fossicking, sight-seeing, and mountaineering in the ranges.

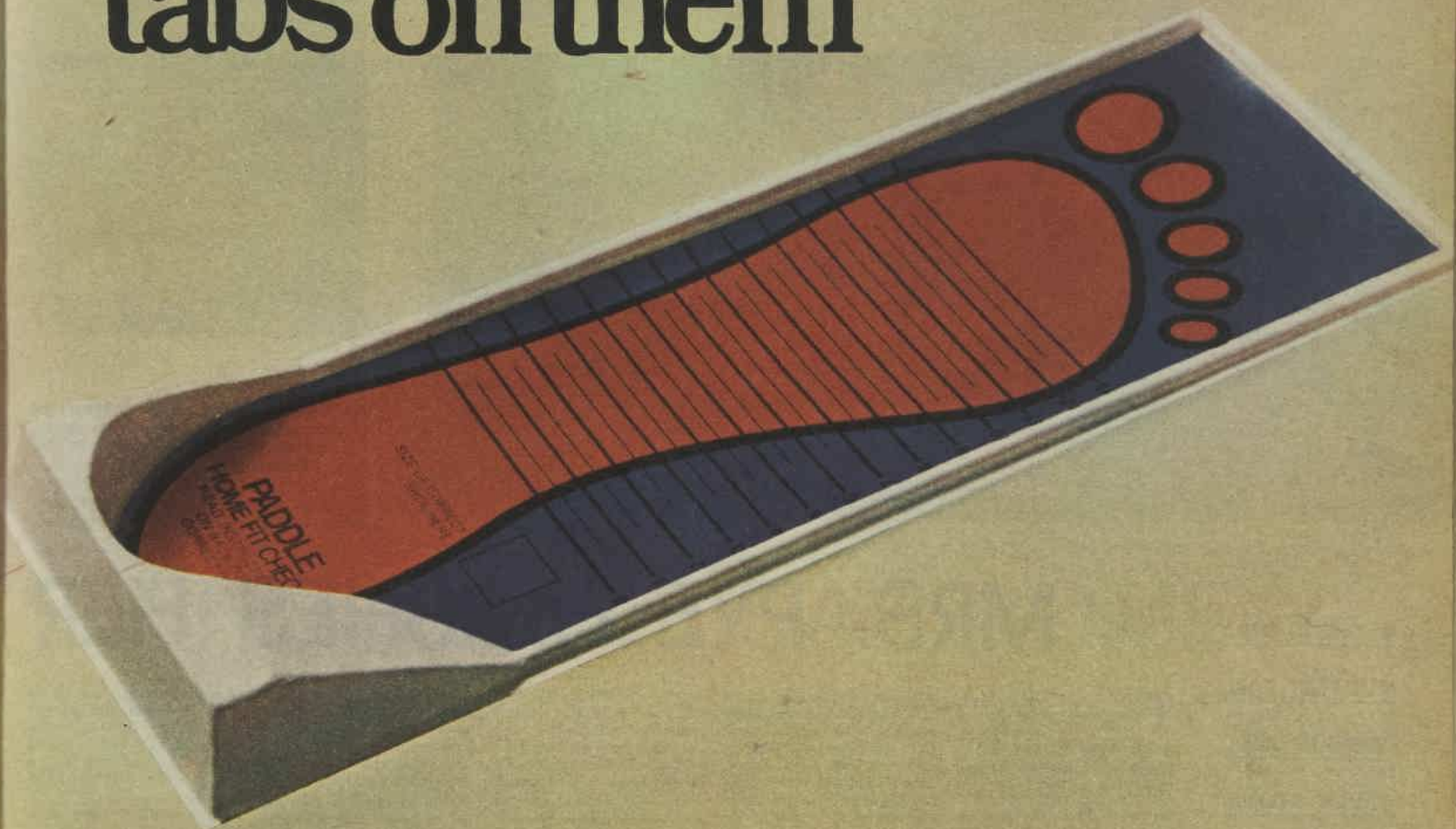
BELOW: Spectacular cumulus clouds give the sky dominance over the landscape on a lonely outback road near Quorn, which lies on one of the three routes into the heart of the Flinders — from Port Augusta over the Pichi-Richi Pass, through grassy hills and great gorges overhung with gums, then across the vast Willochra Plain, which stretches from Quorn to Hawker.





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Mrs. Georgina Meadows
Paddle Fitting Consultant

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IT TOOK Mrs. Elsie Pye ten years of unstinting effort to complete her cheerful holiday home at Bullaburra, in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W. Barely five feet tall, she painted the walls and roof, put wire screens on windows and door. She is making a rock garden.

MRS. PYE FINISHES HER

● SHE IS ONLY
FIVE FEET TALL,
WEIGHS JUST
SEVEN STONE,
AND SHE TOOK
PART-TIME WORK
TO RAISE MOST
OF THE MONEY

TEN years ago Mrs. Elsie Pye paid a small deposit on a \$200 block of land at Bullaburra, in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W. It was the first step in realising her dream of a holiday home where her family could enjoy the simple pleasures of the bush.

Mrs. Pye is a tiny woman, barely five feet tall and weighing just seven stone, but her determination is enormous.

While paying off the land, she cleared and levelled it. She took a part-time job

to raise enough money to have the one-bedroom fibro house built to lock-up stage. Then she lined it, put up partition walls and doors, installed most of the fittings, and painted the house inside and out.

"It took me so long to complete my holiday home," said Mrs. Pye, "that my three children—they ranged in age from four and a half years to 11 when I started—grew up before it was finished. My eldest daughter even married—at 17—and a year later made me a grandmother."

"But it was worth the effort. The children enjoyed wonderful holidays in the

bush, paddling in the mountain streams, hiking, gathering wildflowers, and watching the bush creatures. "Because we didn't wait for the house to be finished,

—By—
ENNIS HONEY

while I was paying off the land and clearing it we camped there in a tent.

"You may wonder why my husband didn't help me. But he doesn't care for the bush and, also, I wanted to do something outstanding in my life by my own efforts."

"I think the most exciting

stage of the project was when the building of the house actually started in January, 1963, four and a half years after I paid the deposit on the land.

"We camped there during the school holidays and watched the framework going up, and the little fibro house taking shape. It was to cost \$1372, and I had earned the money myself by working part-time while the children were at school."

"I had designed the house myself, too."

"Of course it wouldn't be lined or painted. There wouldn't be a bath, a sink, or a stove. To save money, I planned to do the rest of the work myself."

Cretonne

"But no longer need we sleep in the tent. Next time we came to Bullaburra we'd be in the house."

"My first disappointment came when I discovered that the dividing wall between the living-room and the bedroom was only a bare framework of oregon. So for the time being I tacked on sheets of cretonne and unbleached calico."

"Lining the ceilings with softboard was my greatest problem. It was difficult to mount the stepladder and balance the sheets of softboard."

"Then came the hard task

of nailing them. As I am so short I found this almost impossible. So I cut the sheets in half and balanced them one at a time on my head while climbing the ladder."

"The walls I lined with hardboard. To cut the sheets I sometimes placed them across a table and chairs, then crawled about on top, scoring and hacking to get the right size."

"Before I could start on the bathroom I had to do some concreting."

"The floor was cemented by the builders, and it was left for me to do the one-inch topping."

"I seemed to have more lumps than mixed cement, but I eventually managed to make it smooth. I covered the cemented floor first with bituminous sheet roofing to keep out damp, then with blue-and-white linoleum."

Her brother-in-law gave her a tin bath (and did the plumbing), and her mother gave her an old cast-iron sink, which she converted into a washbasin.

"I had to make a solid frame of 3in. by 2in. hardwood to hold it and a cupboard. I enamelled the bath and washbasin white, and painted the walls blue."

"Next came the problem of a kitchen sink. For \$6 I bought a second-hand porcelain sink and set to work



KITCHEN SECTION of the living-room (left). Mrs. Pye made the sink unit herself from the bottom half of an old dresser and a 3ft. 6in. porcelain sink that she bought in a second-hand shop for \$6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968



MRS. PYE now has time to enjoy knitting in the living-room (right), which she lined and painted herself. Mrs. Pye hung the door (left) to the bedroom and put up the partition wall (green with yellow above). Above, she is painting on a ladder outside.



Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

BUSHLAND HOLIDAY HOME

to fit a cupboard for it, actually the bottom half of an old dresser.

"This was the heaviest thing I had handled so far, heavier than the sink I had fitted up for a washbasin. This sink had a draining-board.

"It was too heavy for me to lift, so I turned the cupboard upside down on to the sink.

"The cupboard was too big, so I filled in a strip at the back and on one side. Also I had to be sure the sink had enough strong wood to support it. I didn't want it to collapse.

Plumbing

"My youngest daughter, 13 by then, helped to upend the cupboard when she came back from school. To try to get it finished we were spending some months at the cottage and she attended the local high school.

"After this I had to think about plumbing. To put the downpipe in place I had to bore, or cut, a 3in.-diameter hole in the lower shelf of the cupboard, and another the same size in the floorboards.

"To make it more difficult, I was working with makeshift tools for most of my building jobs, partly because I didn't know which tools were required and also because I couldn't afford them.

"I might add that tools

and paint were stolen while I was trying to finish my precious holiday home.

"Three times while we were in Sydney the house was broken into. Smashed windows and forced doors gave me more work.

"The thieves took my brand-new wheelbarrow. Before I bought it I had carted dozens of buckets of sand and rocks to fill and level parts of the land.

"It was disheartening, but I pressed on. I lived for the day when I should be able to relax in my weekender, instead of working.

"At any rate, I gave up replacing tools and made do with primitive measures.

"To bore the 3in.-diameter holes for the kitchen-sink plumbing, for instance, I'd draw a circle on the wood. Then, with a poker, heated on the primus stove, I bored holes round the circle. Hacking and hammering with other tools completed the job.

"There were lots of hold-ups, too. Lack of finance often brought me to a halt. I'd have to wait until I'd saved enough money to buy more materials.

"And I was visited by hordes of friends and relatives who expected me to drop everything, including paint pot and brush.

"Of course, they often offered to help, but I refused their kindly offers. I wanted

to build the place myself. Also, it was easier to do a job myself than to explain.

"Although the house is small, there seemed to be an enormous amount of painting to do, both inside and out. My young son climbed on to the roof, from an overhanging tree, to apply undercoat to bargeboards and fascia."

Later, when she was ready to paint the whole exterior, she bought an extension ladder. It was heavy to carry around and she often balanced on it precariously, with pieces of bricks and stones preventing it slipping.

"There were a few things I couldn't do myself. Erect-

ing the 300-gallon tank, for example, cost me \$84. Until then we caught rain water in buckets.

"For \$4 I bought a tiny fuel stove and paid a man \$20 to supply and install flue and cowl. This was better than cooking outside, and it provides warmth in cold weather.

Lamps, candles

"I also have a primus and a blue-flame stove for cooking.

"For lighting we use kerosene lamps and candles, as our pioneering ancestors did.

"A toilet was not included in the basic quote, so I had to build one. It blew away

in a hurricane. So this time I called on my male relatives to build one.

"The female relatives prepared a barbecue lunch and my six nephews and two brothers-in-law put on a working bee. I soon had a toilet to be proud of, with a skillion roof to match the house.

"Final job was the erection of the back steps. For this I engaged a builder. For \$97 he constructed a wooden landing, nine steps, and a double railing.

"My holiday home was complete. The total cost was approximately \$1950 — not bad, I think, for a one-bedroom fibro cottage.

"When I'm tired of the city rat-race I come up here to Bullaburra and enjoy the peace and quiet. It's lovely to look through the windows — I made the screens for them myself — and see flowering gums, Christmas bush, and waratahs. Within a stone's throw of the house there are wallabies and lyrebirds and flocks of brilliantly colored parrots.

"I've even seen male lyrebirds doing their mating dance, flaunting their silvery tails in the morning sunlight.

"I'd like to start building a swimming-pool now. By the time it's finished I should have quite a few grandchildren to enjoy it."



THE HOLIDAY HOME sits peacefully at the edge of a forest of gum trees in the Blue Mountains where the only sounds are the pleasant calls of birds and bush creatures. Lyrebirds are about.

WOW! spray-on contact cement

Bear Contact Cement in its new aerosol pack makes glueing jobs quicker and simpler. Leaves your hands clean. No mess. No effort because it cuts out spreading. No brush or scraper. You simply spray it on. Very economical, especially on large areas. Ideal when you're sticking plastic laminates to bench and table tops, etc. Makes a strong, permanent bond which resists heat and water. Use it for sticking wood, metal, laminated plastics, lino, glass, leather, rubber, canvas, vinyl and all kinds of tiles. Ask for it at your hardware store or service station.

Bear Contact Cement is also available in handy 1 oz and 5 oz tubes and ½ pint to 1 gallon cans. Aerosol packs—9 oz and 1 lb 2 oz.



NORTON AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD., LIDCOMBE, N.S.W. BRANCHES IN ALL CAPITAL CITIES — SYDNEY 649 3444 — MELBOURNE 69 4731 — BRISBANE 47 1531 — ADELAIDE 61 2321 — PERTH 6 3926 — HOBART 2 2073 — LAUNCESTON 2 2587 *Trademark property of Norton Co., U.S.A.



HARDLY as big as his bow, this tiny pedigree chihuahua is worth \$500 — and weighs only 2½ lb. But any dog picture can win a prize in the Pal Dog Picture Contest.

Pal Dog Picture Contest

● It's an open field in the new Pal Dog Picture Contest — for breeds, photographers, and types of picture.

AS the aim is to find the best dog pictures, not necessarily the best dogs, anyone can enter. This contest is not restricted to doting dog-owners, or to pedigree dogs.

Any well-timed picture could carry off some of the \$2000 prizemoney. It could depict a "bitser" in regal mood — or a valuable aristocrat spattered with mud.

There is an added incentive for photographers in the special provision for caption-writing.

All pictures — black-and-white, color prints, or color transparencies — stand an equal chance of winning a prize.

Prizes will be awarded in three groups:

- The funniest picture;
- The most appealing picture;
- The best picture with caption.

First prize in each group will be \$200 cash and a 15-carat gold charm bracelet.

There will be lots of other prizes as well:

- Twenty \$25 cash prizes for the runners-up in each of the three groups — a total of 60.
- \$15 cash prizes for the outstanding entries received from each State during the

first two weeks of the contest — a total of 36.

- Many consolation prizes of Pal meat in cases of 24 tins.

No two dogs are alike; and the changing moods of each dog are as diverse as the breeds themselves.

The grouping in this contest provides for all possible moods and situations. Your picture could be of a solemn dog, a quizzical dog, or a dog caught redhanded in some nefarious deed. The caption-writing group offers you wide scope, if you wish, to suit the word to the action.

Send the picture to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001, clearly marking the envelope "Pal Dog Picture Contest."

The judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 15, and results will be announced in a December issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

For further details, see page 71.

The Kelvinator 2-door convertible:



“A survival kit for food.”

Introducing the most advanced “No Frost” refrigerator-freezer in the country

Sometimes, the simple, gentle art of preserving food isn't so simple. Or gentle. If you *force* food to survive, it can shrivel up, dry out and go off.

So when we designed our new 15 cu. ft. “No Frost” refrigerator-freezer, we had a lot of food for thought.

1. First, we gave it a big, roomy “No Frost” freezer to keep 126 lbs. of frozen food surviving happily for months. And “No Frost” means no sticking packages, no unreadable labels and no defrosting—in either compartment.

2. And each compartment has its own door and individual temperature control. So when you want something out of one section, you don't lose the cold air out of the other.

3. We designed the meat keeper to sit in a draft of cold air. It would not keep *us* surviving very long, but it keeps fresh meat *really* fresh for a week.

4. There's a fast-chill shelf for cold beer—to keep Dad surviving.

5. Vegetables sit comfortably in two big crispers that seal tight to keep everything inside, inside.

6. You can put all your eggs in one convenient lift-out basket.

7, 8. There's plenty of survival space for food on strong, slideout shelves—more in the doors.

9. Plus a 3-position heated butter conditioner.

10. Two large liquid dispensers for cold water, cordials or fresh fruit juice—to keep the kids surviving through summer. While we were being thoughtful about your food, we thought about your pocket. So we didn't fool around with a lot of expensive electric heating elements like other manufacturers. Instead, we use the hot gas which is already part of our “No Frost” system. It makes more sense. It costs less money. We figure that, by keeping your food surviving longer and more efficiently and more economically, we're actually doing the same for you.

You also get: Plenty of lift-out ice cube storage, quick release ice-cube trays, freezer shelves, door shelves, tall bottle storage, the famous Kelvinator ‘Polarsphere’ sealed unit backed by a full 5-year warranty . . . and two special doors you can convert to over 60 different colours and designs—simply by inserting a pair of ‘Fashion Plates’. Ask your retailer to show them to you.

Kelvinator is the one to buy

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THESE ARE THE YOUNG AUSTRALIANS

They are Australia's tomorrow. Different in their attitudes, confident and discriminating. They have come to regard the best in all things as a way of life. For them second best will never do. Which is why they choose the clothes they wear to-day in Bradmill fabrics. And they will continue to do so into their tomorrow.

FOR THEM NOTHING BUT THE BEST



Amco Sprints in stretch fabric by **BRADMILL**

BRADMILL INDUSTRIES LIMITED — AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS.

FLOWERS FOR ALL SEASONS

Continued from page 30

BASKET

The wall basket on page 30 holding field flowers is made from amber crepe paper.

TO MAKE: Cut 2in.-wide strip off across top of roll, stretch strip fully. Take five lengths, roll each into a hank, secure with elastic band, leaving approximately 1yd. of each out to plait with. Tie all five together at end and fasten to a door handle.

To plait any number of strands over three, bring left outside strand over, under, over, under until you reach other side, each strand taking its turn. As you plait, release strips from hanks until all are plaited. Pin at end to hold.

Neatly sew end of plait so it will not open. Start with straight length of 4in., then curve plait round this, stitching the two edges together until you have been round centre strip four times. Fold in half.

Make similar plait 25in. long, sew ends, then sew 5in. of each end into sides of first piece to complete basket and handle. Flowers are fastened in crumpled wire netting.

THE following flowers are pictured in color on pages 27 and 29.

ROSES

MATERIALS: Carnation-pink, duck-egg blue, and green crepe paper; powdered red chalk or tempera color; copper wire; 14- and 20-gauge galvanised wire.

TO MAKE: Rose No. 1 (large)—Cut 6in.-wide strip across top of pink and blue crepe rolls. Place one strip on top of the other, refold. Cut out petals following pattern; lightly paste two together at top of petal. When dry, with pink side uppermost, tint with chalk or tempera; cup first five petals deeply at top, stroke and curl next five petals, cup deeply in centre, stroke and curl remaining six petals, cup deeply at base.

To assemble, roll up one of first petals, holding firmly about 1in. from base. Place remaining four petals evenly round this, overlapping by about one-third and forming heart of rose. Remaining petals are lifted 1in. and placed round centre, still overlapping by about one-fifth (hold petals firmly to ensure they don't slip), until all are used. Fasten tightly with copper wire. Attach 4in. length 20-gauge galvanised wire for stem.

For calyx, cut 3in.-wide strip from green crepe roll. Using 5in. length, fold into eight thicknesses. Cut out following pattern. Paste rose, wrap calyx round. Wrap stem with 1in.-wide strip green crepe.

Rose No. 2 (medium): Cut 5in.-wide strip across

pink and blue crepe rolls. Using medium rose petal pattern, cut out and proceed as above.

Rose No. 3 (small): Cut 4in.-wide strip across pink and blue crepe rolls. Using 48in. length of each and small rose petal pattern, cut out, make as before.

Foliage: Cut 20 - gauge galvanised wire into 7in. lengths. Wrap three lengths with 1in.-wide strip green crepe for 5in. of the wire. Place three lengths together with centre piece 1in. above outside pieces. Wrap lengths together, starting 5in. down from top end, with green crepe. Cut leaves from green crepe (see pattern). Open out two outside wires of unwrapped end of green stem. Paste wires. Fasten a leaf on either side of each wire to sandwich it. Paste outside edges of leaves together. Make three leaf sprays.

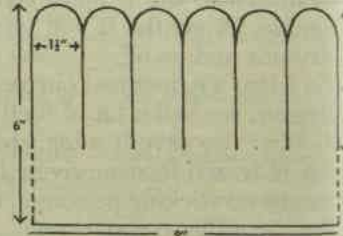
To Make Spray: Cover 20in. length 14-gauge wire with 1in.-wide strip green crepe. Starting at end, wrap in a leaf spray, then small rose, another leaf spray, medium rose, third leaf spray, and then large rose.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

MATERIALS: Duck-egg blue, wedgwood - blue, national-blue, green, carnation-pink, petunia, and light bluish - pink crepe paper; copper wire; 14-gauge galvanised wire; powdered red chalk or tempera color.

TO MAKE: Cut 14-gauge wire into stem lengths, wrap with green crepe. Petal color combinations in photograph on page 27 are duck - egg blue with carnation-pink or wedgwood-blue; national - blue with wedgwood-blue or petunia; light bluish - pink with carnation-pink.

Petal No. 1: Cut 6in.-wide strip off top of roll of both colors to be used. Place two 36in. lengths on top of each other, fold (following grain of crepe) into four thicknesses, giving eight layers in all. Piece should measure 6in. deep by 9in. long. Pin along long length



and cut petals, as shown in diagram, 1 1/2in. wide by 4in. deep, curved at top.

Petal No. 2: Cut 8in.-wide strip across top of either roll. Using 36in. length, fold as for Petal No. 1. Cut petals 5in. deep by 2 1/2in. wide, curved at top.

Open up all petal strips, tint with red chalk or tempera color. Flute each petal to depth of 1in. at top, cup deeply in centre.

Take petal strip No. 1, gather petal and overlap (at point petal is cut to) first five

petals round end of stem wire. Continue in this manner until strip is all used; fasten with copper wire. Gather second petal strip evenly round these, tie with wire. Trim base of flower with scissors. Paste and wrap base and stem wire with lin.-wide strip green crepe paper.

BLACK-AND-WHITE FLOWERS

MATERIALS: Black and white crepe paper; cardboard egg cartons; copper wire; 14-gauge galvanised wire; macaroni; black felt pen.

TO MAKE: Flowers. Make pollen from black crepe paper (see page 29). Cut egg carton into individual holders, trim edge of each piece to form a neat circle, and make four holes in base of each holder, using a bodkin or nail. Apply paste liberally to inside of egg holder and sprinkle thickly with pollen; allow to dry. Thread piece of macaroni on to middle of an 8in. length of copper wire, twist to hold in place. Repeat process with three other pieces of macaroni. Thread wires through holes in egg holder.

Make 16 double petals from white crepe (see page 29). Dry. Mark centre top of petals with felt pen. Then, using unsharpened end of a pencil, carefully push in top of petal and cup each deeply in centre (see page 29). Paste lower lin. edge of petal base on to back of each egg holder. Paste on remaining petals, overlapping each one by half. Allow to dry. Cut calyx from black crepe paper. Wrap stem wires with black crepe paper and fasten to copper wires at back of carton sections. Paste base of petals on egg holder and stretch calyx round with serrated edge next to petals. Paste base of calyx and copper wire; wrap with black crepe.

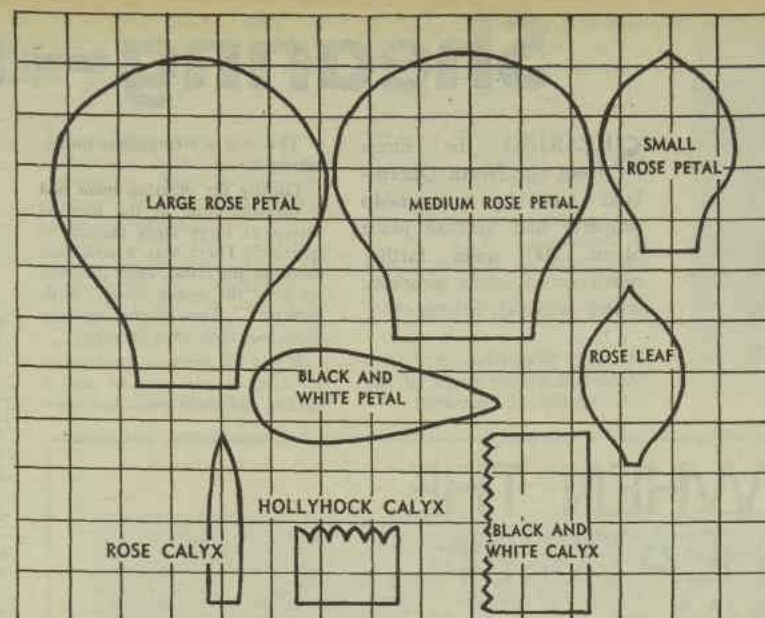
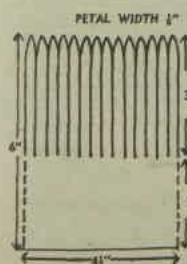
Leaves: Wrap black crepe round galvanised wire cut in varying lengths. Paste on either side 2in.-wide strip black crepe to sandwich wire. Leave to dry, then cut out leaf (follow GIANT ASTER leaf diagram but do not cut fringe edges as shown). Bend carefully into required shape.

GIANT ASTERS

MATERIALS: Pale coral, salmon - pink, and green crepe paper; red and green chalk mixed together or red and green tempera color mixed; galvanised wire for stems; copper wire.

TO MAKE: Cut lengths of wire for stems. Wrap with lin.-wide strips green crepe. For stamens, cut 4in.-wide strip from top of both pink rolls. Using 12in. lengths, fold each into eight thicknesses; clip a fine fringe ½in. deep (follow grain of crepe). Paste end of stem wires, wrap fringed strip round each with fringe extending above end of wire.

Petal No. 1: Cut 6in.-wide



Each square represents 1 inch.

strip across top of a pink roll. Using 36in. length, fold into eight thicknesses. Cut petal as shown in diagram, 3½in. deep and approximately ½in. wide.

Petal No. 2: Cut 7in.-wide strip across same roll. Using 36in. length, cut petals 5in. deep, ½in. wide.

Petal No. 3: Make as for Petal No. 2, but cut petals 5½in. deep and ½in. wide.



Open up petal strips and tint with chalk or tempera to give lilac tone. Lightly curl tips of all petals. Gather petal strip No. 1 round stamen, with base of petal (point it is cut down to) 1in. below top of stamen. Fasten tightly with copper wire. Then gather petal strip No. 2 round same point and fasten. Then petal strip No. 3. Clip at base to shape, paste, and wrap with lin.-wide strip green crepe to cover exposed wire.

Leaves: Follow instructions for leaves in BLACK AND WHITE FLOWERS. When dry, cut as above.

HOLLYHOCKS

MATERIALS: Azure-blue, dark emerald-green, moss-green, and green crepe paper; ½in. dowelling; powdered green chalk or tempera color; 20-gauge galvanised wire.

TO MAKE: Cut dowelling into 30in. to 34in. stem lengths. Wrap with green crepe. Make pollen from moss-green crepe (see page 29). Cut 20-gauge wire into 6in. lengths for pistils. Cut 3½in.-wide strip off top of moss-green crepe roll. Paste top 3½in. of piece of wire. Stretch strip of crepe and wind tightly round wire until thickness of a pencil. Paste this thickly and roll in pollen; allow to dry. Repeat

process with other pieces of wire.

Flowers: Cut 4in.-wide strips across emerald and blue crepe rolls for petals. Using 20in. length of each, lay one on top of the other, fold into eight thicknesses, pin at base, and cut as shown in CHRYSANTHEMUMS diagram, cutting petals 3in. deep. Open up strip and, with blue uppermost, tint each one green. Lightly flute top of each petal three or four times and cup deeply in centre. Gather petals evenly round pistil with base of petals even with pistil base. Fasten with copper wire, leaving short stem. Paste stem and wrap with lin.-wide strip green crepe.

Partly Opened Flower: Gather 1-3rd of petal strip (four petals) evenly, do not use pistil. Finish as above. **Unopened Bud:** Cut calyx (see pattern) from emerald paper, curl tips over scissor blade. Cut two 5in. squares of blue crepe. Stretch one, crumple it up, and roll into ball in palm of hand. Place in centre of other square, stretching crepe to cover ball completely, twist it underneath. Fasten with wire, paste, and wrap calyx round with curling going over bud. Finish as above.

Re-wrap dowelling, starting at top with lin.-wide strip emerald crepe, winding in about five buds, first one 2in. down stem and others 2in. to 3in. apart. Then wind in three or four partly opened flowers and six or seven flowers, these rather close together.

CRINKLED DAISIES

MATERIALS: Lemon, marigold, moss-green, and dark brown crepe paper; copper wire; 14-gauge galvanised wire; pair No. 9 knitting needles.

TO MAKE: Flowers. Make pollen from moss-green crepe—see page 29. For centre, cut three 6in. squares marigold crepe, stretch two, crumple and roll them into a ball. Place in centre of third square, stretch crepe over ball to cover completely. Twist paper underneath, fasten with copper wire—see diagram opposite. Press top of centre firmly on table to flatten it, paste liberally, and dip in pollen. Leave to dry.

Cut 4in.-wide strip across dark brown crepe roll for

stamens. Using 12in. length, fold into eight thicknesses and clip very fine fringe lin. deep, following grain of crepe. Bunch up together, hold tightly round clipped part, press into palm of hand, screwing up paper to crush stamens. Unfold, gather evenly round base of centre; fasten with copper wire.

For petals, cut 9in.-wide strip across lemon crepe; use 6in. length. Place a knitting needle along 9in. edge, roll to centre of oblong. Place other needle on other 9in. edge and roll to centre to meet first needle. Pick up and press crepe in from both ends of needles to middle, until it cannot be condensed further. Remove needles.

Slightly stretch crepe out, bring both ends of double tube to meet each other. Fasten with copper wire, leaving about 2in. stem. Paste and wrap with lin.-wide strip lemon crepe. Six petals are required for each flower. Arrange the six petals evenly round centre, fasten with copper wire, leaving 4in. stem, trim back, paste stem, wrap with lin.-wide strip brown crepe.



Make flowers from marigold crepe the same way.

Leaves: Make from moss-green crepe in same manner and size as petal. When completed, pinch lightly at tip to give shape. Attach three leaves to short length of copper wire, one at top, other two either side of it on wire, one about ½in. lower, the other about 1½in. lower. Wrap all exposed wire with ½in.-wide strip dark brown crepe.

Buds: Wrap three petals together, omitting centres.

To make flower stalk, wrap 25in. length 14-gauge wire with dark brown crepe. Wrap in a bud at top, then flower 5in. down stalk and two more at 5in. intervals down stalk. Make one lemon and one marigold stalk.

Maybe you should try just the Driftwood Talc first?

Driftwood is a complete range of toiletries for women. All in the same discreet fragrance.

But, unless you try Driftwood, you may never believe that this subtle fragrance is for you.

So we have an idea.

Start out buying our Talc first. Try it on your own skin after your morning shower or bath.

It's a fine silken mist, with a delicate bouquet that will leave you feeling clean and fresh through the day.

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DNAT3

Shearing—under



SHEARING the sheep from our North Queensland family partnership property had to take place about 200 miles farther north on a cattle property where we had agistment.

AILSA, Christine, and Joy Wharton at the edge of the water at Karumba.

This was a tremendous undertaking.

Luckily the shearing team had a pleasant time in the unusual set-up of large tents instead of quarters. There was a new fuel stove for the cook, water pumped up from the Saxby River, "bush showers." Two of the shearing team had their own catavans.

It was too good an opportunity to miss, so my husband and I packed our three small girls into

the Land-Rover and set off towing a comfortable caravan.

We followed a long route from Forbes, N.S.W., through Moree, Toowoomba, Kingaroy, Mt. Morgan, Rockhampton, Mackay, Townsville, and Charters Towers.

From Charters Towers it was west to Julia Creek, about 65 miles from the 120,000-acre family property, "Crendon," then north to the waiting sheep.

Incidentally, Combo waterhole on the property was the location for Banjo Paterson's "Waltzing Matilda" and there is a commemorative sign on the Kynuna-Winton Highway.

We spent only one night in a caravan park. Since the Land-Rover easily went off the beaten track, it was more fun to go into usually inaccessible spots.

On the whole, camping sites were pleasant. On one stock route a magpie attached itself to us, becoming tame enough to take crusts from our fingers.

The girls travelled fairly well, but as the twins were only three at the time and the eldest girl five, there was the usual amount of quarrelling. Don became so adept at turning around to smack offenders, he could do it without losing speed.

Beef road north

After leaving Julia Creek, we followed the beef road north.

When we finally arrived at the shearing camp after a harrowing trip along a dirt road, with deep gullies to cross over dry creeks, it was a welcome sight.

We chose a camping site about half a mile from the shearers on the bank of the Saxby River. Here we were amazed to see large dead barramundi on the riverbank.

Later we found that this was due to drought conditions—the fish needed an occasional flush of fresh water. This did not affect the huge, fresh-water crocodiles we saw on our daily motor-boat trip to pull out bogged sheep from the muddy banks. Most crocodiles popped into the water at our approach, but one large sleepy fellow had water thrown on him before he moved.

Food supplies had to be brought by mail van from Julia Creek, and after this 200-mile journey butter was a wreck, bread hard as nails, and vegetables limp. However, there was plenty of fresh beef from the cattle property.

This was a novelty to the shearers, who live on mutton at shearing time. In fact, one or two of the younger shed-hands complained of the abundance of steak, and I, too, could hardly

JANE WHARTON, below, with the friendly magpie.



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AIR CONDITIONING YOU CAN AFFORD



Leaders in the cold war... BONaire. Not just ordinary coolers that promise more than they deliver but the real thing! Big capacity units—performance guaranteed to keep you cool at very low cost. Features include new teak woodgrain finish, corrosion proof Armohide baked-on vinyl coating, and lots, lots more. Don't put up with strength-sapping summers—work, relax, live in the cool, clean climate BONaire creates for you—see your dealer.

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canvas

TRAVELLER'S TALE

By Jane Wharton

stand the sight of large chunks rather well supplied with hairs.

Our caravan was most comfortable, but washing and drinking water was rather a problem. Water had to be hauled in buckets up the steep riverbank and boiled for drinking. For baths we had a large, old-fashioned laundry tub hidden behind some trees. One of the shearer's wives had a child's plastic inflatable pool for the same purpose. I did my laundry in tubs on the riverbank, using cold water. There were no facilities for ironing.

One weekend we travelled due north to Normanton, a fascinating small town with an old-fashioned well in the main street. To reach the sea at Karumba, there is a punt across the Carron River. Our caravan was too large, so we took a roundabout rough track, barely wide enough for us. The girls were able to splash around naked in the Gulf of Carpentaria, each one acquiring a rather red bottom.

We completed the shearing in six weeks, then came the mammoth task of dismantling most of the camp.

We returned home by way of Cloncurry, south to Birdsville, and the beginning of the famous Birdsville Track. This was the really fascinating part of the whole journey. We met no real trouble, but the track was very rough for hundreds of miles, ranging from brilliant red sand-dunes to gibber plains and rocky bits of road, where we averaged ten miles per hour.

Odd experience

At one point we saw boiling water gushing out of a pipe, an opportunity for a cup of tea. The country was shocking in its drought condition, with sheep properties denuded of any feed.

Before reaching Birdsville, I had an odd experience. Along this track you might see four or five cars a day, so one passing by was an event.

Just at dusk, with the caravan hidden behind a stony hill, I decided to walk up to the top of the ridge. (Don was occupied with the refrigerator door, which periodically fell off, leaving a trail of food across the floor.)

When I saw a light approaching in the distance, I decided to stay to watch this "car" pass by. After ten minutes of seeing the light, which seemed to be only one headlamp, I realised it was bobbing around too much to be a car.

Suddenly, right in front of me on the ground was a round object roughly the size of a windmill, which appeared to have a series of spokes covered with small lights. While I stood there amazed, it suddenly turned around, becoming a black blur for a second, then shot into the sky, travelling very quickly. As it vanished over the horizon, the whole sky around seemed to light up brilliantly.

At Birdsville, I found that several people had seen strange lights, but nobody could give an explanation.

We crossed the border into South Australia and saw the ruins of Innamincka. One or two habit-

able buildings were occupied by Americans connected with oil exploration. Near here perished members of the Burke, Wills, King expedition.

Then to Tibbooburra and off at a tangent to White Cliffs, an opal-mining field worked by a few people living in caves, as at Coober Pedy. We spent an interesting day climbing in and out of trenches and over mullock heaps, coming away with a few opal chips, but nothing of value.

Around Wilcannia, the dust clouds were so vast and choking I had to wear a mask over my nose and mouth. It must be heart-breaking to farmers to see their paddocks simply "taking off" with the wind in such conditions.

From Wilcannia, through Cobar and Nyngan, and on to Warren to spend a day with Don's sister and family. From there it was only a short run home. It was pleasant to see again green paddocks of lucerne and gum trees along the Lachlan River.

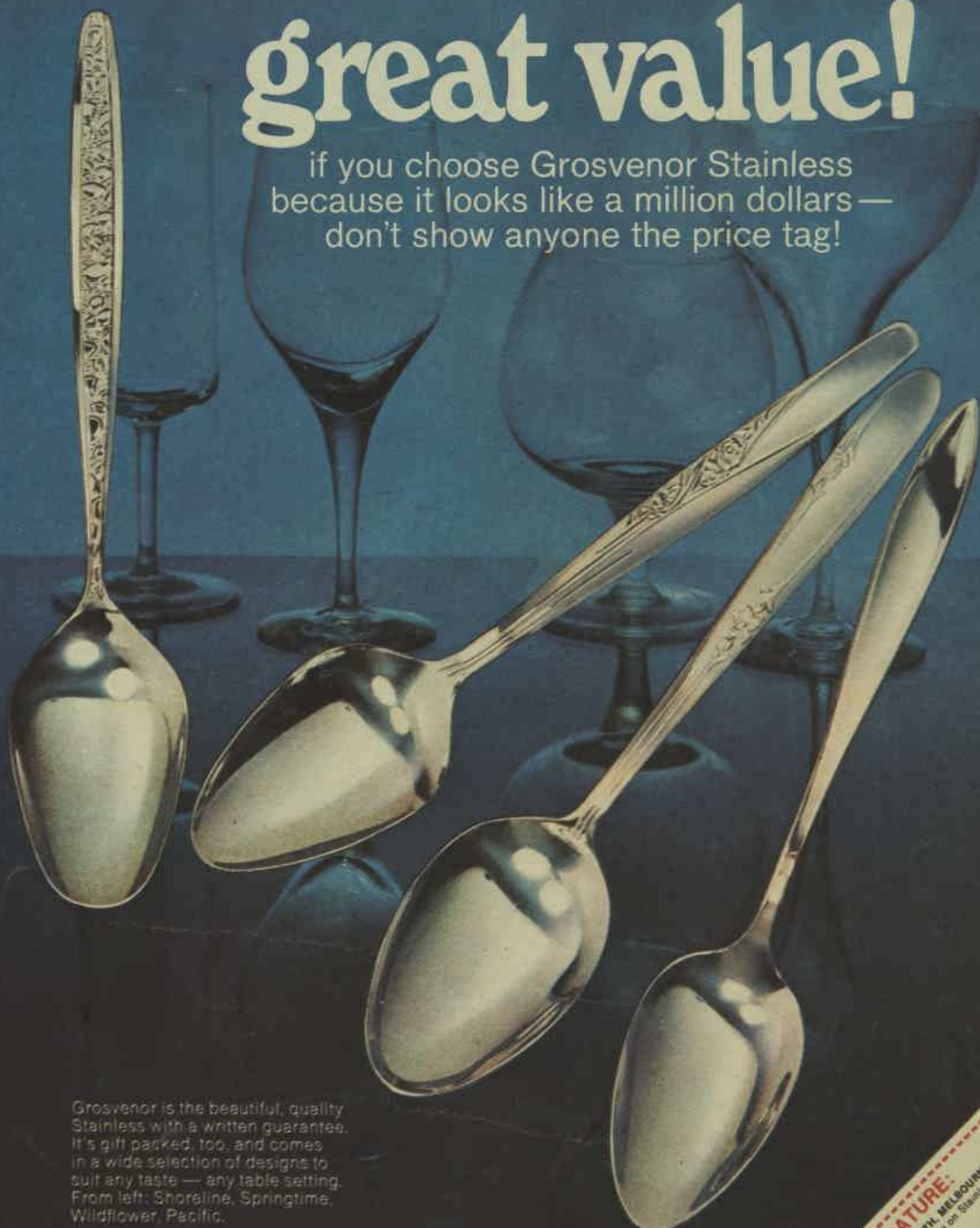
CANVAS shearing sheds in Queensland in which sheep on agistment are shorn.



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Pretty dress is available cut out to make in royal/white, tangerine/white, or turquoise/white polished cotton. Sizes 4 to 6 years, \$1.75; 8 years, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



A do-it-yourself test:

Have you annoying habits?

Most people, from time to time, have expressed annoyance at others. But what do others think of them? Try this test by Jane Sherrod Singer, Master of Arts in psychology and education. Promise yourself to be honest; you may like to discuss your answers with a friend, for a detached view. Then check your score at the bottom of the page.

1. Do you have several stock phrases you use constantly?
2. Are you careless about your table manners and/or smoking habits?
3. Are you prone to keep touching the person with whom you are carrying on a conversation?
4. Do you try to shock or entertain people by telling off-color stories?
5. Does time mean so little to you that you are often late or wear out your welcome by staying too long?
6. Do you rattle coins in your pocket or rattle car keys?
7. When sitting or standing, is it difficult for you to keep your feet still?
8. Are your hands constantly round your face (pulling at your hair, tugging at your chin, scratching your head, etc.)?
9. When attending a group event (film, lecture, church, etc.) are you prone to whisper to your neighbor?
10. Do you squirm in your clothing, constantly adjusting your belt, fingering your tie, straightening your skirt, girdle, or trousers?
11. Are you a "telephone hog" — keeping the line tied up for prolonged periods of time?
12. Do you leave your clothing and personal property strewn round your home or office?
13. Do you enjoy arguing or contradicting others?
14. Is your voice much louder (or much softer) than normal?
15. Are your feelings easily hurt?
16. Is your conversation centred on yourself and your activities?
17. Do you bite your fingernails?
18. Is it difficult for you to look into the eyes of the speaker during a conversation?

HERE'S YOUR SCORE:

HOW TO SCORE

Give yourself two points for each "No" answer. The questions fall under three separate headings:

1 to 6 are just bad habits which you can break with thought and awareness of your actions.

7 to 12 may indicate nervousness, fatigue, or self-consciousness. By realising the source, you can usually eliminate the cause. If not, it is a matter of developing self-control.

13 to 18 are concerned with mannerisms which are more difficult to control because they stem from the inner you, your basic personality.

WHAT IT MEANS

30-36: You give the appearance of being calm and self-assured, even if you don't always feel that way inside. People like you and you have many close

friends and many more acquaintances, because you are hardly ever annoying.

20-28: Since we are all human and none of us perfect, this is an average rating. However, personal growth keeps us alive, so our flaws which annoy others can be eliminated.

10-18: You are very likely a highly nervous person with many things on your mind which push you. Why not relax a bit and study the mannerisms of some very calm person whose traits you admire?

0-8: This score falls into the danger zone. Probably you annoy people and they annoy you, thus creating a vicious cycle. It would be wise for you to talk seriously with someone close to you — a family member, doctor, or clergyman.

[Copyright 1968 by Jane Sherrod Singer.]



Mmm . . .
venison very rare . . .
with a vintage Cape
Province red



(well, maybe 'on the hoof' is a bit too rare.)

How about Bobotie, or Koeksisters, maybe Souskluitties, to tingle your taste buds? Then there's the fabulous array of French, English, German, Dutch, Malaysian, Indian and Chinese dishes which have become so much a part of the traditional South African cuisine. With her wonderful wines as well (would you believe 35c a bottle?) South Africa is a gourmet's paradise. Fine food isn't the only part of good living South Africans excel in. Accommodation is comparable with anywhere in the world — as long as you don't

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Formfit



RINGING THE CHANGES

Here's good news for the hard-of-hearing.

A new telephone invention, called a Deaf Aid Phone, has been developed by the Australian Post Office Research Laboratories.

The phone is the most advanced piece of equipment of its type at the moment.

It looks exactly like an ordinary colored telephone but has a different ring, rather like an ambulance siren.

The sound is no louder than a normal phone, but is lower pitched. This enables it to be heard more easily by deaf people.

Inside the handset is an amplifier with adjustable volume control, and in the earpiece a special listening coil, which enables it to be used by people with hearing aids.

The phone has been tested by many people visiting the Myer Melbourne Hearing Service, with excellent results.

If it proves to be a complete success, the phone will become available to the public in May or June next year.

Price has not been decided yet, but it is expected to be about the same as for the current phone for deaf people.

COMPACT

PICTURE TELLS BRAVE STORY



• Asta.

ONE of our pictures appears on this year's Christmas card produced and being sold by the N.S.W. Animal Welfare League Ladies' Auxiliary.

The picture recalls a Sydney dog's loyalty and bravery.

It is of Asta, a 12-month-old German shepherd, who saved her master and his family when fire gutted their

suburban home earlier this year.

When the fire broke out during the night, Asta's barking roused the sleeping adults.

• Sacrifice

She also opened a bedroom door, dragged a three-year-old boy from his bed—and, when she was overcome by fumes, she shielded his brother, two, with her body.

Asta paid a supreme price for this devotion to "her" humans—she sacrificed the lives of her newborn puppies.

The cards cost 10c each. They can be bought from the League's office on the second floor of Anchor House, 234 George Street, Sydney.

Or, the League Ladies' Auxiliary president, Miss L. E. Hamilton-Smith, 34 Robinson Street, Chatswood, N.S.W. 2067, whose telephone number is 41-1060, can help buyers.



Dreams in duplicate

• It's good fun being identical twins.

This is the opinion of two outwardly demure little girls of 17. They are Ann and Lana Cupples (above), of Christchurch, New Zealand.

Earlier this month they left for England, where they are going to concentrate on becoming a twin-sister singing act.

"We don't know if we can do it, but we are going to have a darn good try," Ann told us before they sailed. "We have been told we have good voices, so we'll find jobs and take singing lessons."

Lana and Ann came to Sydney to see their sister before she went to Thailand, and to work and save up to see the world.

Sometimes they wear different dresses. But for special occasions, particularly at night, they dress alike.

"Also, when we want to confuse people," Ann said, "we wear the same clothes. That's really good fun."

The girls say there is a special closeness between them. If one is hurt, the other feels it very strongly.

They dream a lot at night, and most of the time they find that their dreams are identical.

They dreamed their first important day-dream—of seeing the world—while they were at school.

Their schoolfriends didn't take their dream very seriously. "They used to say it would never come true," said Lana.

"Then, when we had saved our fare by working as secretaries during the day, and waitressing at night and the weekends, and called to say goodbye, they were amazed!"

The Cupples are a travelling family. One brother, John, is in the Navy, David was in the Navy, and is soon to join the Merchant Navy, while sister Fay is working for the Department of External Affairs in Bangkok.

"Being alike can cause trouble," said Lana. "Sometimes I was blamed for Ann's naughtiness at school."

"But it also helps. For instance, when I was waitressing and caught the flu, I sent Ann along to collect my pay, and no one knew the difference."

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Decide now to give your children years of happy, healthy, outdoor fun this Christmas. Lay-by a Cyclops wheel toy—the exciting, practical gift that gives them bodybuilding exercise while they soak up the sun. Scooters, pedal cars, tricycles, bicycles, dinkies ... see the range of Cyclops wheel toys now at your favourite store. Or mail the coupon for a free 16-page colour catalogue. Then lay-by the right toy for your children—to make this the Christmas they'll always remember!



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address

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★ In our September 11 issue in a feature on Ettalong Hall, near Gosford, N.S.W., we made incorrect references to Mr. Henry Kuwahata. Henry Kuwahata's son, Mr. T. E. Kuwahata, tells us that his father did not come to Australia as a servant to Mr. Henry Cox. He came from Japan about 80 years ago with a friend who worked for a firm of merchants. The friend tried to persuade Henry Kuwahata to join the firm, but he, preferring the open-air life, left Sydney after about two years and settled in Woy Woy, N.S.W. It was then he met Henry Cox, the owner of Ettalong Hall, who rented the young Japanese 11 acres of ground on which he started a market garden supplying vegetables to Japanese mail steamers. Later, the Kuwahata family set up a firm in Sydney provisioning ships. The firm still operates today under the name of H. Kuwahata and Sons. We regret the errors in our story.

GIFTS OF GRATITUDE

TO the Aboriginal children of Katherine, N.T., Mrs. May Mills, of Springvale, Victoria, is "Mother Christmas."

Mrs. Mills, a 67-year-old pensioner, is sending several crates of toys up north this Christmas for the children, as she did last year, and at Easter.

Mrs. Mills considers this a very small repayment for the kindness shown to her by Father Ormonde, the priest at Katherine, when her husband died suddenly during their coach tour of the Territory.

"I was stranded at Katherine for five days, as the coach had to continue on its way," said Mrs. Mills.

"Father Ormonde arranged my husband's funeral, and found accommodation for me.

"I was so grateful that, when I returned home, I wanted to do something for the people up there. So I decided to send toys to the Aboriginal children."

Mrs. Mills started with second-hand toys she collected herself, then she asked a local toy manufacturer to help.

Last Christmas she packed up \$500 worth of toys—and these were flown up free of charge by a national airline.

This year the same firm has donated just as many toys.

"Father Ormonde wrote to tell me the children were thrilled. They didn't know what a toy was until they received my presents."

• Mrs. Mills packs Christmas gifts for Aboriginal children.



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The first of the flowers

WHEN I read aloud Mrs. Ferris' letter, my husband immediately said he would settle the argument. "The oldest flower must be the apple-blossom—how else did Eve get to eat the apple?" But, for myself, I'll say the chrysanthemum. It had been cultivated in Japan for more than 1000 years before the universal classification of plants.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Lofthouse, Dandaragan, W.A.

★ ★ ★
ROSES of Sharon are mentioned in the Bible. When I was a child my grandmother used to produce, for my interest, three little roses of Sharon which were then more than 100 years old. My grandmother used to place the roses in a bowl of water and tell me to watch them come alive. The petals would expand to their original shape, but, of course, the color had long since faded. I still have the roses, and on several occasions have experimented, with the same results.

\$2 to Miss R. Stephenson, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
ONE hundred million years ago magnolias, laurel, dogwood, and sassafras bloomed while dinosaurs roamed the world. Perhaps the earliest cultivated plants were the camellia and azalea, which the Japanese and Chinese grew as long ago as 2700 B.C. The Egyptians cultivated first the lotus, then the rose. The Greeks cultivated larkspurs, gladioli, and delphiniums for medical purposes, but there is no mention of lilies. The lilies referred to in the Bible were, in fact, anemones, and these, incidentally, were not cultivated but grew wild.

\$2 to Linda Preece, Chewton, Vic.

★ ★ ★
I THINK the oldest flower would be the asphodel, which has spiky foliage akin to horsetails, which are the oldest-known form of vegetation. Asphodels are mentioned in the Old Testament.

\$2 to Miss E. Hewitt, Greens Beach, Tas.

★ ★ ★
THE number of plants mentioned in the Bible is amazing, and to anyone interested I advise the purchase of a book on Biblical natural history. The lily is mentioned in Chronicles (1006 B.C.), the rose in Isaiah (975 B.C.), flags in Exodus (1400 B.C.), almonds in Numbers (1490 B.C.), apples in Deuteronomy (1400 B.C.), and the first tree named in the Bible is the fig, in Genesis (4003 B.C.).

\$2 to Anne Bernard, North Newborough, Vic.

★ ★ ★
IN the mythology of the Old Kingdom of Egypt (2780-2100 B.C.), the entrance of heaven lay through a lake, known as the 'Lake of the Lilies'. This is from I. E. S. Edwards' 'The Pyramids of Egypt' and must be the oldest report of any flower in human history.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Abas, Mt. Lawley, W.A.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Restless nights

WHEN babies are restless, we think how nice it will be when they grow up and we can have uninterrupted nights. When they do grow up, they go out, and we go to bed, and to sleep. Hours later, they come home, one by one. Then we lie awake and listen to them walking from room to room, to doors opening and shutting, to lights being switched on and off, and maybe to the shower or bath running, to coffee being made in the kitchen, and perhaps, ages later, to the departure of a boyfriend. Multiply that by the number of children in the family and you will follow my train of thought.

\$2 to "Peace" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

The male ego

HOW do you handle the problem of sarcastic and rude neighbors (usually men) who are only too willing to criticise a helpful husband? My treasure helps with our small children, the weekly shopping, and around the house. However, his male ego is taking a battering from the comments of others.

\$2 to "Taurus" (name supplied), Scarborough, N.S.W.

Music soothes . . .

NOT far from Bairnsdale is a prosperous piggery. The pigs by nature fight with one another, which is injurious, and not conducive to their progress. Music by wireless has been installed throughout the piggery, and the pigs, since listening to the music, have ceased to fight.

\$2 to "Observer" (name supplied), Bairnsdale, Vic.

Australian parks

COUNCILS should use their imaginations and establish Australian parks in all cities. I visualise long avenues of Cootamundra wattles, Christmas bush, flowering gums, bottlebrush, and other indigenous Australian trees. Sydney has a Waratah Festival, but where are the waratahs?

\$2 to J. A. Scattergood, South Campbelltown, N.S.W.

"No, thank you!"

OUR strong and healthy 11-year-old son was taken for a check-up, his first visit to the doctor since he was a baby. Having asked a number of questions, the doctor then said, "Would you like to take off your shoes and shirt and then lie on the couch?" Seriously and politely came the answer, "No, thank you, I'm quite comfortable here." I'm pleased to say his only trouble was growing too quickly, and he had no idea of doctors' procedure.

\$2 to "Sonny" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

General Knowledge Quiz

Questions

1. What cities would you visit to see (a) the Leaning Tower? (b) The Prado? (c) Hampton Court Palace? (d) the Golden Gate bridge?
2. The governess to the royal children collapsed and died recently. She had been a member of the royal household for 15 years. Do you remember her name?
3. If you heard a bittern "boom" would you think it was (a) the firing of a big gun? (b) a foghorn on a small fishing vessel? (c) the breeding call of a bird?
4. Many mothers have probably told their children to "tell the truth and shame the devil!" But would they, and you, know the origin of this saying?
5. America's only Negro Roman Catholic bishop came to Australia recently with the message: "Today's youth is not as bad as it's painted." Do you know who he is?
6. Everyone "nictates" more than once a day. When you do this do you (a) blink or wink? (b) scratch yourself? (c) use some form of cutting instrument?
7. One of two colorful spectacles which ushered in the 19th Olympiad, in Mexico City, was the arrival of the Olympic torch. Where did this "sacred" flame come from?
8. You'd have no difficulty in naming Australia's present Governor-General, Lord Casey. But could you name his four predecessors?

Answers

1. (a) Pisa; (b) Madrid; (c) London; (d) San Francisco.
2. Miss Katherine Peebles, who was recognised as a stern disciplinarian.
3. (c) It is the breeding call of a bird. The bittern, one of the heron family found in Australia, is a wading bird. It "thunderpumps" or "booms" during the breeding season.
4. The admonition came from the Shakespearean character Hotspur, in "King Henry IV, Part I."
5. He is the Rt. Rev. Harold R. Perry, an auxiliary bishop in the diocese of New Orleans.
6. (a) Blink or wink.
7. It was kindled at Mount Olympus, in Greece, the site of the first Olympic Games. The flame was carried by a runner from the Mexican coast to Teotihuacan, the City of the Gods, an awesome archaeological site outside Mexico City.
8. They were Viscount De Lisle (1961-1965); Viscount Dunrossil, who died in office (1960-1961); Field-Marshal Sir William Slim (1953-1960); Sir William McKell (1947-1953).

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column on his return.

no teething troubles



thanks to 'SM-33'

Indispensable during the teething period, 'SM-33' soothes pain and heals gums quickly. No more sleepless nights for parents. 'SM-33' is most effective for "thrush". Safe and simple to apply—follow directions on pack. 'SM-33' is ideal for adults too! It provides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, under-denture ulcers and inflamed gums. Use 'SM-33', the family preparation for teething troubles, mouth ulcers and sore gums.



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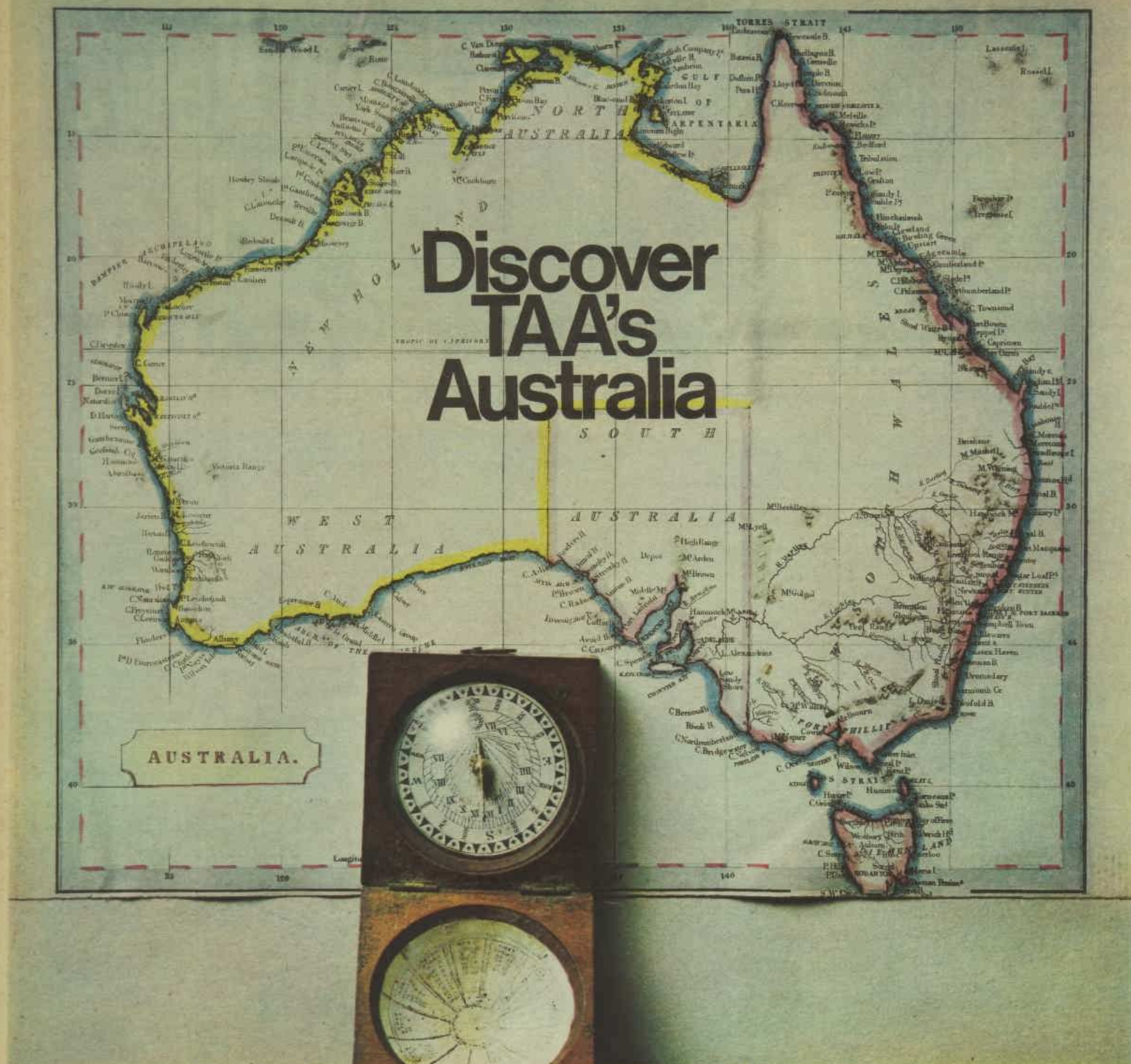


Smiles today . . .

A photographer snapped this happy picture of Mary Jane today. "But yesterday," says her mother, "she cried all day, wouldn't eat either. Then I thought of Laxettes. She's happy as a lark today, eating well, too." It's normally Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, to restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. Surely. No taste but the chocolate! Laxettes tonight, tomorrow, they're right. Only 40 cents

LAD99W

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Page 50

Or select from TAA's wide range of Friendly Way Holidays — completely pre-planned holidays covering all travel and accommodation at bargain prices. Or have your TAA Travel Adviser plan a holiday to your own special requirements. Just say when, where and how much, then pack your bags and go. Call your Travel Agent, Tourist Bureau or TAA Travel Adviser now for free brochures and all information.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968



4712.—One-piece dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4712, the price 80c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

This semi-fitted A-line dress has a scallop-edged trim. The dress, which can be worn with or without a belt, is chosen for a Queensland reader.

Here is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have 3yds. of 36in. spotted cotton to make a dress. I like a collar and would also like the design finished with short sleeves and some usual little detail."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated above. The dress features the details mentioned in your letter, plus a scalloped edge at collar, sleeves, and hemline. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Could you give me a few details about the latest silhouette for a summer coat?"

In current coat fashions, there is more shape than those worn last season. The silhouette is moulded closer to the body.

"Could you let me have a pattern for an infant's layette and list the garments included?"

Our pattern department includes a pattern for an infant's layette, which includes dress or nightgown, petticoat, pants, jacket, and bonnet. To order, quote Butterick pattern 400, the price 45c includes postage. See address under illustration.

"I have very muscular legs and have tried dieting to no effect. Could you please tell me if there is anything I could wear to make my calves look thinner?"

The only way to disguise

calves is to cover them and the only daytime way to achieve this is with pants — but, of course, they are not by any means right everywhere. Avoid patterned stockings and keep an all one-color look. Sorry I can't be more helpful.

"Is a fine black silk crepe suitable for a summer cocktail frock? I also would like a suggestion for a style to suit a figure with a 36in. bust."

Yes, black in all types of fabric has made a big comeback in fashion. My choice would be a close-to-the-body silhouette with wide self-material shoulder-straps criss-crossed at the bodice top.

suffused with light. Innoxa knows how you feel about texture. The smoothness and shine is conceived to give your lips a gleaming, firm, dewy look, that is never wet or greasy.

The colour-true shades. All the protective care that you would expect from the Innoxa approach to formulation are apparent the moment Super Jewelfast touches your lips. And it's in a very dominant white and gold case.

The very natural way you apply a lipstick is a feminine, personal and intimate thing.

After all, lipstick is a very part, the very heart of being a woman. Make Innoxa a part of you this day. Remember the name.

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SUPER JEWELFAST LIPSTICK INNOXA

"Please tell me what to wear to a 5 p.m. wedding. The invitation did not mention if the occasion was formal or informal."

Usual attire for a 5 p.m. wedding is late-day dress. However, if the wedding is small and informal a daytime dress could be worn. Why not consult your hostess and find out just how formal the occasion will be?

"Could you advise me about a suit style? I am having the suit made in rayon-linen."

The real news in suit fashions is the shape of the skirt, which

can be dirndl-type or have a swing of pleats. The cropped double-breasted jacket showing the top of the skirt is news. If this is your choice, have the skirt belted. A long tunic-jacket is also being worn.

"I have enough blue taffeta to make a party dress and would like a little advice about the style. I have good shoulders and like a fitted waistline."

My choice would be a sleeveless bias-cut bodice finished with a deep V-neckline and an all-round pleated skirt. At the fitted waistline add a wide self-material belt.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

WAS your proposal just a "Hey, how about us?" (from him) after the third glass of champagne at someone else's wedding reception? Or did you drift from holding hands to looking at carpets without any particular moment being the one when you formally became engaged?

Women, they say, regard with distrust and suspicion a young man who can propose marriage coherently in eloquent sentences containing the right number of nouns, verbs, and passionate adjectives.

Who says? Why, men, of course. They're supposed to be the experts. They even chose men to judge a proposal contest held not long ago in England.

The competition, first prize £150 sterling (\$A324), was for the best proposal made in the form of a letter, a form in which it is easier to be eloquent than in a face-to-face off-the-cuff proposal with rain dripping down the back of your neck or some third party likely to blunder in at any moment.

Much pencil-chewing must have gone into some of the entries in the contest, but think of the incentive! The winner could not only use his tried and tested proposal over again but the prize would pay for a handsome engagement ring.

"It never seems enough to only say I love you," a 25-year-old entrant wrote. "Goodbyes, tight-throated, on a gritty platform and the salt taste of tears; the warm, crashing whisper in a flinching ear; the secret eloquence of soft glances — all these are love, and none the same."

Wow! He didn't win. After all, a crashing whisper is enough to make any ear flinch.

● How eloquent was the proposal you accepted? Did he sweep you off your feet, declaring his undying love?

"Every time I looked into your eyes I saw beautiful things, like a clear blue sky early in the morning with still a touch of mystery left in it from the night." A nice try, but he didn't make it.

Another one wrote, "Yesterday I went to our valley and sat by the river, whose cool waters could never quench my love for you . . . oh, the excruciating passion when you enveloped me in the warm softness of your essence."

No go. Perhaps he should transfer his subscription to a library with more up-to-date fiction than *Ouida* and *Ethel M. Dell*.

Five hundred young men (and a few older ones) entered the contest, in hot pursuit of the prize and the title "Sir Galahad, 1968." One older contestant, a married man of 40, played it briefly. "Dream about me," he wrote. "Freud would approve."

"All the clumsiness and incoherence of true love"

THE winner was a 20-year-old clerk who wrote: "I am filled with a passion and tenderness for you I cannot express."

The judges were unanimous in choosing it. "This," they said, "has all the clumsiness and incoherence of true love."

Clutching his cheque, Sir Galahad, 1968, said: "The girl I wrote it to doesn't exist. It concerned a book I read."

Surely it had something to do with his girlfriend, the judges said. "No," Sir Galahad said firmly.

All of which goes to prove something. Perhaps that he's a nice, romantic-minded young man who'll spend most of his prize-money on books.

And the kind who, some day, after his third glass of champagne at a wedding, will say: "Hey, how about us?" to some nice, romantic-minded girl who will know exactly what he means!

The proposal that won Jane Austen's *Emma*

I AM a dedicated reader of the correspondence columns in newspapers. The other day the animals' meat came from the pet shop wrapped in pages from the London "Observer." In the correspondence column was this letter:

"The following passage occurs in Jane Austen's 'Emma': 'The joy and exultation with which he recalled, and rather sentimentally recited, that well-known charade—

My first doth affliction denote,
Which my second is destined to feel;
And my whole is the best antidote
That affliction to soften and heal
— made her quite sorry to acknowledge that they had transcribed it some pages ago already."

"For years I have tried vainly to find

the answer. Various 'literary experts' to whom I have written have confessed themselves baffled. Can any of your readers help, please?"

Can any of mine? If I go on buying pets' meat till my animals explode I'm unlikely to get it wrapped in the page of answers.

The "he" of the quotation was Mr. Elton, the "her" was the match-making Emma herself, who was trying to marry off her young friend, Harriet Smith, to Mr. Elton.

Obviously, the charade was so well known in Jane Austen's day that none of her readers needed to be told the answer.

"Emma" itself is full of lengthy proposals — proposals accepted, proposals rejected, proposals misunderstood. The final one is the proposal made by the normally grave, articulate Mr. Knightley, a proposal that shows the incoherence and clumsiness commended by the 1968 judges.

"Emma, that I fear is a word — No, I have no wish — Stay, yes, why should I hesitate? I have gone too far already for concealment . . . If I loved you less I might be able to talk about it more. But you know what I am. You hear nothing but truth from me — I have blamed you and lectured you, and you have borne it as no other woman in England would have borne it."

"Bear with the truths I would tell you now, dearest Emma, as well as you have borne with them. The manner, perhaps, may have as little to recommend them. God knows, I have been a very indifferent lover. But you understand me."

It mightn't have won him the Sir Galahad competition, but it won him Emma Woodhouse, after 432 pages of delightful and intense complication.

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½ cup French dressing*

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Only Frigidaire appliances are backed by GMH reliability.



Two mothers talk about some of the

Will this be Elizabeth Ann's yoghurt-and-honey week?

"I am writing this," says a Victorian mother whose baby is a "faddy" eater, "to help mothers who have an Elizabeth—or may have one—not to worry as I did in those early months."

THE thought of a second child did not daunt me a bit. I had sailed through my first pregnancy with little discomfort, and produced a happy, weight-gaining, good-eating child who slept well.

I was warned that I could hardly expect two such easy babies, but I just laughed. Surely I would cope by doing what I did the first time.

Elizabeth was to prove me wrong. Long before she arrived she began to destroy my theories. Morning sickness I had dismissed as "purely psychological." Now I had to live on pills for six months. I was simply unable to do without them. Still, I thought, when the baby is born things will be different.

Well, Elizabeth Ann arrived—a fat 8½lb., a bit squashed, but of course very lovable. It was four days before she began her tricks. On the fourth day, after each feed she was returned to me by a nursing sister who said she hadn't been fed.

She refused to take any more, and as the days went by, despite my supply of milk, she lost weight. The pediatrician checked her, X-rayed her heart, and could find nothing wrong.

Finally, I was persuaded to give up feeding her. My first daughter I had fed for nine months and found it easy, so I felt very rejected. The only consoling thought was that Elizabeth Ann was no more enthusiastic about the bottle than I was.

We came home, and the next few weeks were extremely wearing. We tried demand feeding. She wouldn't demand.

We tried schedule feeding. That didn't seem to work very well, either. She took about 10-12oz. a day, and so slowly that each feed took over an hour.

By ten weeks, she had increased this to between 16-18oz. She gained about 1oz. or 2oz. a week in weight.

Then she decided to go on strike. For over a week she reduced her intake to 10oz. a day. She refused solids, and finally I was so distraught that I took her to the local doctor. Luckily, he was very sympathetic.

He put her into hospital for observation, and rang another eminent pediatrician to come and check her. Again

the same story—nothing wrong could be found.

They tried different formulas, and found that she would take a synthetic milk mixture which is supposed to be closest to mother's milk. At last, I thought, the problem is solved.

For five weeks Elizabeth drank 24-30oz. of milk a day, ate solid food, and put on a record 5oz. of weight a week. We couldn't believe it.

Then she apparently decided she had delighted us long enough, and again went on starvation rations. We returned to the doctor, who said, "Look, this baby isn't going to change. You'll just have to get used to her."

So for the past year we have tried. I have learned not to panic when one fortnight we throw all solid food out, or pour all the milk down the sink.

We have put up with periods where only one brand of baby food is acceptable, and no home cooking is eaten, and then weeks when she lives on vegetables, instant pudding, and ice-cream.

I have sought inspiration everywhere. Every known milk pudding has been tried, and 99 percent rejected. We have had yoghurt-and-honey weeks, lamb's-fry-and-pumpkin weeks.

The welfare sister has given me samples of health foods and appetite stimulants, none of which have had more than a passing effect.

Except when teething, Elizabeth is a happy soul, very loving, and a delight except at meal times, when I never know what to expect.

Trying to coax, distract, or even occasionally attempting force, is to no avail. So now we put the food before her, leave her alone, and if she eats, well and good. If not, we remove the food and hope the next meal will be better.

I still get depressed after the non-eating weeks, but then a day like today arrives when tea consisted of rice, vegetables, cheese, a banana, ice-cream, and milk.

I have learned, too, on some of the non-eating days to be satisfied if during the day at frequent intervals I can get her to eat a small piece of pear or apple or cheese.

Anyway, as my husband says, the first 20 years are the hardest. Perhaps by her 21st birthday she'll be less fussy.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 30, 1968

"Of course, you'll be feeding baby yourself!"

Well, that was the intention, says MOIRA THOMAS, of South Australia. But what about those first-baby jitters?

"Of course, you'll be feeding the baby yourself," said the brisk young sister, stopping by my bed after I had returned from the labor ward and the birth of my first baby.

"I'll have a go at it," I answered, desperately wanting to be successful, but not having too much confidence in myself.

"If your mother was able to feed you, you've got a good chance of being successful. Women are a bit like Jersey cows. They seem to inherit an ability to be good milkers!" She was a plump country lass herself, so I forgave her the allusion.

Next morning at 5 o'clock the baby was brought to me, and from then on she arrived four-hourly through the day, a neat little parcel in swaddling clothes, which, in my ignorance, I dared not disturb lest she should become a squirming mass of arms and legs which I couldn't control. She sucked well, and seemed happy enough.

For some days I didn't learn that the hospital considered she was not getting enough to eat. As soon as I was told, I became utterly depressed. The food was good, and I was getting plenty of rest. I felt a failure as a mother.

A friend with the same small dimensions as myself came to visit me, and recounted her own experience.

"My first baby was born in Berlin in 1945," she said. "We had nothing to eat but bread and water, so I was a bag of bones, but I had enough milk to feed two babies."

She meant this to be reassuring, but somehow it made me feel more inadequate.

"Don't worry, dear, the milk will come in soon," the nurses would reassure me. And, "Are you drinking plenty?" I drank so much I was positively afloat, and I did little else but worry.

By the time I was due to go home, my obstetrician had other ideas. "A week in a mothercraft home is what you need," he told me. "You'll learn how to handle the baby, and the milk supply will soon become established."

I was in no hurry to take the full responsibility of caring for my baby, so I took his advice. It was a good hospital, and everything was done to help me.

Awful depression

The baby lay in a bassinet in my room, and each time she proclaimed her hunger, a nurse would come in, weigh the baby, give her to me to be fed, and then weigh her again at the conclusion of the meal.

If she took 4oz. or more, I was highly elated, but if she took only two I became depressed. Quite often a bottle was pressed into my hands to complement the breast milk.

The nurses were competent and kindly. They knew just how to handle new babies with ease and efficiency, but I doubt if any of them understood how I was feeling. I seemed to be suffering from a large dose of post-childbirth depression.

The birth of my baby had been a wonderful moment of joy for me, as fully conscious I welcomed my little one's arrival. After reaching this peak of elation, it was probably natural to suffer a letdown.

However, the mothercraft hospital did teach me how to handle my baby, and this was a considerable help, but at last it was time to go home. I could put off the responsibility no longer.

I took with me a pair of scales, on hire for a month (to give me confidence, I was

told), and a milk formula in case I should need it. My milk supply was still uncertain, but I was not going to give up easily.

Far from feeling confident, I was practically a neurotic wreck, with a lovely 8lb. daughter who should have given me no reason for anxiety.

The first day home I had to call in our family doctor for a minor ailment. I told him about my feeding difficulties.

"Not much milk there by the look of it," he said, as he prodded me. "Not all women can feed their babies," he went on, but by this time I was rather ungraciously showing him to the door.

After that I collapsed on my bed, and had a good howl. But hardly had I started when a familiar wail told me that once again I was due to present something for a hungry little daughter.

When I weighed her afterward, I found to my horror that she had only taken 4oz. I had no formula made up, and I was in a flap.

What's a hunger cry?

I changed the baby and left her in her bassinet while I rushed to boil up some milk and water.

Either the scales were wrong or she was not hungry, because she promptly went off to sleep for the next three hours. I had worried needlessly.

I could hardly wait for Friday to come, to be off to the baby health centre. Here was a sympathetic ear, a trained infant welfare sister who was also the mother of a nine-month-old son.

"Send the scales straight back," she wisely advised. "They're obviously doing more harm than good. If the baby seems hungry give her some extra milk, and try not to worry."

Sound advice, except that I was still unable to interpret the phrase "If the baby still seems hungry." To the uninitiated mother every cry is thought to be one of hunger, and it was not until the poor little creature overflowed that I realised that she had had enough!

By the time the baby was a month old I was feeling desperate, as I was still uncertain whether I was capable of fully feeding her. At last, like so many other mothers, I turned to Dr. Spock. He, sensible man, had the advice I needed.

"Forget about the bottle, and feed the baby more often if necessary."

From that moment on I never made up the formula again. The baby didn't cry for extra meals, and in the next two weeks she gained 1lb. in weight.

By this time also she had cut out the 10 p.m. feed; at eleven weeks she consented to give up the 2 a.m. feed (with some encouragement from me, of course), and at four months she was ready for three meals a day.

The milk supply adjusted to the schedule, and I went on to feed the baby until she was eight months old.

I weaned her gradually, over three weeks. She accepted a cup for her mid-day meal the first time I offered it, and I had no problems. I didn't offer her any bottles, as I didn't want to go through a second weaning later on.

When I look back now, I know that all the early problems I had in feeding were of my own making. Once I stopped fussing, everything righted itself. I hear so many women say: "I tried to feed my baby, but I couldn't manage it." What they should say is: "I didn't stick to it long enough, and I didn't get enough encouragement."



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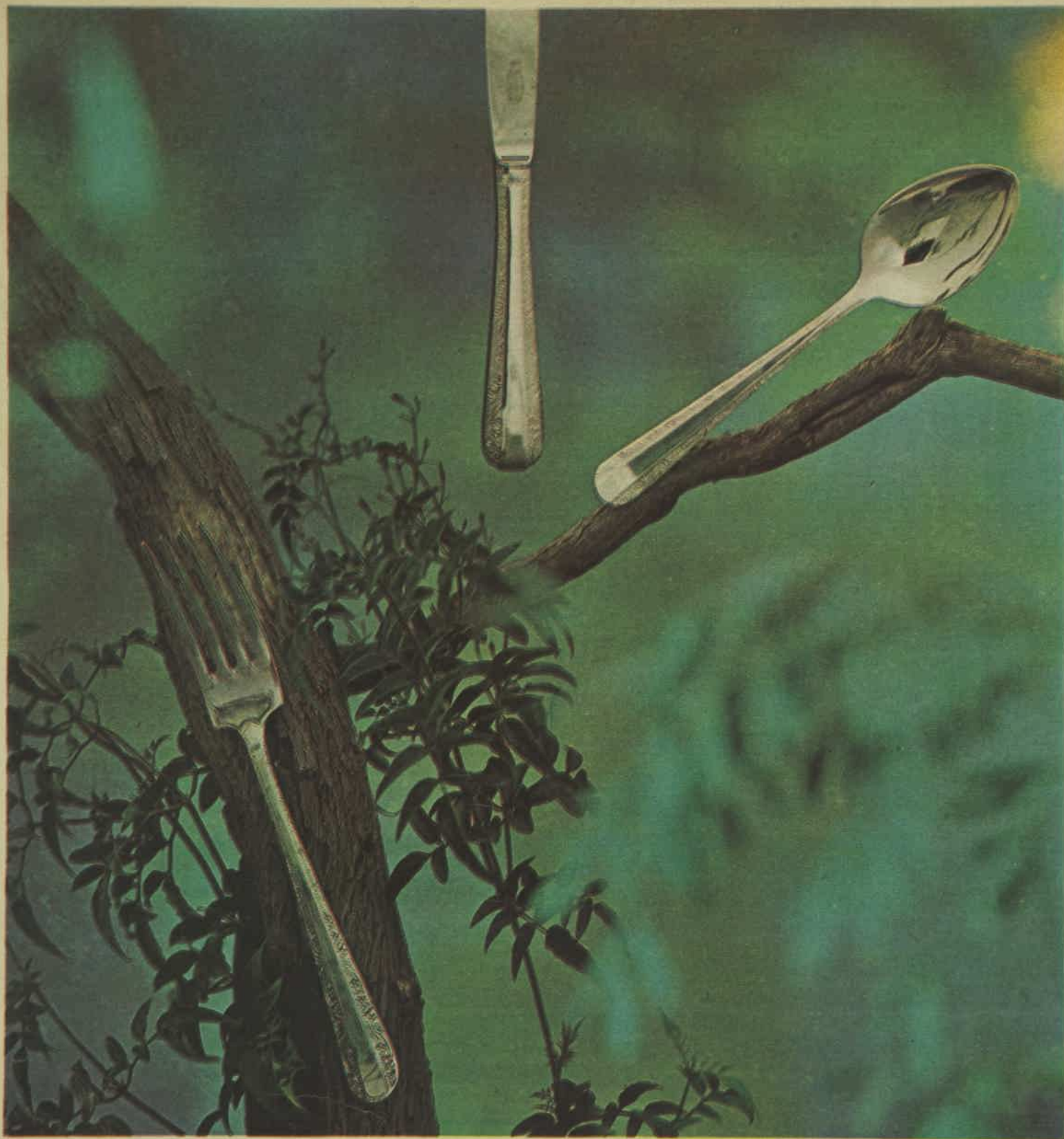


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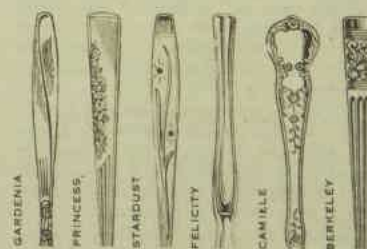
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CELESTE RAISED the window blinds. Andrew, still in bed, watched his wife smiling into the early morning and humming a tune. After 35 years of marriage and with two grandchildren, Celeste still had the fluent motions of a young girl and a figure to go with them.

With the mind of a child, Andrew thought, a child-woman as the psychologists call it — and I've spoiled her, too.

This, of course, made it all the harder to tell her. But she had to know soon. There was so little time left. It was bound to happen, today or tomorrow. He must prepare her before the brutal truth struck her right between the eyes.

Andrew groaned and scrambled out of bed. "Looks like rain," he mumbled.

"No," Celeste laughed, "the sun is just rising—there, behind the new building." She seemed as pleased as if she had just invented the sunshine and the new day.

Andrew shuffled to the kitchen. "It feels like rain," he insisted. He was in no mood to look at the sun and the tall building that, suddenly and uninvited, had sprung from the empty lot across the street. In its streamlined efficiency it, comically, reminded him of Scott Webber, who had suddenly appeared in the office of Pierce & Broadshild one drizzly morning, with that bright, ambitious look and that sharp, young mind—a college graduate, a ready-made executive.

"I heard you worked your way up from messenger boy to department head," Scott Webber had told Andrew on their first personal chat. "Why, Mr. Vossball, you are the American legend."

But this was a new time shaping its own heroes, Andrew thought bitterly, and, with old Mr. Broadshild retiring, Scott Webber and not he would become the firm's new vice-president.

"Honey, eat your bacon and eggs!" He jumped at Celeste's cheery voice. Mechanically, he raised a forkful to his mouth, but his throat constricted, and with a shaking hand he put the fork down.

I must tell her, I must, he said to himself. How should he phrase it? "Sweetheart, soon we'll be poor—not exactly beggarly poor, but we'll have to get along on a very modest budget, because soon your husband won't have a job anymore. I'm an old man, a clumsy man with a very limited education. Only yesterday I tried to clinch a big deal, and after a few highballs I slapped the client on the shoulder." Scott Webber said I certainly acted very familiarly with the secretary of Roberts & Spratt, the firm's most desired account.

"This is a new world, a mighty refined world for splendid, bright young people like Scott. It's 'odd

man out' for your husband. The firm knows it, Scott Webber knows it, and everybody is waiting for me to resign."

"Honey, your breakfast is getting cold," Celeste said, and he realised that once again he had made a speech to himself. "Damn it, I can't stay on with a kid younger than my son getting the vice-presidency," he wanted to shout. "It's an embarrassment to the firm, a disgrace to myself — can't you understand that, Celeste?"

"Sweetheart, I must talk to you," he began with a strangely cracked, hoarse voice, when suddenly his mouth fell open.

"How d'you like it?" his wife giggled. She stood before him in one of her too-short dresses, and on her head . . .

"That's . . . a wig," stammered Andrew.

She turned around and around, proud as a peacock, looking younger than ever in a waterfall of shiny, platinum-blond hair.

"I'm a witch," she laughed happily, "I've just witched away middle-age."

I love her, Andrew thought, I love my foolish little wife. A failure like himself should not feel so strongly for another person; it only made his own shame hurt more. He blinked a tear from his eye and whispered: "You look beautiful!" She came into his opening arms, lovely, smiling, and forever a bride.

"Let's hurry now," she said after awhile. "I'm going with you to New York. I feel like some window-shopping. Maybe I'll visit the kids."

The daily bore of commuting was nothing but fun to Celeste.

She kept making guesses about the people on the train. "I bet that girl over there is a typist. D'you think she really can type 75 words a minute? I wonder if a girl who types 35 words per minute could find a job?"

Andrew did not listen. He sat, his lips a taut line, his hands clenched firmly over the briefcase. I will not resign, he told himself. What can they do? They can't fire me after 40 years of service. What if I have to take orders from a young college kid? What if I am virtually a messenger boy again? Celeste will be able to buy her things, wigs and what-nots and remain my spoiled girl.

"We have a luncheon date at your cafeteria, don't forget," she smiled when they parted. Darned if some heads did not turn after her! With slow, heavy steps Andrew entered the office building that today loomed like a prison.

Everybody seemed to look at him with a strange smile, a slight, secretive twist of the lips, the receptionist, the bookkeeper, and old Mr. Broadshild, who would soon be ex-vice-president. Scott Webber sat at his desk, his mouth one big, wide grin.

Andrew worked firmly, trying to shut out everything taking place around him. The air was charged with expectation, curiosity. When is the old man going to quit? Hasn't he got any pride?

The telephone shrilled loudly, viciously. "Roberts & Spratt on the wire." The veins in Andrew's temples pounded. No, he did not have the gumption to listen to their phony excuses as to why that business deal had fallen through.

"Mr. Webber will take the call," he told the switchboard operator.

He glanced at the clock. It was not yet noon, but he knew he could not stand the atmosphere of the office for another minute.

"Going to lunch," he announced, Webber, talking on the phone, suddenly looked flushed and he made excited, beckoning gestures

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to him, but Andrew stormed past. Scott did not have to tell him. He knew that he had lost the firm a big deal. Let them fill him in on the gory details later.

To his surprise, Celeste was waiting in the cafeteria, her wig aglow over an excited, beaming face. "Honey, do I have a story to tell you! Imagine, they do hire girls who type 35 words per minute!"

"Do they?" Andrew asked uncomprehending, then he stared at the young man stalking through the crowd.

"Congratulations!" Scott Webber grinned from ear to ear, "you've done it, Mr. Vossall! You've clinched the biggest deal the firm's had for years! The

Roberts & Spratt account is ours!"

"Wh-what?" Andrew was barely able to manage introductions.

"Mrs. Vossall," Scott pumped Celeste's hand exuberantly, "your husband is the shrewdest businessman I've ever met. His methods are so different from what one learns in school, it's an experience to watch him operate. I wish you'd put in a good word for me. It would be fascinating to be his assistant once his appointment comes through."

"What appointment?" Andrew said.

"Why," Scott grinned shrewdly, "the vice-presidency, of course! It's all over the grapevine.

Haven't you noticed the way everybody's looking at you and smiling? I'll start drawing up the papers for Roberts & Spratt right away so everything will be ready for your signature when you return. Once more, congratulations!"

"Vice-president!" As soon as they were alone, Celeste was laughing and crying and kissing her husband's cheek, all at the same time. Suddenly she stopped and nervously ruffled her wig. "How does one quit a job she has not even started?"

"What are you talking about?" Andrew was perplexed.

Celeste pensively lowered her false eyelashes. "You see, honey, you looked so downhearted lately

and you lost your appetite. I was sure it had something to do with your job. Maybe you wanted to retire, but you were worried about your spoiled little wife and just carried on, tired as you were. That's why I brushed up on my typing, bought the wig, and lied about my age so you wouldn't have to worry about quitting! And now it's I who will retire — and only an hour after having been hired. Honey, sometimes I'm afraid I'm not very bright."

Andrew Vossall stared at his platinum-blond wife in frank admiration. "Sweetheart, you're the most wonderful — and the wisest — spouse a man — ahem, a vice-president — ever had!"

(Copyright)



1 MOTHER: Each weekday, after a busy morning's housework, doesn't feel like cooking lunch just for herself. Brunch keeps her going nicely till dinner time. And she enjoys two glasses on the weekend.



2 SCHOOL KID: Go . . . Go . . . Go . . . rushing around with mates on the weekend and after school. Has a glass of Brunch every day of the week, an extra glass on sports day.



3 OFFICE GIRL: Usually sleeps in. Three times in a week has no time for regular breakfast, so has Heinz Instant Brunch instead. Brunch has all the vitamins and minerals she needs.

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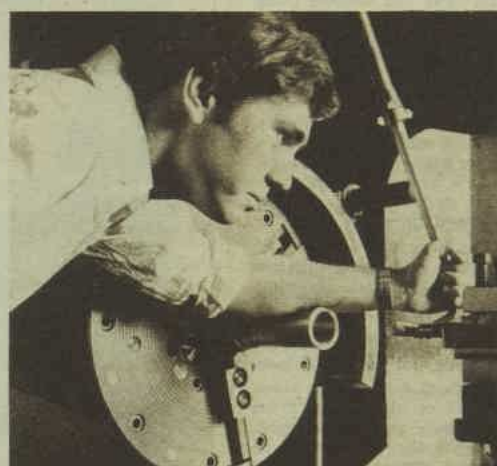
HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Here are pictures of six different people who need Heinz Instant Brunch (everyone does sometimes — because everyone's a meal skipper once in a while). All you have to do is set down in order from 1 to 6 the people you consider would need Brunch most. **SEE CLUES UNDER EACH ILLUSTRATION.**

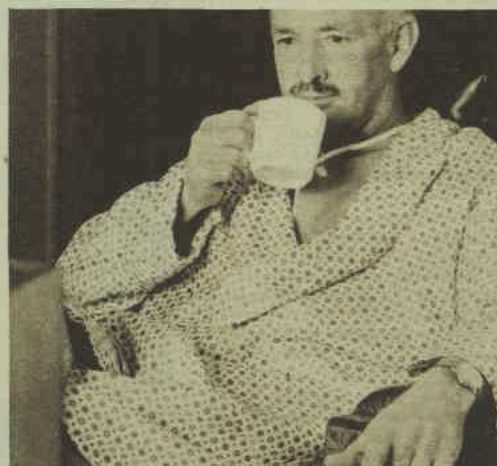
Now in 5 great flavours — Swiss Chocolate, Coffee, Vanilla, Egg Flip with Nutmeg, and new Strawberry with Malt.



4 STUDENT: Around exam time studies right around the clock. Missed five regular meals last week, but always catches up with a glass of Brunch.



5 TECHNICIAN: When there's a rush on Thursday and Friday, it's lunch on the job — Heinz Instant Brunch. It's great before football training on Tuesday and Thursday nights, too.



6 MILLIONAIRE: Still has a hankering for the simple things of life. At his one night at home during the week he settles happily for a warm, sustaining glass of Heinz Instant Brunch.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be scrutinised on its merits by a panel of qualified judges, whose decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.
2. There is no limit to the number of entries, but each entry must be on an official entry form.
3. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest. A complete list of winners will be

available on request.

4. Contest closes December 15, 1968.

5. Anyone may enter, except employees (and their families) of the H. J. Heinz Company, and their Advertising Agencies.

6. Entry forms should be sent to:
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1. Here is my choice of the 'Go People'

☐ MOTHER

☐ SCHOOL CHILD

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☐ STUDENT

☐ TECHNICIAN

☐ MILLIONAIRE

Cast your vote from 1 to 6. Make sure you number every square.

2. Complete the following sentence in less than 15 words: I like Heinz Instant Brunch

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YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD WHEN IT'S MADE BY HEINZ.



Meeting in PENANG

JOE COYLE swirled the whisky around in his glass. He ambled from the bar to the big window, shivering slightly in the fierce air-conditioning. From this eleventh-storey eyrie he looked down on the lights of Georgetown and the glimmer of moonlight shining across the tropical sea.

"Romantic, isn't it?" He turned slightly to see the bar's only other occupant, a tall, grey-suited Englishman, standing beside him.

"Yes. I guess so. But we see the same old moon in Vietnam, and it doesn't seem too romantic there."

"Oh. You're having a spot of leave in Penang?"

"Five days' R and R." He translated: "Rest and Recreation, they call it."

"Judging from the papers, you certainly need it."

Joe Coyle was a bulky man, built like a solid block of concrete. When he laughed, the sound seemed to rumble up from somewhere deep inside his big body. "It's not the healthiest place in the world."

"Know anyone here?"

"No. Few of the boys. But they're all youngsters. To them I'm a hoary old wartime veteran." He sipped his drink. "It's good to get away, relax in peace and quiet. But five days is a helluva time to fill up with just lounging around."

"Yes, there's not much to do here, except swim and sunbathe. And eat. By the way, are you doing anything for dinner?"

"Thought I might get myself a steak in the Grill." "Why not join me in some Chinese chow downstairs in the Chopsticks Room? There's a good cabaret — actually, a girl I've seen on TV . . . Susannah Harries. By the way, I'm Bob Earham. Live in Singapore. Travel business."

Coyle shook the proffered hand. "Joe Coyle, Group Captain, Royal Australian Air Force. I'd be pleased to join you. Nice to have company."

They finished their drinks, had a couple more, then took the lift down to the first floor. It opened directly into the Chinese restaurant. It was dark, filled with blue-smoke haze, and noisy as only a Chinese restaurant can be noisy.

They found the table Earham had reserved, near the small dance floor. It was packed with dancers awaying to a slow beat. Coyle waved to a young man dancing with a pretty Chinese girl.

"They don't lose much time." Earham smiled as he reached for the menu.

"Can you blame them? They don't have much time."

"Fancy anything special?"

"I'll leave it to you. If you've lived in the East long, you're the expert."

The food was delicious. Then suddenly the lights were lowered still further and the cabaret announced. A girl in a green dress came on to the stage, spotlight playing on her bright red hair. She began to sing, and even the Chinese stopped talking. A soft, slow number. A blues almost. An old song, wartime vintage . . . a sentimental song about a sentimental journey.

The years rolled by as the strains of the sentimental old song revived memories long since forgotten . . .

Chopsticks halfway to his mouth, Joe Coyle froze. For the first time he looked hard at the singer.

"Oh, no!" He murmured, and lowered his hand. "Something wrong?"

Coyle waved him to silence and sat back. There was no doubt about it. She may call herself, what is it? Susannah Harries . . . but this was Sue Harrison. No doubt at all, even after all those years he'd have known her anywhere. The song ended, she bowed to the applause, and began a new number. Coyle simply sat there and looked at her. And remembered the first time, the day they'd met.

It had been during the war, in 1943, or thereabouts, when he was in England. He was billeted in a farmhouse near the airfield. It had been the day he'd moved in, together with a couple of other young fliers. On a bright, late autumn day their jeep had driven into the farmyard, scattering squawking chickens who were, very sensibly, fleeing in haste from the fast-moving vehicle.

Brakes screeched as the driver ground to a halt. The boys in their dark blue uniforms clambered out and stood looking up at the old building. Coyle remembered how excited they'd been to find the date carved in a heavy oak beam over the doorway . . . 1682. And how, as they stood there in the watery sunshine, the door opened and a young girl in a school tunic stood there, arms akimbo, regarding them sternly.

"Well!" she said eventually, pushing back a flaming mop of red hair, "if you're going to live with us you'll have to learn to pull up a lot more quietly than that."

They'd all chuckled. "Why, miss, do you have an aged parent sick in bed?"

"No, certainly not. But if you frighten the chickens they won't lay and there'll be no eggs for breakfast." Her smile was brilliant and embraced them all. "Can I help with all that stuff? Crumbs, it looks as if you've come to stay for ever."

"Stranger things have happened," he said. "It's going to be a long war." He introduced himself and the others, whose names were long since lost to him. In fact, he'd outstayed them all. An injury on a bombing mission had landed him at a nearby hospital. And afterwards, grounded, and with a slight limp, he'd been posted as instructor to the same station. So, altogether, it had been about three years.

During those years Sue had grown up. Coyle, himself in his early twenties, had been fascinated by the fiery young redhead. And right from the start she'd been his devoted slave. For one thing, he'd helped her with her homework. With a wry smile he recalled the tears over algebra that she somehow never could get the hang of. And how he'd stroked the long, bright pigtails when she failed the exam and cried on his shoulder. But, of course, she was just a little girl, barely sixteen. And the bride he had married just two months before leaving Sydney was waiting for him back home.

To page 63



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Page 61

The Owl and the Pussycat

Knit them now for the Christmas stocking

OWL

Materials: 1 ball main color (m.c.), small quantity contrast color (c.c.) Patons Totem; oddments for features; 1 pr. No. 8 Disc knitting needles; stiffening.

Measurement: Height, 8in.
Abbreviations: Loop stitch is worked thus: Using 2 strands each of m.c. and c.c., work loops over 2 fingers along sides of body; inc., pick up loop which lies before next st. and knit into back of loop.

BODY

Using m.c., cast on 20 sts.
1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: K 1, inc., k 8, inc., k 2, inc., k 8, inc., k 1.
3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: K 1, inc., k 10, inc., k 2, inc., k 10, inc., k 1.
Cont. inc. in this way until there are 40 sts.

Work 6in. in g-st. without shaping. Cast off.

FEET

Using c.c., cast on 10 sts. Work in g-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until there are 16 sts.

Work 8 rows without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. each end every row until 2 sts. rem.

K 2 tog. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Using bk-st., sew all seams, leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff, sew up opening.

Sew up foot seams, leaving opening for stuffing.

Stuff. Sew up opening.

Sew feet to base of body. Work features and loop stitch as shown on photograph.

PUSSYCAT

Materials: 1 ball dark, 1 ball light, small quantity black Patons Totem; oddments for features; 1 pr. No. 8 Disc knitting needles; length millinery wire; stuffing; 1 medium button.

Measurements: 10in. from head to base of tail.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. in st-st.

Abbreviations: D, dark; L, light; inc., pick up loop which lies before next st. and knit through back of loop; sl-st., slip-stitch; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over.

BODY AND HEAD

Using D, cast on 36 sts. Working throughout in stripes of 4 rows D, 4 rows L, work 5in. in g-st., ending with an L stripe.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: (K 1, k 2 tog., k 12, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1) twice.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: (K 1, k 2 tog., k 10, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1) twice.

4th Row: Knit.

Cont. dec. in this manner until 20 sts. rem.

8th Row: Knit.

To Shape Head — 9th Row: (K 1, inc., k 8, inc., k 1) twice.

10th Row: Knit.

11th Row: (K 1, inc., k 10, inc., k 1) twice.

12th Row: Knit.

Cont. inc. in this manner until there are 36 sts.

16th Row: Knit.

Cont. thus for face:

17th Row: K 4 D, k 10 L, k 22 D.

18th Row: K 22 D, p 10 L, k 4 D.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

21st Row: Using L, k.

22nd Row: Using L, k 22, p 10, k 4.

23rd Row: Using L, k.

24th Row: Using L, k 20, p 14, k 2.

25th Row: K 2 D, k 14 L, k 20 D.

26th Row: K 20 D, p 14 L, k 2 D.

Rep. 25th and 26th rows once, then 23rd and 24th rows twice.

K 4 rows D.

Using L, rep. rows 1 to 3 incl. Cast off.

EARS (make 2)

Using D, cast on 14 sts.

Work in g-st. throughout, dec. once at each end of next and alt. rows until 2 sts. remain, then inc. at each end of next and alt. rows until there are 14 sts. Cast off.

LEGS (make 2 pieces)

Using D, cast on 14 sts. and work in striped g-st. for 6in. Cast off.

TAIL

Using D, cast on 10 sts. and work in striped g-st. for 11in.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog.

Next and Alt. Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 3 tog., k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 3 tog. Fasten off.

TIE

Using black, cast on 3 sts. Work in g-st., inc. 1 st. each end of alt. rows until there are 11 sts.

Work 7 rows without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 8th rows until 5 sts. rem.

Cont. on these 5 sts. for 12in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using bk-st., sew up body seams, leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff, close opening. Join curved edges of ears, stuff lightly, and sew to head. Join leg and tail seams, leaving openings for stuffing. Stuff, inserting millinery wire in centre to keep shape, close opening and bend each leg in half. Sew legs and tail to body as illustrated. Knot tie round neck and sew on button as in illustration. Embroider all features on face and ears as illustrated.



Pussycat takes two balls of wool, one light, one dark. He's knitted in garter-stitch. Knitting directions at left.

One ball of wool with a few contrast colors for features makes Owl. He is 8in. tall. Directions are at top left.



It was difficult to know just when he realised that the leggy schoolgirl was changing into a young woman. Becoming a vital, lovely creature. But he remembered, and vividly, exactly when the sudden realisation hit him that the deep affection he admitted was really something very much stronger.

He was sitting in the farm kitchen enjoying a tankard of cider with her father. This was pretty well a pre-supper ritual. The taste of the rough home-made brew came to him now. Sue was sitting on the rug in front of the huge inglenook fireplace. She had been washing her hair and was shaking out the dark red strands that shone in the firelight like bright rubies.

Joe had news he was reluctant to impart. He took a large draught from the tankard. "Ah, that's beaut, Mr. H., I believe it's better than last year's brew."

"Could be, Joe, could be. Lot of sun last summer, makes a sweeter brew, I reckon." The farmer's heavy Somerset burr had been hard to follow at first, but now Joe was well used to it.

"I'll miss it. Got my marching orders today. Flying home to Sydney next month."

Sue sat up straight. She shook back the heavy fall of hair and her eyes met his. As he looked at her, they filled with tears. And suddenly he knew. The farmer's voice rumbled on, voicing his regrets, and Joe managed a few conventional monosyllables. But his gaze was still on the girl. His eyes, he knew mirrored her anguish. In a few moments he excused himself and went to his room.

IT had been his home for nearly three years. He looked around at the low ceiling, the tiny diamond-paned window, the plain furnishings. He glanced at the framed photo of Dinah, his wife . . . a pretty girl, but a stranger. In the years that separated them Dinah would have changed. Inevitably, they would have grown apart. Even if it hadn't been for Sue.

There was a light tap at the door. And suddenly she was flying across the room and into his arms. He held her close. Not, this time, as a child to be comforted, but as a woman to be loved. She turned a tear-stained face up to his and, unforgivably, he had kissed her. She clung to him, returning his kisses with an unsuspected fire. He kissed her wet cheeks, her hair, murmuring, "Darling, darling, darling."

Then he came to his senses and firmly held her away from him. "Sue, you really must not cry like this." He pushed a handkerchief into her hands. "Dry up now, will you, or your Pa will be after me for upsetting you so."

"Oh, Joe," she sniffed. "I can't bear you to go."

"But, Sue, you knew I'd be pulling out soon. You've just got used to having me around the place. C'mon, cheer up now. I know it's crook, but after a few months you'll have forgotten the way I look." He tried

to make it sound convincing, and failed miserably.

"You don't have to talk to me as though I were five years old."

"But you are very young, Sue. Very sweet and very lovely and very young. And I want you to believe me. Even if it's bad now, soon there'll be lots of guys around and you'll be having a ball. And this will seem just like a bad dream."

She shook her head. "It won't work, Joe. I love you. I have loved you for ages and ages."

Her solemnity was almost laughable. But he wasn't laughing. Instead, he caught her to him again and held her tightly. "Baby, what can I say to you? It's no good. I just have to go. No matter how you feel—how I feel . . ."

Quickly she raised her head. "How do you feel, Joe? Tell me, please tell me. The truth."

"I feel . . ." He gestured helplessly. "I suppose I feel the same way."

"You love me?" Her smile was tremulous.

"Hell . . . I shouldn't say it, but, yes, I do."

She reached up and kissed him softly on the lips. A child's kiss. "Thank you, Joe."

The next few weeks had been bittersweet. Joe Coyle remembering, ran a beefy hand over his close-cropped hair. It was a long time. And after those few letters exchanged with her parents there was nothing. The break, they'd agreed, must be complete. So it had been until this moment in a stuffy Penang nightspot.

The cabaret was ended. On the platform, the girl bowed to the mounting applause and was gone.

"You look as if you've seen a ghost." Earlham's voice broke his reverie.

"You could almost say that. I used to know that girl. Maybe twenty years ago."

"She must have been a beautiful baby."

"She was sixteen. But beautiful . . . sure."

Bob Earlham raised his eyebrows. "That makes her thirty-six. Who'd have thought it? Why don't you send her a note?"

"Yeah, why don't I do that?" He got out his wallet, scribbled on a card, and signalled for the Chinese boy.

"Take this to the lady who was singing, will you, fella?"

"This lady no go with GI, sir. If you want girl, I find you pretty Chinese girl. I know one, Soo Mei, velly pretty . . ."

Earlham barked a short laugh.

"I happen to know this lady." Coyle produced a dollar bill. "Just take it, there's a good man."

In moments the waiter was back, his oriental features split by a large grin. "Lady say, please you come quick, sir."

"Forgive me for deserting you."

"Of course, old chap. Don't give it a thought."

The door flew open to his knock, and she was there. Sue Harrison.

MEETING IN PENANG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

She gasped. Then, "Joe. I can't believe it. It really is you."

Somehow they were inside the dressing-room. He caught her to him in a great bear hug. "Sue." Joe Coyle bent to kiss her.

"Mind all the grease-paint. I didn't even wear make-up on the farm."

HIS laugh rumbled out. "No. Just pigtails."

She touched a hand to the elaborate coiffure, heaped and piled and whirled round the small head. "Pigtails are just not acceptable any more." She gazed at him wonderingly. "You're changed, Joe. But I think I

would have known you. Even with the grey hairs." Her hand brushed the grey stubble. "I like it."

"You've changed, too. Grown up. Grown up gorgeous. But where have you been all these years? Did a course in London some years back and went looking for you. New people at the farm, said you'd left. I searched the phone book . . ."

"Oh, if only I'd known. And I was in London . . . but tell me all about you, everything. Sit down now, and start talking."

Obediently he eased his bulk into the only armchair. "You always were the bossy one. Well, still with the RAAF, Sue. But not much

longer now before they throw me out. Getting too old for bomb dodging." He jerked his head in the vague direction of Vietnam.

"Oh, I wondered. I did some shows in Saigon. I thought about you, Joe, but it's been so long . . ."

"It sure has. But seeing you now, I'm looking for those pigtailed to pull." He pulled her down to the arm of the chair.

"Tell me about you, Joe. How have the years treated you? Do you have a big family?"

"One son in college. Doing pretty well. But Dinah and I — we never really hit it off. Split up about ten years back. She's married again. How about you, honey? Did you marry that freckled-

faced kid who was always tagging around after you?"

She laughed. "Fancy you remembering. I'd forgotten all about him. No, I didn't marry him, Joe. I didn't marry anyone. I had my career, a l w a y s moving around the world. Although I came fairly close to it once or twice. No, you see before you an elderly spinster."

The room was silent for a long minute. Then Joe spoke slowly and with great deliberation. "I think you should start counting your days of spinsterhood, Sue. You may well find there won't be too many of them left."

Reaching out, he took her hand and held it tightly in his massive paw. It was early days, he thought. But life is giving us another chance.

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After our chance encounter I knew that every minute I had to spare I wanted to spend with this gentle and utterly unsophisticated girl

A STORY FOR TEDDY

WHAT is it that drives us to consider the girls of our youth, those we enjoyed for a day or a month, those whose scruples we strained to overcome, those who scorned us, those who fled? I am not sure, since even the easy nostalgia rising from the memory of success must give way to other emotions when defeats, not victories, come to mind.

In the case of Teddy, it was an accident, a typically New York accident, that brought her back to me not long ago, but it is only as a result of my own deliberate life as a writer, and a painful, endless effort to understand, that she has come back with such clarity. I can close my eyes now and see not merely as much but more than I saw 20 years ago.

When I try to recall how I first came to know Teddy, I think back to a double date early in the war, arranged by an acquaintance. Teddy was his date, but my own I cannot visualise in any way—she was surely one of those girls who sit near the telephone, waiting to be fixed up by an attractive cousin. Teddy must have been that cousin. Within an hour of our having met, while

the other two danced (we were in some collegiate hangout in Yorkville), I was urging her to go out with me.

Teddy colored. With her fingertips, she pushed her ginger ale glass toward my bourbon glass. "You're pretty fast."

"I have to be."

Teddy was not very strong on repartee, and I fancied that I was ruthless. She was just 18, went to college at night, was taking courses in child psychology, and worked by day as a stenographer for some agency that helped soldiers' families, like Travellers' Aid. She lived with her little brother and their widowed mother in an apartment house in some remote fastness of the Bronx. All that mattered to me was that she was lovely.

As for me, I was 23 and terribly world-weary. I had worked as a copy boy on the old New York "Sun" the year between college and the merchant marine long enough to learn my way around town. I had only three months left before I would finish boot camp at Sheepshead Bay and ship out, and I was anxious to waste as little time as possible.

Teddy was not sharp and competitive like the girls I had known at Ohio State and around Manhattan. She was simple, unambitious, and vulnerable. She made no pretence of being smart or well read, but she was gentle and modest and virginal, and utterly unsophisticated — you might have thought she was the one from Ash-tabula instead of me. Her skin was clean and glowing, her blonde hair tumbled over her forehead, her lavender eyes were soft and troubled.

I picked up her small, defenceless hand, ostensibly so that I could admire her charm bracelet, from which dangled a little Scottie and a windmill with revolving sails; she had got it from her father for her fourteenth birthday. Squeezing her still-childish fingers, I said, with a self-pity that was more real than she could imagine, "I've only got my weekends—and not too many of them—before I ship out. Won't you meet me next Saturday? In the afternoon, as early as I can get in? Say at two-thirty, under the clock at the Biltmore?"

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By HARVEY SWADOS

All that week I thought about Teddy. In the clapboard barracks where, like college boys all over America, I was learning with a thrill of despair that my fellow citizens from farm and factory were foul-mouthed, ignorant, and bigoted, it was difficult enough to remember that girls like Teddy still existed. Teddy, snubnosed and sincere, in awe of me because I came from out of town and had hitchhiked to California and back, and eager to help me forget that hellhole of training — such a girl took on the proportions of a prize, one I had been awarded without even being fully eligible.

When I pushed my way into the Biltmore lobby through the

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

swirling Saturday crowds, I was struck speechless at the sight of Teddy, already waiting for me. Not only was she unaware that she had breached the code by arriving early, but she did not even seem to notice how she was being sized up by a group of nudging sailors.

She was nervous, yes, but only — I could tell — because she was looking for me. The tip of her blunt little nose was pinker than her cheeks, and she dabbed at it with a handkerchief that she took from the pocket of her fur-

trimmed plaid coat as she squinted this way and that, searching for me. I realised for the first time that she was near-sighted.

I hung back for just a moment, then stepped forward and called out her name.

With a glad cry she hastened toward me. "I was afraid I might have missed you, in all this crowd!"

"I was afraid you wouldn't show up at all."

"Silly." This was a word Teddy used often. But she was

pleased, and as she pressed my arm I could smell her perfume, light and girlish. "What are we going to do?"

I wanted to show her off. Outside, I led her over to Fifth Avenue, then north, and we paused now and then in the faltering late-October sunlight to look in the shop windows. With Teddy at my side I felt once again a part of the life of the city, secure for the moment at least, as I had not felt wandering forlornly with my false liberty, or hanging, miserable, around the battered ping-pong tables of the USO, waiting for nothing.

At Fifty-third Street we headed west and stopped before the

Museum of Modern Art. The bulletin board announced an old Garbo movie. I turned to Teddy.

"We're just in time for the three o'clock showing."

"Don't you have to be a member or something?" Teddy looked at me uneasily.

I was still learning how provincial some of these New York girls could be. I led Teddy through the revolving glass doors and took unhesitating advantage of my uniform to get us two tickets. Skirting the crowd waiting for the elevator, we skipped down the stairs to the auditorium.

The movie was "The Story of Gosta Berling." I remember very little about it other than the astonishingly plump whiteness of the youthful Garbo's arms, for I was burningly aware of Teddy's forearm alongside mine. After a while I took her hand and held it through the picture. As our body warmth flowed back and forth, coursing between us like some underground hot spring, I peered covertly at her. She was staring intently — too intently — at the screen; and I knew, as I knew the thud of my own pulse in my ears, that I would never be content with simply sitting at her side. I would have to possess her.

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SOMEWHERE

near the end of the movie, when it seemed reasonably certain that no one would be observing us, I raised her hand, palm up, to my mouth and pressed it against my lips. At that she turned her head and gazed at me tremulously.

"You mustn't," she whispered.

She meant the contrary, I was positive. Giddily, I allowed her to retrieve her hand. When the picture ended I slipped her coat over her shoulders and led her up the stairs to the main gallery.

"I'll show you my favorite picture here," I said. We stood before the big canvas that used to

FROM THE BIBLE

• Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

— St. Matthew 6; 33.

be everybody's favorite in those old days before everybody went totally abstract. It was by Tchelitchev, it was called "Hide and Seek," and it's too bad it didn't get burned up in the fire they had not long ago; I grew to detest it as I got older. It consisted mostly of an enormous, thickly foliated tree, like an old oak, aswarm with embryolike little figures, some partly hidden, some revealed, some forming part of the tree itself.

Teddy appraised it carefully. Finally she said, "You know what it reminds me of? Those contests I used to enter. Find the seven mystery faces hidden in the drawing and win a Pierce bicycle."

I was nettled. "Did you win?" "Sure. But instead of giving me the girls' twenty-six-inch bike, they'd sent me huge boxes of Christmas cards to sell."

By the time Teddy and I were walking south on Lexington, with the wind comfortable at our backs, we had exchanged considerable information about our childhoods, none of hers important enough for me to recall now, except that her father had dropped dead in the street during his lunch hour two years earlier.

"Where are we going?" she asked, clinging to my arm.

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A STORY FOR TEDDY

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"I thought we'd eat in an Armenian restaurant. Unless you don't care for Armenian food?"

"I never tasted it. Not that I know of."

No other girl that I knew would have admitted it. Not in that way. We hastened to Twenty-eighth Street, to a basement restaurant, with candlelit tables and a motherly proprietress.

I thought I was doing not badly at all. Over the steaming glasses of tea and the nutty baklava Teddy's eyes glowed, and she held my hand tightly on the crumpled linen cloth. Her face was still unformed, but I observed, for the first time, that her cheekbones slanted, almost sharply, beneath the soft freshness of her delicate skin and, in the shadow cast by the uncertain candle, that there was the suggestion of a cleft in her chin. I couldn't wait to be alone with her, and I judged that the time had come for me to tell her about my friends in the Village who sometimes loaned me their little apartment for my weekend liberties, as they had this weekend.

"Phil is in 4-F with a hernia, but he's nervous about being reclassified, so he's been trying to line up a Navy commission in Washington. Charlene — that's his wife — just found out she can't have children. She's planning to start her own nursery school in Washington if Phil gets into Navy Intelligence."

"If they're your friends," Teddy said gravely, "they must be nice."

I WINCED for her. Now I know a little better; don't we all flatter ourselves by thinking that way of our friends, when all too often it simply isn't true? Phil was not nice, he was a climber; his ambition, combined with his terror of death, drove him to get that commission. After the Japanese had surrendered, the Navy sent him on to Tokyo. While he was there, making connections for the postwar world, Charlene, still flabbergasted by her husband's miraculous survival, walked into the side of a Washington trolley-bus and died of a fractured skull.

Phil recovered from his grief not long after, in time to marry the daughter of a progressive industrialist who was in a position to be helpful. Even though our paths haven't crossed in many years I still see Phil from time to time on TV panel shows.

But to Teddy I explained, earnestly and wholeheartedly: "Phil is an anthropologist, and Charlene paints. They've been to Mexico, and their place is full of things like beaten silver masks and temple fragments."

"It sounds lovely."

"Let's go. It's not far, just down on Jane Street."

Teddy was not quick, but she was not stupid either. "Will there be anyone there?"

I knew at once that I had moved too fast. And lying could only make things worse. "They probably won't be back from Washington before tomorrow."

"In that case I think I'd better not." Teddy flushed, and forced herself to look at me. "You're not angry, are you?"

"I wasn't planning on assaulting you," I said, trying hard not to sound sullen. "I mean, the place isn't an opium den."

"I know. It's just that I don't think it would be a good idea."



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When we were out on the street once again, walking west into a fall rain as fine as spray from an atomiser, Teddy stopped suddenly before a darkened courtyard and looked up at me anxiously.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I guess I'm just not very sophisticated about those things."

Pressing her against the wrought-iron picket fence before which she stood trying, her head tilted, to catch some light in my eyes or across my face which would tell her what I was feeling, I folded her in my arms and kissed her for the first time.

I kissed her again, and a third time, and maybe I wouldn't have been able to stop, but Teddy

passed her hand across her forehead to brush back her damp hair and said, laughing somewhat shakily, "Don't you know that it's raining?"

So we went on to the Village Vanguard, and then to Romany Marie's, where Teddy assured me, after she had had her fortune told, that this had been the loveliest evening she had ever spent. Like a dream, she said — the whole day had been like a dream.

At two o'clock in the morning I offered to see her home. She insisted, as we stood arguing by the huge mountain of Sunday papers at the Sheridan Square

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



SKINNIKINS—COOLEST THINGS GOING ON THIS SUMMER



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news-stand, that she wouldn't think of my riding the subway all the way up to the East Bronx for an hour and then all the way back for another hour. Not when I had to get up almost every morning at five-thirty, do callisthenics, and practise lowering lifeboats into the icy waters of Sheepshead Bay. I yielded, but not before I had got her promise that we would meet that afternoon at the Central Park Zoo, where she had to take her younger brother. I stood at the head of the subway stairs and watched, bemused, as she tripped down them as lightly and swiftly as if she were still a child hurrying so as not to be late for school.

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A STORY FOR TEDDY

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At the zoo I found Teddy as easily as if we had been alone in that vast rectangle of rock and grass, instead of being surrounded as we were by thousands of Sunday strollers. She was standing before the monkey cages with her younger brother Stevie, a solemn-looking mouth-breather with glasses and the big behind that many boys acquire during the final years of childhood. She whirled about at my touch, her face already alight with pleasure.

"Did you sleep well, Teddy?"

"Like a baby. Such sweet

dreams!" And she introduced me to her brother.

What he wanted was to attend a War Bond rally at Columbus Circle, where they were going to display a Jap Zero and a movie star. I think the star was Victor Mature; in any case, on the way to see him and the captured aeroplane I pulled Teddy aside and asked if we couldn't cut out for a couple of hours and run down to Phil's apartment.

She stared at me. "Honestly, I think you have a one-track mind."

"Phil and Charlene are in from Washington," I explained hastily. "They'd like to meet you."

"But I'm hardly even dressed to meet you!" Dismayed, she pointed to her loafers, her sweater and skirt, her trench coat, but I succeeded in persuading her.

As we stood in line to see the aeroplane, Teddy asked Stevie if he'd mind if we left him alone for a while. He promised to wait for her through the Army Band concert, and we hurried off to the downtown bus. All the way down to the Village Teddy kept me busy reassuring her that we

weren't going to be barging in where we weren't wanted.

Phil's place was strewn not only with various sections of the Sunday "Times," but with a crowd of weary weekend loungers who hadn't been there when I left that morning: an unmilitary army officer and his hungover girlfriend; a dancer in blue jeans, from the apartment across the hall, who was studying the want ads while she picked at her bare toes; a nursery-school teacher friend of Charlene's who was arguing heatedly with her in the kitchen about child development. The radio on the bookcase was blasting away with the New York Philharmonic.

TEDDY sat primly on a corner of the studio couch with her knees pressed together and a paper napkin spread over them, sipping coffee and nibbling on a cracker, speaking only when spoken to. Phil got me off in a corner at one point and said, grinning and shaking his head and winking in his nervous way, "You'll never win that girl."

I was annoyed, but I wasn't exactly sure why. "What makes you say that?"

"Aside from the fact that she's too good for you, she's terrified of you and your highbrow friends."

I found myself hurrying back to Teddy's side with her trench coat.

"Yes, let's go," she said. "I'm getting worried about Stevie. If my mother knew, she'd kill me."

"I wouldn't let her do that," I replied manfully.

"I'd like to see you stop her," Teddy said to me over her shoulder as we went out. "You don't know my mother."

I didn't know quite how to answer that, so I busied myself with finding a cab, no mean trick in those days, when they weren't allowed to cruise. I didn't want to know her mother, but on the other hand I wasn't about to come out and say so.

When we were settled in the cab that I had gone several blocks to find, Teddy said mournfully, "Your friends are very talented people."

That made me a little suspicious. "Most of them aren't my friends. And besides, who's talented?"

"Well, take that Army lieutenant. He's an artist. He told me so."

"Rollini? He paints camouflage on the sides of aeroplane hangars. I don't see that that's such a big deal."

"You know what I mean. I just don't think I fit in with those people. I can't do anything special." She gestured helplessly. "Look at me."

The cab swung sharply on to Sixth Avenue, and Teddy was flung into my arms. I kissed her while her mouth was still open to say something else.

"Wait," she panted, breaking free. "I want to ask you something." She huddled up, very small, in a corner of the seat. "Do you really like me?"

"Like you?" I asked. "You're the most beautiful girl I've ever known. All week in those damn barracks I keep telling myself—"

She interrupted my protestations. "That's not what I mean. I wasn't fishing for compliments. I didn't ask you if you thought I was pretty; I asked you how much you liked me."

She knew as well as I how hard that was going to be for me to answer. Maybe that was why she didn't stop me when I reached for her once again, wanting to substitute caresses for

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

The popular and adaptable

DAHLIA

● Dahlias grow almost as well in tropical Cape York as in southernmost Hobart.

USEFUL as cut flowers and for garden display, dahlias also are effective grown with summer annuals.

Taller types mingle pleasantly with clumps of cleome, cosmos, delphiniums, tall marigolds, zinnias, blue salvia, and celosia. Dwarf-growing bedding types go with asters, petunias, midget zinnias, and in the foreground of taller annuals.

October is the main month for propagating dahlias, by dividing tubers, striking cuttings, or from seed. Seed gives interesting results and strong, virus-free plants. Seedlings can vary from the parent plant in color and shape, and you never know—a champion bloom might emerge. The seedlings soon form tubers.

By ALLAN SEALE

Named varieties can only be increased from cuttings; or by dividing tubers, the usual home-garden method. This is fairly simple if you realise that growth shoots only come from the collar or ridge of tissue where the neck of the tuber meets the old stem. If cut below this point, roots form, but no plant. So don't divide until shoots or eyes are already showing. Encourage these in still-dormant tubers by moving the clumps from storage, standing them on moist soil, and watering them daily. Wet hessian bags covering them will also give results, but watch for slugs and snails.

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● Morocco, a formal dahlia on a long stem; grown by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Howard, of Thornleigh, N.S.W.

You can lift and divide dahlia clumps left in from last season if growth isn't too advanced. Results are better when growth is not too congested.

Hose away any remaining soil, so the eyes are clearly seen. Large clumps in the ground for more than one season often can be separated initially by carefully pulling apart from the old stems, twisting back and forth to release interlocked tubers.

Begin division by removing tubers with eyes already showing. Cutting nearly halfway into the old stem, about 4 in. on either side of the eye, removing a wedge of the collar material around it. Sharp secateurs do a better job than a knife.

Mark each tuber with name, etc., before separating with indelible pencil. Some gardeners replant immediately after dividing, others keep the divisions in a cool, light place for about a week to let cuts callous over.

Using a fungicide against rotting is worth while in wet conditions. Use TMTD, Zineb, or a complete fungicide.

CUTTING. Shoots 2 or 3 in. long make good cuttings. Sever cleanly at the base where they join the tuber, or just below the lower pair of leaves. They should be TIPS, not side shoots, from a main stem. Side shoots may flower the first season, but the tuber they form won't produce new shoots.

Raise cuttings in a mixture of two parts sand, one of moistened peatmoss, setting about three close to the sides of a 4 in. earthenware pot. Use such as a pencil to dibble them in, or ends will be damaged. Keep lightly shaded for a week to ten days, and carefully replant when rooted, in two to three weeks.

GROWING. An open, sunny position is usually recommended for dahlias, but flower size and color is often better in up to half shade. If too shaded, plants are



● Olive Smith, grown by Mr. W. Carrington, of Dural, N.S.W. Both dahlia pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 309

leggy, stems weak, flowers few. Dahlias grow in a variety of soils, but need good drainage. If in doubt, build the beds up 10 in. or so above the surrounding soil.

A dressing of well-rotted compost will improve any soil, and especially heavy clay or too-dry sand, but dahlias do grow better when the soil is fairly well consolidated. Light soils, and even heavy loam, should be fairly well trodden down before planting, when just damp.

About 4 cup of lime to the sq. yd. will help, except where soils are already limy or alkaline. You also could add about 1-3rd cup of complete plant food to each sq. yd., whether compost is used or not, to encourage sturdier plants. After adding all this, give the soil a good soaking and let it stand for about a week.

Set the tubers so the root end is about 4 in. deep and the shoot about 2 in. Only lightly cover the shoot, initially, and position the stake before planting, close to the shoot, to avoid tuber damage.

Keep soil just damp, watering more often when growth is under way. It helps to mulch around each plant.

Some growers wait until a plant has made about eight sets of leaves, then cut it down to two or four sets to "stop" it. Others remove one or two sets of top leaves when about 18 in. tall—probably the best for home-garden conditions.

Tie the plants as they grow, making one tie on the stake, another on the plant, with plastic or paper-covered ties or green garden twine.

Disbud if you want larger flowers. For large, decorative types, leave the centre bud and remove the two just below. I prefer to reverse this for charm and hybrid cactus types, as the two lower buds then develop slender, wiry stems a good length for cutting. Growers exhibiting dahlias disbud more rigidly.

Fortnightly soakings with soluble complete plant foods such as Thrive, Aquasol, or Zest help once flowering begins. Hose foliage occasionally in hot, dry weather.

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TRADE MARK

Page 69

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are all 9 features
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words. Only when we were within a few blocks of Columbus Circle did she part from me again, her forehead wrinkled and her lower lip trembling just the slightest bit.

"I just don't understand," she said wonderingly, and not very happily. "It's all wrong."

What was I going to tell her, that I wanted to make love to her? She knew that already. Before I could say anything, we were caught up and blocked in the traffic of the Bond rally, which was on the point of breaking up. Teddy darted out of the cab door, calling over her shoulder, "I'll write you!" as she dashed off in search of Stevie. As I stood there in the eddying

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

crowd, paying the driver, the rally band broke into "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," and I saw Stevie, the mouth-breather, standing with his jaw agape, staring at the trombones through his eyeglasses.

Before the week was over I had my letter from Teddy. I am not going to try to reproduce it here. I will only say that it can best be described as a love letter, and that it was so gauche, so overwritten, so excruciatingly true ("I am simply not used to going out with boys like you") and at the same time so trans-

parently false ("My brother Stevie thinks the world of you"), that it was immediately, painfully, terribly clear to me that I would never be able to answer in kind, and there was no sense in deluding myself into believing that I would.

I hope it does not make me sound completely impossible if I add that her words not only released me from thinking seriously about her but also made it all but impossible for me to think of anything but conquering her.

What inflamed me all the more

was that shortly after I found Teddy's provocative letter on my bunk, my entire platoon was restricted to the base for the week-end. Trapped in that raw, artificial place, in the womanless wooden huts thrown up hastily to house some thousands of frightened boys being converted into sailors of a sort, I spent my mornings bobbing on a whaleboat in the bay, rowing in ragged unison with my freezing mates, and my afternoons ostensibly learning knots and braiding lines, but actually lost in an erotic reverie of Teddy — of her slim arms, her tumbling hair, her pulsing lips — gone all wanton and yielding.

By the time we finally met

again, I had memorised every line of her, from her slanted cheekbones to the small feet that toed out the least bit — and I could hardly remember what she looked like. We were constrained then, two weeks after the Bond rally, not only by what had passed between us but by the heedless souls shoving us away from each other in the arcade of the Forty-second Street entrance to the Times Square subway station.

It was the worst possible place for a boy and a girl to meet on a Saturday afternoon, in that blowing surf of old newspapers and candy wrappers, with the hot rancid smell of the nut stands assailing us. We hardly knew what to say to each other.

SHE smiled at me nervously, and I was emboldened to take her by the hand. "Let's get out of here." Willingly she mounted the stairs with me to the street, but when we came out on to the sidewalk the raw rain had turned to sleet; it cut at our faces like knives. I cursed the world, the war, the weather.

"But if you were stationed at that Merchant Marine camp in St. Petersburg," Teddy pointed out, "we would never have met."

"Oh great," I said. "Now you're going to do the Pollyanna routine."

"I didn't mean it like that," Teddy replied humbly.

"I want to kiss you, that's all. Are we supposed to stand out here in public and freeze to death while I make love to you? Come on, Teddy, let's go down to my friends' apartment. Like civilised people, like folks. What do you say?"

She could tell I wasn't going to push it too hard, so she laughed and tucked her arm in mine. "Come on, Mr. One Track Mind, let's get out of the sleet."

It was driving down hard, and we had to run into a doorway, which turned out to be the stairway entrance to a second-floor chess-and-checkers parlor. When Teddy laughed, still gasping a little and shaking off wetness like a puppy, and said, "I wonder what it's like up there," I took her by the arm and led her up the stairs. It never ceased to amaze me how a New York girl could know so little.

Teddy hadn't played much chess, only with her brother — their father had taught them — so I showed her a few openings, but she was frankly more interested in sizing up the habitués.

Later, while we were having a drink at an Eighth Avenue hotel bar — I teased Teddy into having a pink lady instead of her usual ginger ale — I asked her if she'd ever eaten a real Chinese dinner. She looked a little disappointed. "We have Chink's in the Bronx almost every Saturday. Sometimes we even take it home with us."

"I'm not talking about chop suey, Teddy. I'm talking about the greatest cooking this side of Paris."

As if I'd ever eaten in Paris, much less in Peking! But that made no difference. I knew a real restaurant down on Doyers Street, and when we got there the headwaiter even remembered me. Or at least he claimed to, which was just as good; and when he followed the bird's-nest soup with platters of crisp glazed duck Teddy gazed at me in awe.

We walked off the dinner afterward through the dim narrow streets of Chinatown, echoing with soft slurring voices, and

To page 79



Italian majolica ware.

I ENCLOSE two pictures (above and right) and would appreciate your description of the vases and their period. I also enclose sketches and information. —Miss Gladys M. John, Mornington, Vic.

The ornamental vases are examples of the late-nineteenth-century (prior to 1891) Italian majolica ware. Unfortunately, so far as the potter's mark does not appear to be recorded. Prolific quantities of this ware were produced during the latter part of the nineteenth century, but few examples bear potter's marks, and generally they appear to be a somewhat stereotyped pattern. But your vases, particularly the tall one, are quite rare.

★ ★ ★

MY two vases (below) are 12in. tall and there are hollows where the handles connect into the vases. Stamped on the base is "Trenton." Each vase has a different scene on it, one being a gipsy and the other a Roman scene. I would like to know the



Nineteenth-century vases.

period of the vases. —Mrs. K. Hutton, Langwarrin, Vic.

Your typical late-nineteenth-century pair of vases were made about 1890.

★ ★ ★

I AM enclosing two sketches and descriptions of medals. One was found many years ago by my father and the other smaller one was dug up by my brother in a street here in Mackay, Queensland. We have often wondered what they are. Would you please be able to help us? —Mrs. C. J. Austin, Mackay, Qld.

One of your medals is a centenary medal struck in 1905 to commemorate Nelson's Victory and the Battle of Trafalgar, which took place in 1805. The silver medal was issued at the American exposition of 1892 to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America in 1492. A dollar of similar design was also issued at the same time.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I AM enclosing a picture (not published) of a pierced plate candlestick and snuffer and a white china comport with handpainted sprays of flowers on to very fine line transfer with a fine gold line around the edge. Can you give me some information about these articles? —Mrs. L. A. Hall, Forbes, N.S.W.

The electro-plate candlestick and snuffer was made by Walter & Hall, of Sheffield, about 1900 to 1912. Originally a glass cylinder-shaped shade was used, hence the long handle to the cone-shaped snuffer. Your porcelain comport is probably of French origin — possibly Limoges and made about 1885 to 1890.



Ornate Italian vase.

Hi there! Captured your dog on camera yet?



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Contest Closes
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Group 1 The FUNNIEST PHOTO	Group 2 The MOST APPEALING PHOTO	Group 3 The BEST PHOTO and CAPTION
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PLEASE READ THE RULES FIRST:

Entries may be black-and-white, colour prints or colour transparencies.
★ Pack your entry carefully against damage, send to 'The Australian Women's Weekly', Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001, clearly marking envelope PAL PHOTO CONTEST.
★ The judges' decisions will be final; no correspondence can be entered into. ★ Entries will be returned after the Contest, only if accompanied by correct return postage and a clearly written address. ★ This Contest is not open to employees of The Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc. and their advertising agencies. ★ Winners will be announced in a December issue of the 'Women's Weekly'.

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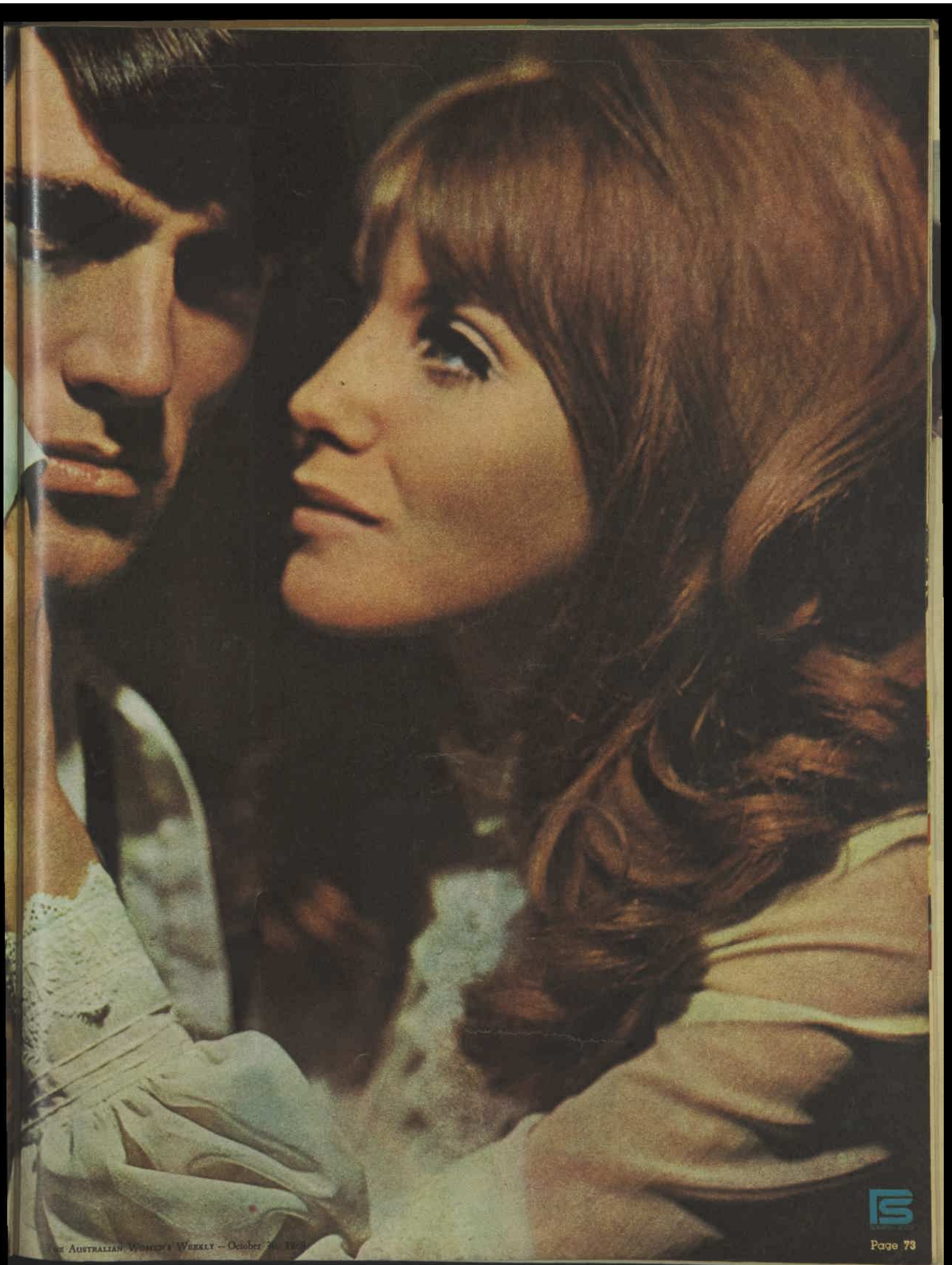
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that nourishes thirsty skin, restoring the smooth, soft tender young radiance it once had. A few drops under your make-up each morning, and a few drops before you go to sleep, is all you need. Skin Dew is pink in the bottle. Invisible on the skin. Skin Dew from Helena Rubinstein. It's the milk dry skin drinks.

Helena Rubinstein

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 30, 1968

The high-ceilinged "centre" room in Mr. and Mrs. K. Kristiansen's house at Blackburn, Vic. Ceiling is mountain ash, floor tiles are Swedish, and walls are white-painted bricks, chosen for their age. "Swan" hide chairs were designed by Arne Jacobsen.

HOUSE of the WEEK



DESIGNED FOR A DANISH FAMILY

• The house that architect Frances Seidel designed for Mr. and Mrs. Kris Kristiansen at Blackburn, Victoria, has the typically Scandinavian "natural" look and is a perfect setting for the furniture the Kristiansens brought to Australia from their native Denmark.

Free-standing fireplace in the sitting-room divides it from centre room. Furniture is Danish, including the black hide sofa and tan "egg" chair. Speakers for stereo (operated from the study) are disguised as open slats in the timber ceiling. Glass doors, adjoining a barbecue courtyard, slide right back into the walls.



Pictures by Michael Coyne



Glass roof and domed acrylic panel of the centre room rise above the front walls. Pebbled garden, brick paths accentuate strong lines of design.

To page 77

Free Pattern Offer!



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- 10 Singer 'See and Sew' sewing machines (as pictured)
- 10 Singer Hobbicraft Knitters including ribbers
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- 250 'Easy Hem' skirt markers
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- 500 6" sewing scissors

HOUSE of the WEEK

continued . . .

Simple lines of the dining-room with its mountain ash ceiling and white-painted brick walls is highlighted by richly colored wool rugs on the tiled floor. Danish oak and cane chairs are fitted together without nails. Glass lights are Swedish; flowered plate is Royal Copenhagen.



Main bedroom suite is compact with a wall of built-in wardrobes and its own bathroom (not shown). On the other side of the glass doors (which slide right back into walls) is the brick-paved Japanese courtyard. The full-length white open-weave curtains are uniform throughout the house.



Island unit in the kitchen includes a grill and small sink; its hood is faced with black-bean timber to match cupboards. Wall oven has a rotisserie, and a chute, set into laminated work-top, leads to outside garbage tin. Through door is the dining-room and the barbecue courtyard.



Continued overleaf



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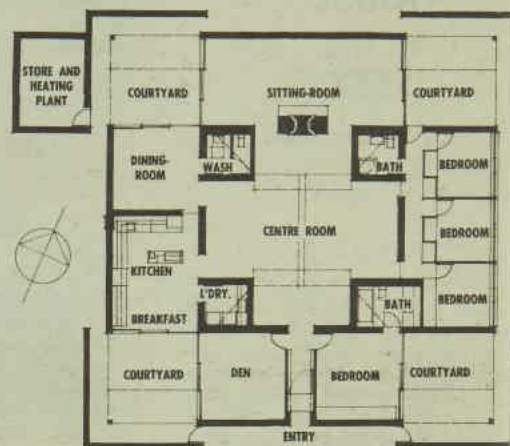
- 1 Year free service
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Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER-LONGER

HOUSE of the WEEK

continued . . .



Mr. Kristiansen's study opens on to the Mexican courtyard. Cupboard, near the Danish oak desk, contains television set, records, stereo equipment.



MOUNTAIN ash timber for the ceilings, blackbean for doors and cupboards, and old bricks painted white are some of the natural materials used in Mr. and Mrs. Kris Kristiansen's house at Blackburn, Vic.

The Kristiansens and their architect, Frances Seidel, tried to avoid introducing any extraneous materials—even in the bathrooms the brick walls are covered with a plastic solution instead of tiles.

Furniture they brought to Australia from their native Denmark adds to the natural look. Tables are of untreated oak and chairs are of hide.

The house is built along Danish lines. The design is simple, in the form of a cross, and everything is squared.

The square bathrooms and laundry are placed at the corners of the unusual centre living-room. The main feature of this centre room is the roof which has two peaked ends of glass joined by a domed acrylic panel.

All other rooms, except the children's bedrooms,

have floor-to-ceiling glass doors which slide right into the walls, and open directly on to brick-paved courtyards.

Each of these four courtyards is landscaped differently. One has a barbecue area, another a herb garden; one is Mexican with cacti, and the fourth is in Japanese style.

Glass roofing

The courtyards are open to the sky but future plans are to cover the timber beams with glass roofing. The Kristiansens also plan to turn the herb courtyard into a swimming-pool and sauna bath area.

The high walls of the courtyards, and the windowless walls of the rooms at the front of the house, give privacy and insulation against noise.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kristiansen are expert cooks (before coming to Australia they owned a restaurant in Copenhagen), so much thoughtful planning went into the design of the spacious kitchen.

The cupboards of blackbean timber were built to suit Mrs. Kristiansen's height of 5ft. 3in. The cupboards house an electric

dishwasher and vegetable baskets. An island unit, which separates the informal eating area from the cooking section, contains a grill and a small sink, and a chute, set into a white laminated work-top, leads directly to an outside garbage tin.

Oil-heating throughout the house can be regulated room by room by indoor switches. The centre room also has a free-standing, two-way open fireplace which divides it from the sitting-room.

The Kristiansens' children, Mette (11), Jens (9), and Tine (5), have a separate bedroom wing. Their three rooms are divided from a carpeted passage by walls of cupboards which serve as wardrobes and storage space.

Among decorative touches are candlesticks of pewter, silver, and china; a 200-year-old carved wooden chest, a Chinese pottery horse of the Ming period, and a coat-of-arms on the white brick fireplace in the centre room.

In the sitting-room are charcoal paintings by Danish artist Grethe Friisbache (who did portraits of the royal Danish princesses) and an abstract painting by Mr. Kristiansen.

—Maureen Bang

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

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Teddy poked frantically in her purse and came up at last with a pair of shell-rimmed eyeglasses. She was seeing bright comedy on the stage for the first time; I was seeing her in glasses for the first time. For both of us, it was a revelation. She thought the play was brilliant; I thought she was delicious.

WE stood at the bar, Teddy's back against my chest, and stared through the throat-tearing smoke at Billie, who sang "My Man" and "Strange Fruit" and "Gloomy Sunday."

That was precisely what I was trying to do, but it bothered me to have her put it so patly. It reinforced my conviction that she would always be like that, forever, that there was no point in my even considering that she might ever be otherwise.

It was a somewhat melancholy note on which to end the evening, but in a way I preferred that. It struck me that it would be almost diabolically patient to let Teddy worry overnight, torn between guilt and gratitude. I forced myself to kiss her more lightly in parting than I wanted to, and we agreed to meet the next day by the lions in front of the Public Library.

Notice to Contributors

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 30, 1968

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Although she knew no more of chamber music than she did of jazz, Schubert stirred her, and she held tight to my arm throughout "Death and the Maiden," breathing softly and shallowly while she squinted (no glasses in the daytime) at the musicians. When the recital was over, we walked on up to the Metropolitan Museum, which Teddy hadn't visited since she was ten.

How insufferable I must have

As we left the Metropolitan and walked south through Central Park, darkness caught up with us and the wind came up, too. Our breaths frosting, we hurried on across Central Park South against the traffic, skipping in and out of the dimmed blurry headlights until we had gained the rococo refuge of Rumpelmayer's.

hot chocolates and laughed over inconsequential things, and then suddenly, as if by common accord, we both stopped. I stared into Teddy's lavender eyes, so soft and moist that I wanted to kiss them closed, and she opened her mouth, but without speaking, as if she dared not utter whatever it was that she wanted to say.

"I must kiss you," I murmured.

We went outside. In the dim-out across the street the aging men who took you on carriage rides through the park and along Fifth Avenue were adjusting the straps on their horses' feedbags and hoisting blankets over their

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RIVETS



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"Like what?" I asked her. "You know. It's not right, that's all. I mean, I think it's for married people, or anyway for engaged couples, and like that." We weren't engaged or like that — the very thought was enough to frighten me out of my ardor — but I had every intention of our becoming lovers, and the sooner the better. "There's only one way," I whispered into her ear, "for you to stop me."

"What's that?" "Kiss me back the way I kiss you."

Before she could express her shock, I had stopped her mouth again. We must have been near Seventy-second Street on the west side of the park before we drew apart.

"You know where I'm going to take you to dinner?" I asked. "Where?"

"Phil and Charlene's. And I'm going to cook it myself. Wait till you taste my soufflé! On the way down we'll pick up a bottle of wine, and —"

"They're not there, are they?" "Who?" As if I didn't know.

"Phil and his wife. Because if they're not there, I'm not going. I don't think you ought to take advantage of the fact that you're so attractive and I'm so weak."

I FORCED myself to be calm and reasonable. "Teddy, darling, what's so terrible about our being alone together for a while?"

"I don't trust myself. Any more than I trust you." She uttered the phrases with heartfelt emotion, as though she had invented them — as though no one before her had ever even expressed such thoughts. And she looked more ravishing, more flowerlike than I had ever seen her before, her lips fuller than usual, a little swollen perhaps, her eyes staring piteously at me, her hair escaping from her scarf in little tendrils that clung to her forehead.

"Is it so awful," I demanded, "for two people who care about each other to be alone together?"

"But what you care about isn't me, it's getting me alone." Teddy paused, as if to give me time for a fervent denial.

I could say nothing. I was not the noblest or the most honorable twenty-three-year-old left in the United States, but I was incapable of promising engagement rings to young girls in return for their favors. And this much at least Teddy understood about me. The damnable truth was that I couldn't even imagine myself falling in love with, much less marrying, a girl who would make a big issue out of protecting her virtue.

And on top of it all, I had been keyed up for what was going to be a triumph. I still wanted Teddy very badly, but it was obvious that I had failed completely.

After a long while she said, "I think I'd better go home."

She wanted me to protest, as with her other assertion that we had left hanging in the air, but I could no more find it in me to protest this time than before. I was too hurt and too shamed.

But so was Teddy, and when we had been brought back in jolting silence to our starting point, she jumped out and began to walk away so swiftly that after I paid the driver I had to run for the better part of a block before I caught up with her.

"Please, if you insist on going, let me see you home."

"There's no need. Really. And I don't want you to think I'm angry with you, because I'm not. I had a perfectly lovely time,

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"I'm not blind, any good housewife could see the place needs dusting!"

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

hides to protect them from the chilly evening. I signalled the leader of the line.

Teddy said apprehensively, "This must be terribly expensive."

Without answering I raised her up into the carriage and climbed in after her. The driver tucked us in with a warm comforter, swung himself aboard behind us, clucked to his horse, and we were off.

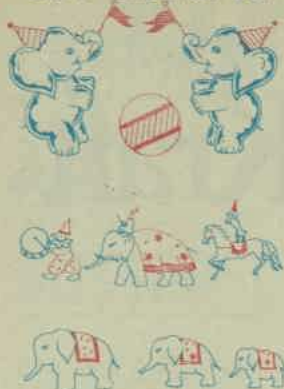
Teddy and I turned to each other so precipitately that we bumped foreheads, searching, in

the dark of the covered carriage, for each other's lips. We rode on through the lamplit evening, clinging to each other, kissing until the current that flowed between us warmed not only our lips but our cheeks and our hands, our fingers and the tips of our fingers.

"You have been so nice to me, so nice to me," Teddy whispered.

I responded by kissing her into silence. It was only after a long time that she could protest, trembling in my arms and frowning, "You shouldn't kiss me like that."

OUR TRANSFER



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A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

you'll never know how much I loved it, every minute of it. I'm just angry with myself, that's all. You and I are very different, and it's my fault, not yours. I should have faced it right at the beginning."

Still dumb, I shook her extended hand and watched her hurry off toward the subway and the Bronx.

THREE days later I stood by my bunk staring at a letter from Teddy, incongruously pink and girlish on the coarse blue of my navy blanket. For a moment, immersed almost superstitiously in shame for the way I had messed things up with her, I was afraid to touch it. Finally I tore open the envelope.

It was the letter of a pen-pal, jolly and comradely. A friend had given her two tickets to the Columbia-Dartmouth game this coming Saturday (I was learning that when a girl says a friend she means a boy — otherwise she specifies). Wouldn't I please be her guest, so she could repay me just a little for all the fun I'd shown her?

If I had been older, probably I would have said no. But I was desperately lonely in those barracks, graduation time was nearing for my platoon, and I thought, if I say no she'll think I'm still pouting. And besides, hope revived: If I turned her down, how would I ever know for sure that she hadn't changed her mind and was using the football game as an excuse, a means of saying, I'm sorry, I was wrong, you were right, I'll do whatever you want?

So I awaited the weekend as fervently as I had all the others, and to calm myself on the long subway ride up to Baker Field I worked at two crossword puzzles, the easy one in the "Tribune" and the hard one in the "Times."

Teddy met me by the entrance on the Columbia side, where she had said she would be — but so much more real, so much more beautiful than even my imaginings of her that I could almost have believed I not only wildly

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wanted her but wildly loved her, too.

It was apparent immediately, though, that we were to be pals. Teddy was dressed for late November, and for this last game of the season, in plaid flannel skirt and a heavy mackinaw and little fuzzy earmuffs. She looked adorable. When she arranged her small lap robe across our knees I reached around her waist and hugged her tightly to me, but all I could feel were layers of wool and bulky insulation.

"It's my brother's mackinaw. Can you tell?"

"It looks better on you, I'll bet."

"This stadium must look pretty tiny to you after those Big Ten

games with seventy and eighty thousand people in the stands."

It did, it did. I could hardly take any of it seriously, the scrimmages, the end runs, the collisions, the slow roars, the cheerleading. And especially not the athletes, so puny compared to the hulks on football scholarships with whom I had eaten in my Ohio coop. Not when so many other young men my age were burning and drowning, trapped in torpedoed tankers less than a hundred miles from where we sat cheering.

But then it was going to be a long war, everyone promised us that, and these boys on the field would get their chance to die, some of them, next year.

As we shoved our way through the crowds on to the street, weaving in and out among the crawling cars, Teddy turned to me, her face glowing. I had never seen her prettier — or happier.

"That was fun, wasn't it?"

"What's next on the program?"

She laughed. "Know anything about bowling?"

"I know what you're up to," I said. "You're doing your best to wear me out."

We went to an alley she knew of in Washington Heights where a young crowd hung out — refined, she said, not tough or low-class. To me they looked like high-school graduates waiting to be drafted, and their kid sisters. No doubt their younger brothers

were working as pin boys. We drank two ginger ales and bowled two games. Teddy was a little clumsy, but I loved watching her strain forward eagerly, frowning over the progress of her ball down the alley.

If only, I thought, if only. But I couldn't even plead with her, not when she was content to be surrounded by dozens of shouting kids her own age. Why keep pushing her, I asked myself, why not leave her to her games and her soft drinks and her soldier pen-pals in Greenland, North Africa, and Australia?

We had steaks — black market to judge from the price if not

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This is the week to discover Australian cheeses from Kraft.

To try one you've never tried before!



KRAFT Edam. Mild flavour, delicious as a table cheese with crackers.

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for good food and good food ideas.

*Trade Mark.
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CARAMEL AND BUTTERSCOTCH FLAVORS

● Two of the most popular flavors for desserts, cakes, biscuits, and other sweet foods are caramel and butterscotch. We give a variety of recipes featuring these flavors.

BUTTERSCOTCH

1lb. brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water (just over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
2 tablespoons liquid glucose 2oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar

Place in saucepan the sugars, glucose, butter, and cream of tartar dissolved in water; stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved. Remove spoon, increase heat, bring to boil, and using sweets thermometer boil to 290deg. F. or "small crack" stage. (This is when a little syrup, dropped into cold water, cracks and breaks if crushed with fingers.)

Remove immediately from heat, allow bubbles to settle, then pour into oiled 8in. square tin. Mark into squares with oiled knife; cool. When set, break into squares.

BUTTERSCOTCH PEACH PAVLOVA

3 egg-whites $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
pinch salt 1 tablespoon cornflour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar 1 teaspoon lemon juice

BUTTERSCOTCH FILLING

2 tablespoons cornflour 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute
3 egg-yolks $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, lightly packed vanilla
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk 15oz. can peach slices
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream

Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff and dry, add castor sugar very gradually, beating constantly. Beat until sugar is completely dissolved. Fold in sugar, cornflour, and lemon juice. Grease and cornflour a scone slide, make 8in. circle. Spread approximately 1-3rd of mixture to fill circle. Pipe or spoon swirls to form shell round edge of circle. Bake in very slow electric oven 30 minutes, turn oven off, continue cooking in stored heat until dry; or in very slow gas oven 45 to 60 minutes until dry. Loosen on tray, cool.

Butterscotch Filling: Combine cornflour, beaten egg-yolks, and brown sugar in saucepan, gradually add milk. Heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, add vanilla. In another saucepan heat sugar, butter, and vinegar; cook, stirring occasionally, until mixture is dark brown. Add gradually to custard mixture, stirring till smooth; cool.

To assemble: Arrange drained peach slices on the cold pavlova. Cover with whipped cream. Spoon cold butterscotch filling over cream. Decorate with swirls of whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE BUTTERSCOTCH BUNS

BASE

2oz. butter or substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
2 tablespoons brown sugar

PASTRY

2 cups self-raising flour 1 egg
pinch salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
4oz. butter or substitute

FILLING

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned crushed pineapple $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar



Line 8in. round cake tin with greased paper. Cream together butter, sugar, and honey. Spread on to base of tin. Make pastry by rubbing butter into sifted flour and salt, and adding milk and egg to form a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, roll out to rectangle $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in thickness. Spread with well-drained pineapple, sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll up as for swiss roll, cut into 2in.-thick slices. Arrange in tin, cut side down. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 20 minutes, or until browned. Turn out, serve hot with custard.

BUTTERSCOTCH OATMEAL SQUARES

4oz. butter or substitute 1 cup brown sugar, lightly packed
2 cups rolled oats
1 cup coconut

Melt butter and sugar, add rolled oats and coconut; mix well. Press firmly into greased 11in. x 7in. lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cut into squares, allow to cool in tin.

Makes approximately 15.

FLUFFY BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2oz. butter or substitute 2 eggs, separated
1 cup brown sugar, lightly packed $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
 pinch salt

Beat butter and sugar until well blended. In separate bowl, beat egg-yolks until thick, add cream. Gradually add this mixture to butter and sugar, beating continually. Transfer to saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, over boiling water until smooth and of pouring consistency. Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff, fold into custard mixture. Serve hot or cold over ice-cream or steamed puddings.

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE-CREAM

1 pint milk 2 tablespoons golden syrup
1 cup full-cream powdered milk 2oz. melted butter
 2 teaspoons gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, lightly packed 2 tablespoons boiling water
 vanilla

Beat powdered milk into warmed fresh milk. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Add to milk mixture with golden syrup, brown sugar, and butter; beat 5 minutes. Pour into freezer tray, freeze until firm. Return to chilled bowl, add vanilla, beat 3 to 4 minutes. Pour into trays, freeze until set. Serves 4 to 6.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

TWO LUSCIOUS DESSERTS are Butterscotch Peach Pavlova, with a wonderful butterscotch topping; and Caramel Chiffon Pie, beautifully flavored and light as a feather in texture.

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM DESSERT

1 cup brown sugar 1 tablespoon gelatine
3oz. butter or substitute 2 tablespoons hot water
2 cups hot milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs

Heat butter and sugar over gentle heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally; stir in hot milk. Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks, gradually add hot-milk mixture, return to saucepan. Cook, stirring, over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, cool. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to cooled custard. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into custard mixture, stir in vanilla. Pour into wetted mould or basin, refrigerate until set. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

RUM-BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2 tablespoons golden syrup 2oz. butter or substitute
1-3rd cup brown sugar, firmly packed 1-2 teaspoons rum

Place into saucepan golden syrup, brown sugar, and butter; stir over low heat until melted, bring to the boil, boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in rum. Delicious as a sauce over ice-cream.

WALNUT CARAMELS

4oz. butter or substitute 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup brown sugar 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
1 can condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup

Melt butter over low heat, add sugar, milk, golden syrup; cook, stirring constantly, until mixture leaves sides of saucepan. Add vanilla and walnut pieces; pour into greased lamington tin. When cool but not set, cut into squares.

CARAMEL COCONUT BALLS

1 can condensed milk 2 cups crushed cornflakes
1 tablespoon golden syrup pinch salt
1 tablespoon cocoa coconut

Heat condensed milk and golden syrup over boiling water 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add cocoa, salt, and crushed cornflakes. Roll teaspoonfuls into balls, toss in coconut. Store in refrigerator. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

Continued overleaf

● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

CARAMEL CAKE

3oz. butter or substitute
1-3rd cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 tablespoon golden syrup
1 1/2 cups self-raising flour
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon bicarb. soda

CARAMEL ICING

1/2 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon milk
1 dessertspoon butter or substitute
1 teaspoon vanilla
few drops vinegar

Cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually add egg and golden syrup; beat well. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk. Add sifted flour to creamed mixture, alternately with the milk. Pour into greased 8in. x 4in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes or until cooked when a skewer inserted comes out clean. Cool and ice with caramel icing.

Icing: Place sugar, milk, butter into saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved. Boil 3 minutes without stirring. Remove

from heat, add vanilla and vinegar. Beat until mixture thickens; spread over cake.

CREAMY CARAMELS

1 can condensed milk
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup golden syrup
4oz. butter

Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil, boil over low heat, without stirring, until mixture leaves sides of saucepan (approximately 25 to 30

minutes). Pour into greased lamington tin. When cool, but not set, mark into squares.

CARAMEL CHIFFON PIE

CRUMB CRUST

5oz. plain sweet biscuits
1oz. ground almonds
3oz. butter or substitute

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add ground almonds. Melt butter or substitute, add to crumbs; mix well. Press crumb mixture over base and sides of greased 9in. pie plate; refrigerate.

FILLING

1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 dessertspoon gelatine
1 tablespoon cold water
2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup castor sugar
1/2 pint cream

Melt granulated sugar over low heat until dissolved and brown. Scald milk, add to this caramel, bring to boil, remove from heat. Beat egg-yolks with half the castor sugar until pale golden; stir in to milk mixture gradually. Cook in top of double boiler over boiling water, stirring constantly, until of custard consistency; cool. Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg-whites until stiff; gradually beat in remaining sugar. Dissolve soaked gelatine over hot water; add, with stiffly beaten cream and egg-whites, to cooled custard mixture. Mix until well distributed. Fill into prepared shell, refrigerate until set. Decorate with extra whipped cream, if desired.

CARAMEL BISCUITS

8oz. butter or substitute
1/2 cup brown sugar
vanilla
1/2 cup finely chopped brazil nuts
2 1/2 cups plain flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder

CARAMEL ICING

6oz. soft caramels
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup finely chopped brazil nuts

Melt butter, add brown sugar, vanilla, and chopped nuts. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix well, shape into balls. Place on ungreased scone trays. Pinch top of biscuit to form a peak. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes; cool.

Makes approximately 15.

Caramel Icing: Melt caramels over boiling water, add water, mix well. Dip base of each biscuit into the caramel, dip then into chopped nuts. Allow to set.

CREAMY CARAMEL SAUCE

1oz. butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup condensed milk
1 dessertspoon golden syrup
1 cup hot water
milk, if necessary

Combine butter, brown sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture leaves sides of saucepan and is rich gold in color. Remove from heat; gradually stir in water. Return to heat, cook 1 to 2 minutes. Adjust to pouring consistency, if necessary, with a little milk.

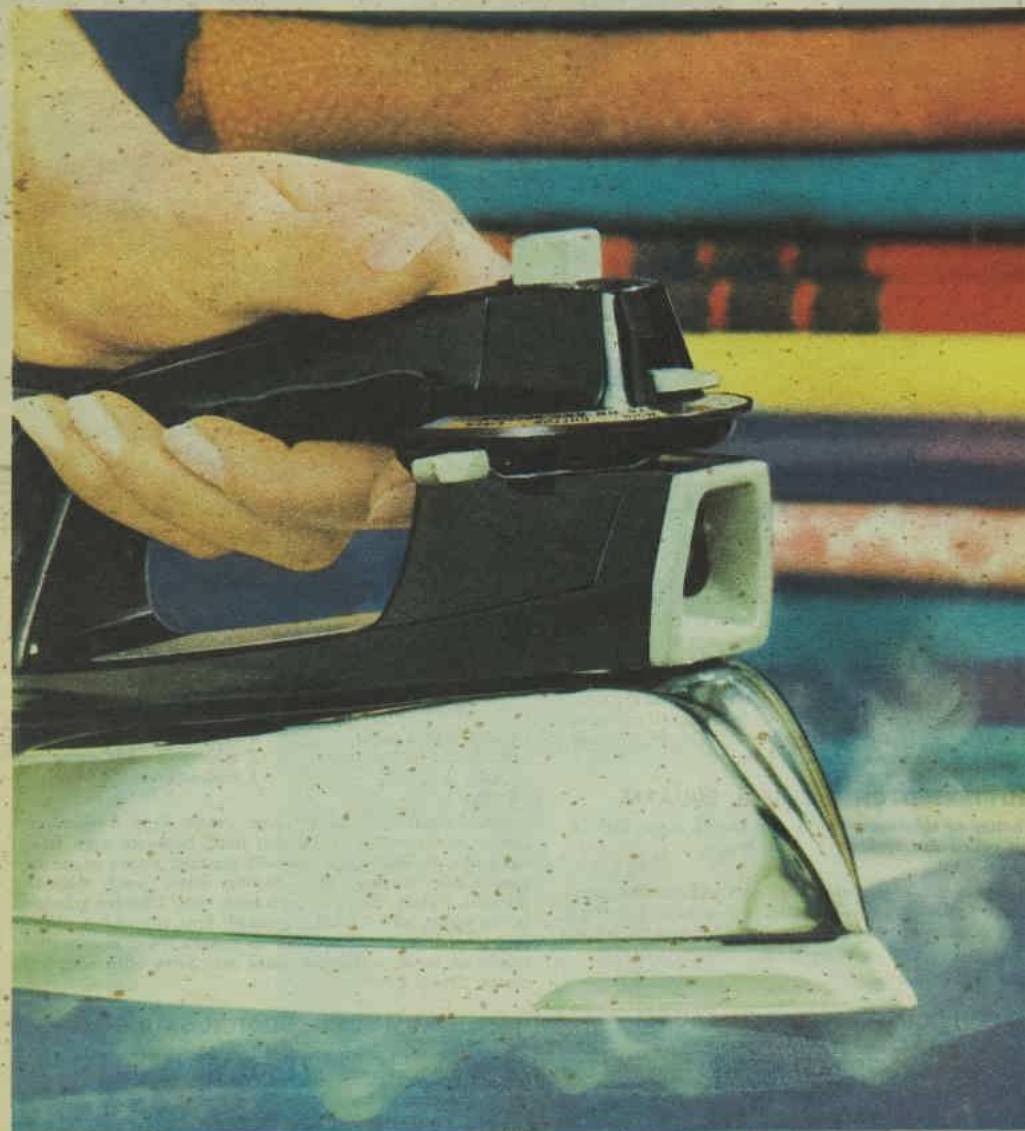
Makes approximately 1 cup.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1 pint milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar, extra
pinch salt
vanilla
1-3rd cup cream

Melt sugar in small saucepan until caramel color. Add water (stir over low heat until dissolved). Add milk, heat until blended. Separate eggs; beat yolks with 1 tablespoon sugar, add salt, gradually stir in heated milk. Cook, stirring constantly, over boiling water, until mixture coats wooden spoon. Cool, add vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator trays; freeze.

Serves 4 to 6.



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THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 30, 1968

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

the taste — at a restaurant on upper Broadway, and as I chewed I mumbled, "We had football and we've had bowling, now all we need is swimming to make our day complete."

"The Saint George Hotel pool has mixed swimming. Let's go!"

"I see enough water all week. We have to jump into the damn bay with rubber suits on, and sometimes they dump out a couple of barrels of oil and set it on fire to make it more interesting to swim through."

"I didn't think," she said, crestfallen. "Anyway, it's too cold."

Of course when she spoke like that I had to insist we go. We rode the Seventh Avenue subway all the way down to Brooklyn, got off at Clark Street, and went up by elevator straight into the hotel without even setting foot on the street. We parted, for the first time all day, at the lockers, urging each other to hurry.

I GOT to the pool first. Teddy came in a moment later, a little shy, tugging at the nether parts of her rented tank suit as she stepped forward on the damp tiles, her pink-tinted toes curling gingerly upward. Her body was slight, paler than mine, and vulnerable. Her embarrassment only increased my own; I turned my eyes away and dove into the water at the deep end. She slipped in and came up beside me, dripping and cheerful.

"Isn't it great? I'll race you down to the shallow end!"

Actually, although Teddy thrashed bravely, she couldn't swim very well. But she splashed me happily, slipping loose from my grasp when I reached out to paddle her. Laughing and gasping, she hauled herself out of the pool and flung herself upon the tiles. She grinned down at me as I hung from the lip of the pool, letting my legs dangle in the water.

"I'm so glad we came. You were sweet to bring me. Isn't this more fun than all that other stuff? You know what I mean."

"No," I said, "it's not."

Teddy's little bosom was rising and falling regularly, and the droplets of water clinging to her bare arms and legs glistened under the lights. I was infinitely touched by the fine golden down on the soft flesh of her legs and forearms. I had never seen her with so little clothing; her body was not only tender and almost childishly graceful, it was so appealing that it was physically painful for me to survey it without being able to touch it, and I shrank down into the water.

"Why?" she asked. What's wrong?"

"Everything," I reached up and took hold of her ankle. It was so fine that my thumb and forefinger girdled it, nearly, and it seemed to me that I could feel every little interlocking bone as she flexed it in an instinctive frightened withdrawal. "Do you know what I'd be doing now if there was no one in the pool but us?"

Teddy giggled. "There'd still be those people up in the balcony, looking down at us."

"I mean if we had the pool entirely to ourselves. I'd pull you down here into the water," I said desperately, "I'd hold you against me, I'd kiss you—"

Her grin faded. She drew her foot from my grasp and pulled her knees up tight against her chest, hugging them as if she had

Some kids never stop hearing Snap, Crackle, Pop



They're the ones who Rice and Shine!

The world's only talking cereal is on the table. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! So crisp they Snap, Crackle and Pop right at you, the moment you pour on milk. And when they stop talking, they start nourishing with all the richness of whole-grain rice, beefed up with extra vitamins. Try it in your bowl, tomorrow.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARKS "RICE BUBBLES" IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST.) PTY. LTD. FOR ITS DELICIOUS BRAND OF OVEN-POPPED RICE.

taken a sudden chill, or perhaps wanted to hide from me as much of herself as she could.

"Listen," she broke in nervously, "why don't you come up here and sit next to me, and we'll talk about something else?"

"What else is there to talk about?" I knew my voice was too loud, but I didn't care. "What else can I think about? If you'd only grow up a little —"

Teddy colored all the way down to the base of her throat. She turned her head swiftly, anxiously, in all directions, to see if any of the handful of Saturday night swimmers, mostly older women, had overheard us.

"Please don't be angry with me," she said. "You know some-

thing, there must be other girls you could go out with besides me. You know—I mean, bad girls. Then you and I could just have fun like we did today."

"You're joking."

"No, no I'm not." She sucked in her breath and laughed jaggedly. "We could have such fun. Couldn't we?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. All I could think of to say was, "Here I'm telling you that you're adorable, that it's you I want and not some stranger, but nothing registers. It's obvious that you don't care about me, or you wouldn't say such fantastic things."

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THE BOYFRIEND



Dear Polly,

I have just had a home permanent. Now my friend tells me I should wait a while before colouring my hair (it's dark brown with a lot of grey in it).

Your friend is quite correct. I always recommend that you wait a week before applying hair colouring (the hair becomes slightly porous after a permanent and tends to absorb colour too rapidly). Then I suggest you use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint No. 43 Dark Brown. This will restore your natural dark brown colouring, and the special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair soft, shining and easy to manage.

Several times I've used a setting lotion in wet, humid weather. In no time at all, the style has disappeared, leaving my hair lank and lifeless. What can I do?

Use Poly Set Hair Setting Lotion. Poly Set actually "weather proofs" your hair against wind and dampness. Simply comb a few drops of Poly Set through after your next shampoo, and your hair will come out soft and shining. Poly Set adds a natural gloss to your hair, too — there's never any dulling or flaking. So use Poly Set and defy the elements!

I've decided to change the colour of my hair. Who could advise me whether the shade I choose will suit my complexion?

May I suggest that you consult the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor at your pharmacy or department store. She has been specially trained to advise customers on hair colouring, treatment and hair care in general. She will be happy to discuss your particular problems with you, and together you can choose the right shade for perfect results.

When I was younger my hair was a lot fairer. Now it's just a dull brown. What can I do to give it a lift and make my hair more interesting?

Fair hair often darkens as we grow older — but the remedy is simple. Just shampoo in Polyclair Hair Lightener. Polyclair will lighten your hair up to two shades, and restore those lost highlights. The special conditioners in Polyclair will leave your hair sleek, shining and naturally healthy. And there's no need to worry about results, either. Polyclair is mistakeproof.

If you have a hair problem, write Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 ...or call her in person at Sydney, 72.0461.



At Pharmacies
and Department Stores.
Page 86

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"No," Teddy muttered, not looking at me, "it's you who don't care for me. Do you think, if you loved me, that we'd —" She broke off with a quick shudder. The little golden hairs were standing upright on her arms and legs. "See," she said sadly, "I'm all goose pimples. I'm going to take a hot shower. We've done enough for one day, haven't we?"

I remained in the barracks after that, brooding, waiting to ship out into the North Atlantic. I made no effort to get in touch with Teddy. Finally, since for the first time in months I had time on my hands and access to a typewriter in the master at arms' office, where I often stood night watch alone, I wrote a short story.

It was a bitter story, of course, about a young serviceman who, because he is denied physical intimacy by a girl who claims to love him, goes recklessly to his death, a snarl upon his lips.

I made two copies. The first went to "The New Yorker." After debating with myself for a day or so, I wrote across the face of the carbon copy, *Here is the most I can offer you for Christmas, something I made for you myself, from the bottom of my heart.* I signed my name and mailed it to Teddy.

A few days later the original came back from "The New Yorker." I stuck it into a fresh envelope and shipped it off to "The Atlantic Monthly," where I knew from experience that it would rest long enough for me to go off to sea under the happy illusion that it was being seriously considered.

I heard nothing at all from Teddy. After a few days I could stand it no longer, and one night I rang her up. She answered, but from her tone, a little frightened when she recognised my voice, and more breathless than usual, I was sure that she was not alone.

"Teddy," I said, "I've been worried by your silence. Are you all right?"

"Yes, I am. Are you?"

"Yes, of course. Is your mother there with you?"

"I don't see what difference that makes." Then she said what her mother must have been coaching her to say, against the moment when I should phone again. "My mother feels I shouldn't see you any more. And I think she's right."

I was so shocked that I forgot to ask about my story. I stammered, "But all I wanted was to see you one last time before I ship out. Does that seem so unfair? For us just to get together this Saturday afternoon?"

"If you had any respect for my wishes," she said stiffly, "you wouldn't press it any further."

I muttered goodbye and slammed down the receiver. But the next day, after a night spent cursing myself for not having let matters rest with my sardonically inscribed story, I received a note from Teddy.

She apologised for the way she had spoken (I was right, her mother had been listening) and went on to add that if I still wanted to say goodbye she would look for me on Saturday, at one o'clock,

in the waiting-room of Penn Station. She would tell her mother that she was going shopping at Macy's.

It was Teddy's willingness to deceive her mother that encouraged in me the wild hope that my story had accomplished what my physical presence and my pleading had not. But when I dashed into Penn Station, hurrying about in search of her, Teddy came up to me unexpectedly and offered me only her hand and not her lips. The hand was gloved, but I had the feeling that her fingers would be cold; her lips were pale and she smiled at me tremulously.

"You look well," she said. "I'm sorry I can't stay very long."

The vaulted terminal was bleak, draughty, and to me — at that moment — terrifying.

"Teddy," I said, "you can't just shake my hand and walk away." I pointed to the bag hanging from her left hand. "You've done your Macy's shopping already. That ought to satisfy your mother. Can't we get out of here? Please?"

"If we could just be happy one last time? Like we were for a little while . . ."

"Come with me," I took her by the hand. "I know a good French restaurant near here. While we eat you can talk and I can sit and admire you."

"You'll have to promise that you won't get personal like that."

"Supposing I get personal not like that?"

BY the time we reached the restaurant we were laughing together; you might have thought we were just getting to know each other. But in a matter of minutes the laughter had faded away.

We had entered the restaurant and seated ourselves at the last table in the dining-room off the courtyard and ordered our hors-d'oeuvre, when Teddy suddenly pouted, as one does when one remembers a forgotten obligation. Then she reached into her shopping bag and handed me back my story.

I stared at her. "Teddy," I said at last, "that was a present. A Christmas present. You don't give back presents."

"I have to, I just can't accept it."

"But why?"

"It, uh —" Teddy swallowed. "It was insulting, that's why. Here, take it, please! Then we won't have to talk about it."

"The hell we won't! Do you know how hard I worked on it? Maybe it's not the greatest story in the world, but it's the best I have in me, and you might have acknowledged it, even if you didn't like it."

"But I did. I do," Teddy gazed at me in agony. "It's just that you shouldn't have put down all those details."

"I can't believe that you felt like that when you first read it," I began, and then I stopped. A suspicion formed in my mind. "Wait a minute. Did you show that story to anyone else?"

To page 90

IF.

you're looking
for a light
meal...

don't
serve this
recipe tonight.

Egg Curry

A piquant new way to make curry...easy, appetising and richly satisfying.

8 ozs. long grain rice	1 oz. cornflour
2 ozs. butter or margarine	1½ pints chicken stock
2 teaspoonsful curry powder	2 ozs. sultanas
1 onion—chopped	6 hard boiled eggs
1 small capsicum—sliced	

Cook the rice in boiling salted water until tender, about 10 minutes. Then drain and keep warm. Meanwhile make the curry by melting the butter then add the curry powder and fry for a few minutes. Add the onions and capsicum and fry gently. Stir in the flour then add the stock. Bring to the boil, add the sultanas and simmer gently for 30 minutes. Add the eggs cut in halves and heat through. Arrange the rice in a border around a serving dish and pour the curry into the centre. Serve immediately.

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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 23



ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

★ Mainly a good week, with a few mini trouble spots, 24th—when you could get edgy, perhaps blow your stack—and a little drag, 26th. A long-cherished wish could come surprisingly true—there are favoring changes in status and career and more than usual luck.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Only occasional patches of rough water, 24th and 26th. Star weather is fine and you can safely scud before a helpful wind. Friends co-operate, and the unexpected could happen to gambling life. Make the most of this week.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Conditions co-operate to make a rise in life much less strenuous than usual—it's fine to plan a career. Popularity should be high, the married state blessed, and there's a happy aura about romance. There's surprising good luck around, too.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ Thinking of starting something new? Well, if you can manage it, avoid blasting off on Saturday morning—there's a spot of obstruction. Otherwise, smiling stars assist luck, romance, matrimony, and work conditions. Just a little care on the road at weekend.



LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

★ Just a few invitations this week, which you can take in your stride. The stage is set for the lighter side of life—for gala and gaiety—and money-making. There's glamor in romance, and more than usual lottery luck.



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ A passing coolness with a friend is about the only snag this week, which could see big financial changes and an expanding personal life. Industrious Virgos—and what Virgoan is not busy—can get a salary rise or perhaps the gift of a household gadget.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ The tempo of life increases for many. Far-reaching changes break down restrictions and outworn conditions, so that you emerge like a spring butterfly—particularly if born at the beginning of the sign. An odd spot of discord, 24th and a.m. of the 26th.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ Things, in general, are on the up-and-up. Nice things could happen, finance-wise and in your personal life, because you begin your swinging cycle and you've picked a good week for it. Swing like crazy this week—the next presents a few snags.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

★ The love planet has moved into your sign, and although she is not quite at ease, she brightens your life and enriches the romantic set-up. It's fine for new projects, but avoid Saturday morning.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ Among the many good things this week are luck in speculation, good conditions for new projects or for turning to a new chapter in your life (24th excepted), a surprise via the postcode, happy news from the hearth and home. Use this period to the full. Next week is mainly adverse.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Discounting a.m. of the 26th, you have the green light to go ahead with schemes, pursue ambitions, and to rise in life. Friends could co-operate, and a surprising stroke of luck could bring in fruitful returns from some act of initiative. Fine, too, for a cruise.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

★ Fortunate focus on career, status, and the pursuit of ambition. Some astrologers would depict Pisceans as absentminded refugees from reality, but many are just as ambitious as, say, Aries; but keep quiet about it. Most departments in life benefit. Only minor snags, 24th and a.m. of the 26th.



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The Bulletin

REVIEWS
OF THE WEEK

25c EVERY
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

HOME HINTS FROM READERS

● The following helpful household hints each win a \$2 prize.

A TUBE of white shoe-cleaner with sponge attached is ideal for cleaning the tapes of venetian blinds. — Mrs. J. Enoch, 883 Military Road, Osborne, S.A. 5017.

Use a plastic seal-top basin for making instant puddings. Put milk then pudding powder into the bowl, seal it and shake it well. Let out the air and shake bowl a few minutes more. Remove lid and pour contents into serving dish or individual bowls. For a picnic, take milk in the bowl and add pudding powder just before you want to serve it; it will be ready in a few minutes. — Mrs. C. B. Johnson, 5 Wilmet St., Ararat, Vic. 3377.

A rubber or plastic spatula is handy when mixing and pouring paint from one can to another. Besides being a good mixer, the spatula is useful for scraping out the final drops. — Mrs. Norma Abrams, 27 Dulwich St., East Cannington, W.A. 6107.

To clean and freshen up your loose mats or carpet runners, turn them upside down on your lawn and shake up and down three or four times. The dirt will fall out and the grass removes any fluff. — Mrs. H. D. March, 33 Dell Rd., Frankston, Vic. 3199.

No matter how well you clean it, white woodwork soon turns yellow. To prevent this, wipe over doors, skirting boards, and any other white woodwork with methylated spirit occasionally. — Mrs. A. Talbot, Smithfield Plains, S.A. 5144.

A cheap way to amuse a small child is to get him or her about a dozen colored patty-cake papers to play with. These and a couple of plastic beakers to put the bright papers into will keep the child amused for ages. And there's no mess to clean up afterward. — Mrs. E. Thorpe, 13 Ruthven Ave., Glandore, S.A. 5037.

Cup hooks screwed into inside wall of each end of the wardrobe provide excellent storage for handbags and shoes. As most handbags have handles, several can be hung on each hook, and shoes can be stored in the bags they are bought in by just hooking up the string of the bags. — Mrs. Enid Dowse, 89 Kent Rd., Pascoe Vale, Vic. 3044.

Keep plastic bags tidy in your kitchen cupboard. Thread a length of string through spring part of a peg and loop it over a screw or drawing-pin on the inside of the cupboard door. Then peg the bags together. — Mrs. Margaret Murray, 34 Tango Ave., Dee Why, N.S.W. 2099.

Fold a thick towel and put it in the bottom of baby's bath. The child will be delighted with it, and timid babies lose all fear when they find they do not slip about. — Mrs. Mary Booker, c/- Argyle Cafe, Stanley St., Collinsville, Qld. 4804.

Do your menfolk's boots squeak? Stop this by boiling some linseed oil, pouring it into a deep dish, and standing the boots in it until the soles are saturated. Leave in the oil for a few days. Let dry thoroughly. — Mrs. James Shinfeld, Corrowong, via Delegate, N.S.W. 2554.

For keen knitters: Buy an exercise book, paste into it a small sample of wool, its brand name, ply and dye lot each time you knit a garment. This is an excellent aid when trying to match wool if reknitting worn sleeves or frayed basques. Take the book along to the shop and save time copying down all the details. — B. Roberson, RMB 592, Crookwell Rd., Goulburn, N.S.W. 2580.

When sewing hems on machine, use the pointed end of a nailfile to push the hem into place as you sew. — Miss E. McEwin, Legana, West Tamar, Tas. 7251.

When a stitch has been dropped in mohair knitting, hold the knitting up to a light and the dropped stitch can be more easily found. Use a crochet hook to pick up the stitch. — Mrs. H. Peardon, "Glencoe," Ando, N.S.W. 2694.

If buttonholes on knitted garments have stretched, tack them firmly together before washing. When dry, they will be back in shape. — Mrs. G. A. Whitby, 60 Watkins St., Howard, Qld. 4659.

If a cake frill is needed and you are without one, a most attractive decoration can be made by cutting a strip of aluminium foil the width and length required and stitching it down the centre to an identically shaped piece of pretty transparent fabric, such as lace or chiffon. If desired, then cut the frill to make pleats. — Mrs. B. Bathols, 38 Kubis Ave., Aspendale, Vic. 3195.

South Sea Island magic in

CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT

YOU could win a family holiday for two adults and two children at Fiji's luxury Castaway Island resort with \$500 spending money, by entering the White Wings \$10,000 Calypso Treasure Hunt.

It's a Calypso Treasure Hunt with literally thousands of prizes, including 200 Hanimek Playtapes and 2000 Suntext artists' pen sets.

For details about this exciting contest see the entry form below.

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Complete the following Calypso Jingle with your own rhyming reason why you like White Wings Products.

I'M ON A TREASURE HUNT ON A CALYPSO ISLE
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(Example: They're nice to eat and they're good for you.)

Fill in your name and address:

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WHITE WINGS, BOX 63, CHIPPENDALE,
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CONTEST CLOSES: FEB. 28, 1969

Employees of White Wings, their advertising agents and families are not eligible. In case of identical entries, neatness is a deciding factor. Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Clean your silver* today Still shining three months away



Cleans table silver in seconds!
No rubbing. Just dip, rinse and wipe. Silver Dip's unique formula instantly dissolves tarnish from between prongs of forks. Swab it onto intricately embossed or filigreed silver, then rinse and wipe. Saves hours.



Shines silver superbly!
Rub on Goddard's Long Term Silver Foam—rinse off! Easy as that. Shine lasts 12 weeks or more. Pack contains special applicator.



Cleans, polishes and protects.
'Long Term' is a Goddard's breakthrough in silver polish. An exclusive active ingredient forms a tarnish barrier that keeps your silver shining three months or more.

*Goddard's Brass and Copper Polish gives long term protection to Brass and Copper ware.

Goddard's new three-way plan for silver care.

"Well . . . just to my mother."
 "I knew it." I was too sickened to be triumphant. "You might as well give me her literary verdict. I'm sure she had some memorable comment."

"She said it was dirty."
 I jumped to my feet and flung down my napkin, knocking a knife and a fork to the floor. My legs seemed to be entangled with my half-tipped-over chair. A French family at the next table looked up in surprise from its *pot-au-feu*. So did three ladies on the other side of us.

With her knuckles at her lips, Teddy asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving. What did you expect?"

Ignoring the tears that were welling from her eyes and dropping like little jewels on to her artichoke hearts, Teddy whispered, "Please, please, please, don't go. Don't leave me like this."

Frightened by her tears and by the enormity of what I was about to do — walk out on a sobbing girl under the disapproving gaze of a room full of people—I hesitated.

Teddy went on. "I promise not to say anything more to upset you. All I ever wanted was for us to have fun together, without hurting anybody, before you shipped out."

So I sat down. Weeping softly, Teddy told me that I had expected too much of her from the start, that she wasn't like all the other, older girls with whom I had been intimate. (There had been only two, but Teddy imagined scores.)

"I suppose the trouble was," she mused sadly, somewhat more under control, "that it was all just a little too cold-blooded. If I had felt that you cared for me . . . I couldn't lie to my mother about that. Don't you see? Maybe she's not so smart, but she's all I've got, she and Stevie, and I have to live the way she expects me to. The way she wants me to."

If before, Teddy had made me enraged, now she was making me squirm. Seeing this, she reached over the *omelette aux fines herbes* with which we had been served, touched me lightly on the arm and added, "Don't ever think I'm not grateful. You can't imagine how much you've done for me."

Mollified, I disclaimed any special virtue, and we left the restaurant almost as calmly as we had entered it. We strolled up to Forty-second and then east through Times Square to Bryant Park, stopping under the movie marquees to study the stills of the Ritz Brothers and the Three Stooges, of Lynn Bari and Jean Parker.

We sat on a stone bench under a leafless tree in Bryant Park, discussing books and observing the types on their way into the library. We were careful not to talk about ourselves, or about Christmas, or about what the New Year would bring; when we bumped knees, we excused ourselves. But then it began to rain again, the fine but mean rain of a Manhattan December; and as we looked hopelessly at each other and then at the forbidding bulk of the Library, I remembered the movie houses on Forty-second Street.

"Come on," I said, "I'll take you to see 'Intermezzo'."

"I really must go home. I'm expected."

"Not yet." I tugged her off the bench. "You yourself told me Ingrid Bergman is the most beautiful girl in the world; you

A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

bragged about seeing her in front of Bloomingdale's."

Laughing and protesting, Teddy allowed me to hurry her to the theatre. But "Intermezzo" was a mistake. We had to sit through the last hour of an anti-Nazi epic plus a newsreel of Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey launching a Liberty ship before we were rewarded with Leslie Howard making love to Ingrid Bergman. They went off together to celebrate their illicit passion in a sun-kissed Mediterranean villa, knowing—or at least Ingrid knowing—

that it could come to no good end, and that she would have to tiptoe out of Leslie's life in order to spare him for his art.

I sat with my arm around Teddy's shoulders, but I might as well have clasped a statue. She held herself absolutely rigid and stared fixedly at the screen through the little shell-rimmed glasses about which she was no longer self-conscious, her elbows tight against her sides, her fingers locked together in her lap. By the end of the film I was intoxicated all over again with the odor

of Teddy's damp blonde hair and lightly fragrant perfume, and she was biting her lips, fighting back tears as Ingrid took leave of her unsuspecting lover. The theme music swelled to a crescendo, and we groped our way out to the street.

It was almost pitch dark, and the rain was driving into our faces. To my astonishment I captured a cab, and we tumbled gratefully into it, slammed the door behind us, and waved the driver on. The astonishment was nothing, though, to the shock I felt when Teddy flung her arms around my neck, held me so tightly I could hardly breathe, and kissed me as I had taught her to kiss.

I thought (if I thought at all), have I won at the last possible moment? And when the driver, by now well on the way across town, called back, "Which way, folks?" I whispered to her, "Let's go down to the apartment. Now!"

I have thought since then that if I had been more mature, more masterful, if I had simply directed the driver down to Jane Street, I might have won out. But I doubt it. For Teddy shook her head fiercely, even while she continued to caress me, and muttered, "No, no, no, I'm going home, I'm saying goodbye to you here."

We remained clasped in each

To page 92



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KKD 115A

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968



10 snow-white Persian kittens to be won in the Dawn 'Name the Kitten' Contest

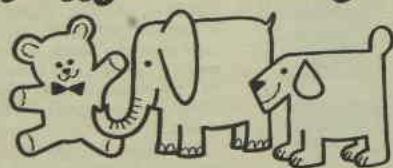
Aren't they delicious prizes! Soft, cuddly Pedigree Persians—just the kind of thing the kiddies love. Wouldn't it be nice to win one? All you do is name the kitten. Fill out the entry form below, and send it with a wrapper from either Dawn Toilet Tissues, Dawn Paper Towels, or Dawn Family Table Napkins. (Except in those States where this is contrary to State Laws.)

Here's the address: Dawn 'Name the Kitten' Contest P.O. Box 111, Artarmon, N.S.W. 2064. And don't forget—send as many entries as you like. But send each one separately... alright?

More facts for you:

Closing Date: Entries must be received by 30th November, 1968. No responsibility will be taken for entries damaged, lost or delayed in transit.
Judging: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of: originality, suitability of name and neatness of entry.
Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence relating to the contest will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., for all or any purposes, and none will be returned.
Employees (and their immediate families) of Kimberly-Clark, their Advertising Agency and the judging panel are not eligible to enter the competition.
Notifying Winners: We will notify winners in writing six weeks after the contest closes. This allows time to judge each entry. A complete list of winners will be available on request. (Please send stamped-addressed envelope).

500 Consolation prizes of fluffy animal toys



ENTRY FORM FOR Dawn 'Name the Kitten' Contest

I think the Dawn Kitten's name is

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Don't forget to include a wrapper from either Dawn Toilet Tissue, Dawn Paper Towels or Dawn Family Table Napkins—except in those States where this is contrary to State Laws.

KKD 122A

The Hands of Naomi

By WINIFRED DARBY

SUMMER is nearly over, and with it the days of my life. All of my days are nearly over — nearly over —

She closed her eyes and rocked gently. The long veranda was cool and very peaceful. There was little sound. Sometimes the click of knitting needles, or a small sigh, soft as a falling leaf. The soothing murmur of far-off voices; the sharp thud of a falling book. Sometimes a gentle snore from the chaise-longue, where Mrs. Carnaby slumbered.

She was happy here. Contented, as only the very aged and the very young can be. The nurses were kind behind their pert facade, and their eyes, taken unaware, were warm and anxious.

She looked at her hands, folded loosely within her lap, and considered them dispassionately. They were taut and knotted, with the blue veins trembling and pulsing beneath the wrinkled skin. Matthew had always said she had beautiful hands.

She had been proud of them — as long as she could remember. An obsession, her sister Lucy had called it, in her thin and disapproving voice. As far back as she could remember — as far back —

The light had been clear and green. Sunlight filtering down into a deep-sea cavern. Looking up through the depths of the sea into a soft and rose-pink morning. White curtains blowing gently against an open window.

She had followed her hands with her eyes, still vague, still unfocused, and seen them as hesitant butterflies. There was sweet scent all around — never again anything like it in the whole world. Her mother's eyes, grave and serene, looking down on her. Thick coils of shimmering brown hair, so close. She had reached out, uncertainly, trying to touch her mother's face. She remembered so clearly the feel of the fine tendrils within the palm of her hand. Soft. Silky soft. Her mother laughing and kissing the tips of her fingers...

Of course she remembered.

"Nonsense," Matthew had said good-naturedly, "no one can remember back so far."

"I can," she had cried defiantly, "I can!"

Dear Matthew. She turned the ring on her finger. It was worn and thin, but it would go with her on the longest journey of all.

It had been dim and cool in the old stone church, yet the sunlight had filtered through the stained windows and turned Matthew's fair hair to molten gold. "Will you take this woman to be thy lawful wedded wife?" Matthew's answer had been firm and clear, and no one but she had heard the whispered "for all the days of my life" — as he had taken her hand in his.

All the days of our lives, Matthew, and I thank you for each and every one.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Sinclair?" A young voice, anxious, and a cool hand on her own.

She smiled and nodded gently. "Just daydreaming, dear."

Daydreaming. Her thoughts advanced and retreated, borne away on restless currents of memory, fleeing down the relentless years as raindrops before the storm. A soft ripple of chords — one discordant note —

"Naomi! Stop that daydreaming, do you hear!" How she had hated those piano-forte lessons. Feared and despised her tormentor, Mrs. Haire-Smythe — she of the crimson wattles quivering with righteous wrath, she of the black eyes darkening with fury. "Sit up straight! Hold your hands loosely! Flex them from the



Nowadays the old lady was more than contented to sit quietly daydreaming of the past.

wrist, like this. Not like that, you imbecile, like this!"

The ruler brought crushing, agonisingly, across her defenceless knuckles. Her father, white with anger, showing her persecutor to the door. False Mrs. Haire-Smythe, belaboring Chopin with vitriol and arsenic, accompanied by a brisk one-two, one-two with her heavy foot.

Professor Dubois. Smelling faintly of mothballs and overpoweringly of garlic. "Your hands, Naomi — make the most of your hands! God gave you beautiful hands with which to make beautiful music!"

All of her life she had worshipped music. Not because she was talented, nor because she would ever play well, but because God had given her beautiful hands for making music.

She stirred restlessly and clasped her hands tightly together. From the chaise-longue came a muffled snort. Mrs. Carnaby was jousting with her own private demons.

Where had all the flowers gone? Somehow she thought the phrase familiar. Yet it was a very good question. Where had all the flowers gone, along with the golden days, the love, and the laughter?

She had loved the garden so...

"Mummy, why are your hands sort of gravelly? They used to be so soft."

Dear little boy. There were always flowers to tend, brown earth to be dug; young plants, young lives, young dreams to be cherished and loved. Dear-little-boy-who-loved-ducks...

Sweet smells of bran and pollard, damp odor of wet feathers. Yellow balls with boot-button eyes looking up through a tangle of summer grasses. A little boy gently stroking his shirtfront, where a shy yellow duckling rocked comfortably, sleepily "chur-hurring" to an unspoken love-song...

She dug her nails deeper into the palms of her hands. Where had all the little ducks gone? Did they still bob and dart in the great jungle that to them is an entire world? Had they forgotten the small heart that once beat so steadily against their own? Nameless little ducks have come and gone, and the world is full of tow-headed timid little boys — but never again that particular one.

She tensed for a long moment, in a remembered agony of grief, then slowly relaxed. It was all so long ago. Nothing was left but the pain of memory, and that would surely remain as long as life itself.

Summer is nearly over, and with it the days of my life. She sighed deeply, then straightened her spine resolutely. She was old and knew it. But she was not defeated.

"Nurse," she called softly to the trim blue figure wheeling out the afternoon teas. "When you have time would you do me a little favor?"

"What is it, Mrs. Sinclair?"

Naomi glanced around quickly. Bees droned drowsily in the wisteria blossoms, muffling Mrs. Carnaby's gentle rumble. Someone was clinking a teaspoon in a saucer, and the knitting needles had ceased at last.

"Nurse," Naomi whispered, "I wonder — could you find me some of that pretty pink nailpolish, please?"

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Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles.

Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.

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Varemoid tablets

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'What a pity she bites her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail biting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your won't power. It's Stop 'n Grow. Tests have shown remarkable results. After using Stop 'n Grow, nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. Stop 'n Grow is invisible.

You can wear it over nail polish. It's called Stop 'n Grow, because as you stop the habit you grow new nails. Ask your chemist.



PP18

New Way to Hold Loose

FALSE TEETH

Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

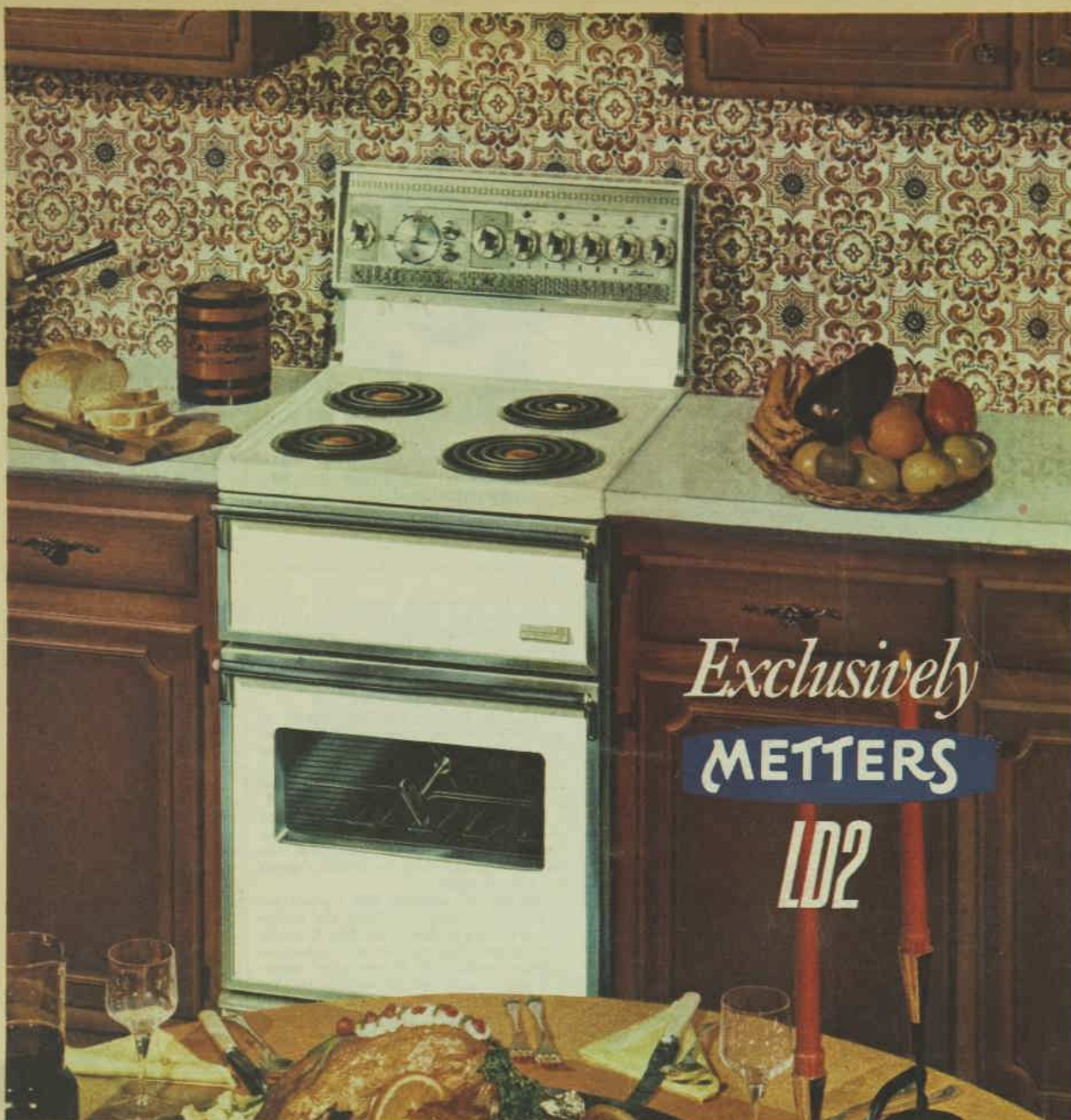
Quick Help for KIDNEY & BLADDER IRRITATION

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the Kidneys and Bladder may cause frequent burning, itching urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CISTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

Quick Way To Lose Weight

To lose weight quickly, many women are now using a new tablet called StataVar. With StataVar, as much as 10 lbs. weight can be lost in 17 days.

It acts by controlling the appetite, so there is no need to miss meals or go hungry. It also acts as an energiser. Women wanting to lose weight can buy StataVar tablets at the chemist.



4 fast-heating hot plates and giant separate griller...



This is the most modern, most advanced electric range that money can buy. The oven is fully automatic; just set it and forget it. A rotisserie lets you cook roasts and poultry to mouth-watering perfection, and the hot plate, grill and oven elements ALL lift out for easy cleaning.

HOT FOOD SERVER
Keep cooked dishes piping hot, and warm plates, too, in this big heated compartment that features independent temperature control.



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A STORY FOR TEDDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

other's arms all the way up to the Bronx. In front of her apartment house, while I stood, distraught, counting bills into the cab-driver's hand, Teddy ran a comb through her hair and apologised for the expense of the long ride.

"I'm the one who should apologise," I said, "for never taking you home before. Let's go on up."

In the back of my mind, I suppose, was the final hope that Teddy's mother and brother would be out.

The old red-brick building was shabby, with peeling hallways; what was worse, it was a walk-up, and Teddy lived on the top floor. We climbed slowly and awkwardly with our arms around

each other's waist, and on the third floor Teddy told me, blushing, that we still had two more flights to go. "The higher you go, see, the cheaper the rent is."

As we moved dreamlike up the last flights, I thought how often she must have flitted up and down all these steps — no wonder she was so slim!

When we reached the top floor she indicated silently the door which was hers: 6B. But before she could say anything I began to kiss her. She went limp. I was kissing her hair, her ears, her

eyelids, her cheeks, but when I pressed my lips to hers she did not respond with the ardor that had so surprised me in the taxi; she remained passive, drooping like a flower deprived of sun, her eyes closed as I raised her unresisting arms and slipped them around my neck.

For some reason this passivity drove me wild. Her eyes fluttered, flooded with tears. I could taste them on my tongue as they coursed down her face.

Suddenly I was crying, too. "Teddy, Teddy, Teddy," I whis-

pered, and felt her give way in my arms. At that instant the door of 6B swung open, and Teddy's mother flew into the hall like some great bird of prey.

She could have been no older than I am now, but she seemed a dreadful old bag, a harpy, her hair half-crammed into a net, her eyes darting venomously out of a craggy face greasy with cold cream. As I released Teddy she was yanked forward in her mother's iron grip, stumbled blindly into the sanctuary of their apartment. Her mother flashed me one scornful glance — part rage and part pure triumph — before she slammed the door.

I stood there dripping rain and sweat, too shocked even to be

conscious of frustration, and my eye was caught by the Macy's shopping bag, crammed with gaily wrapped Christmas presents, that had fallen from Teddy's hand to the floor. I bent to pick it up, and the door opened again. Without a word Teddy's mother snatched the bag from me, and before I could open my mouth she had slammed the door again.

No doubt it was the shopping bag, decorated with holly and mistletoe, that reminded me of my story, my gift to Teddy. As I made my way down the long flights of steps, pulling myself together to face what had to be faced in the world beyond Teddy, I discovered that I did not have the manuscript she had returned to me. It must have been kicked under the table at the restaurant, and as I swayed out into the dreary street I thought, well, I'll never see the restaurant, I'll never see the story, I'll never see her. Never again.

I was right, of course; at least in that limited realisation I was right, if in nothing else. But a few weeks ago I had to see an editor about a manuscript, and I drove into New York and parked in a West Side lot. It was a raw, wintry day.

I gave myself an extra moment of my car heater's warmth before braving the cold, and while I was checking the contents of my briefcase and putting on my hat to protect my bald skull, I was overcome by the eerie sensation of having been here once before — in some different incarnation, younger, hatless, without a briefcase. But in an empty lot?

THE attendant rapped on the car window. "What do you say, Mac, I haven't got all day. Leave the key in the car."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Do you live around here?"

"I was born exactly two blocks down the street. Anything you want to know about the neighborhood, ask."

"What used to be here, before the parking lot?"

"Rooming house, like every house on the block. Restaurant on the first floor."

My eyes began to smart. I closed them for a moment. "A French restaurant?"

"French, Italian, what's the difference? A restaurant."

I got out of the car and shuddered in the chill wind as loose sheets of paper plastered themselves against my shins. They were not likely to be pages of the story I had left behind, a story which had surely turned to ashes with the restaurant, and probably long before.

The story was gone, so was the little blonde who had sat just here, weeping as she handed it back to me, one of the harshest rejections my work was ever to suffer — and so was I, the would-be writer, pompous, but still unsure of his craft and of his magic charm.

We have all three died, as surely as if the war had done us in; but did we really die forever? Teddy still lives in my mind as she was then, whether she has gained the chairmanship of the PTA or not. And I, too, live again in my mind as I was then, whether or not I have won my way to what I dearly desired to be — a celebrant of life in death.

Only that well-meant and ill-written story, that rejected gift, deserved to die forever. These lines, called up by the sudden stinging recollection of two young strangers, the boy and girl at the last table of the garden restaurant, yearning for everything but understanding nothing — these lines are the real story for Teddy.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

Spicy barbecue sauce for outdoor cooks

● The recipe that wins our \$10 main prize this week has already won prizes at agricultural shows for a Queensland reader. It is a very spicy, beautifully flavored sauce to spoon over steaks, chops, etc.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for a coconut biscuit slice and a streusel-topped coffee cake.

BARBECUE TOMATO SAUCE

6lb. ripe tomatoes
1lb. onions
1½ cups white sugar
1 cup lightly packed brown sugar
2 small cloves garlic
1 tablespoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon ground ginger
4 tablespoons salt
pinch cayenne pepper
1 small green apple
1 pint malt vinegar

Wash tomatoes, chop roughly. Place in large saucepan with the peeled and roughly chopped onions and apple, crushed garlic, spices, cayenne, and salt. Place saucepan over low heat, bring slowly to boil. Boil slowly approximately 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, push mixture through a sieve until only skins and seeds remain. Return strained liquid to saucepan with sugars and vinegar. Boil slowly until mixture reduces and thickens (approx. 30 minutes). Bottle into sterilised jars, seal when cold.

Makes approximately 3 pints.

First prize of \$10 to D. MacDonald, Toonpan, Qld. 4810.

COCONUT BISCUIT SLICE

2 cups desiccated coconut
2 cups self-raising flour
¾ cup brown sugar
8oz. butter or substitute

Combine in mixing bowl the coconut, sifted flour, and sugar. Melt butter over low heat, stir into dry ingredients. Press evenly into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven; when cool, ice with lemon icing.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. W. Houghton, 8 Alkera Crescent, West Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500.

STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute
¾ cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¾ cups self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt

STREUSEL TOPPING

½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons plain flour
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter or substitute
½ cup chopped nuts

Beat butter, add sugar and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in half the milk to which vanilla has been added. Sift together flour and salt, add alternately to mixture with remainder of milk. Pour mixture into greased lamington tin, sprinkle over topping mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 to 40 minutes, or until cooked when tested with a skewer. Serve sliced, with butter.

Streusel Topping: Sift together the flour and cinnamon, rub in butter. Add sugar and nuts, mix well.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. R. Levitz, 7 Edward St., Mackay, Qld. 4740.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 30, 1968

READERS CAN WIN SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

- One of your favorite recipes for a holiday party dish could win you a special gift for Christmas.

WINNERS of our weekly readers' recipes prizes will receive additional prizes for recipes published in our four December issues — December 4, 11, 18, and 25.

The first prizewinners in each of these four issues will receive,

in addition to the usual \$10 prize, a copy of Robert Carrier's superb cookery book "Great Dishes of the World."

Consolation prizewinners will receive, in addition to the usual \$2 prize, a set of Robert Carrier Cookery Cards.

All recipes received up to November 11 will be eligible for these extra prizes.

Mark entries **Holiday Dish** and send to **The Australian Women's Weekly**, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.



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by Clarks

From left: Marla \$14.95; Madeline \$15.95; Gillian \$15.95

CERT 1/68

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Ten years from now, what will you remember about 1968?

The year you were married? Confetti and old shoes and the warm wishes of friends? How will your dreams for the future work out? A home? Children? Protection for a family? Big questions? Yes. But we at T.&G. not only ask the questions. We have the answers, too. A carefully planned T.&G. life assurance programme, detailed to meet your very own needs will make 1968 the year your future really began. And that will be very nice to remember, indeed!

T.&G. offers you a marvellous opportunity to combine memories and hopes with practical action.

Ask the T.&G. Representative in your community to help you plan — with certainty — for the things you want in life. His friendly, confidential counsel will help you turn your dreams for the future into reality.

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MUTUAL LIFE SOCIETY

He had thought he was free at last but now the presence of the cat threatened his peace of mind

A LONG SHADOW

By ROMIE HILL

THE cat was there. Strange, but he had forgotten all about it as if, somehow, it should have disappeared for all time when Sarah did. But it wouldn't stay for long: he would see to that.

He hadn't noticed anything much when he came back. The feeling of freedom was too new to him. It was unbelievable the way it affected him, like something he could taste in his mouth, smell in his nostrils, a sight, sound, and feeling all merged into one, like a tangible object that he could hold between his hands as it surrounded and engulfed him.

Yet he supposed it had always been the same. It was just that he'd never noticed it before. Freedom was something you never even thought about until you lost it.

At first he had thought it was the forgotten fragrance of being outdoors that he had noticed, but it was the same even when he returned to the cottage and closed the door behind him. He should have felt hemmed in, shut off again: but he didn't. Freedom hugged him like a shadow and it didn't matter whether he was inside or outside so long as he wasn't behind bars. And that was behind him now. They had found him not guilty.

Because he had left a window open, dust and leaves had filtered inside, but somehow the litter seemed curiously comforting. Sarah's burning desire for cleanliness in the house had meant he always had to take off his boots and leave them outside. But now he took delight in keeping them on.

Small piles of dirt dropped unheeded from his rubber soles, leaving a track as if earthworms had passed, but he ignored them and sat in his favorite chair, thrusting his feet forward on the stool, aware of perverse pleasure in marking the tapestry which had been Sarah's pride and joy. She was dead now and couldn't nag.

He lit a pipe and leant back luxuriating in the comfortable old chair and the near-forgotten aroma of plug tobacco.

Then only did he grow aware of the cat. It was the feeling of being watched

that came first and an instinctive recall of the warders' periodic checks. He had grown to feign unawareness of onlookers and now, set in the pattern, he did the same thing, but the glory of being free had left him. He no longer tasted the wonder of it.

He studied his pipe, playing for time, a part of him wondering whether the police would continue to hound him and an inner voice suggesting that Sarah might have come back to haunt him. But he wouldn't believe that. Ghosts were only make-believe.

It was a soft, thrumming sound from the corner that broke the spell and, looking up, he saw the cat lying in her basket, her one eye fixed on him in a wide, unblinking stare.

"So it's you. No need to look at me like that!"

The cat's tail whipped from side to side, a thin black snake coiling this way and that as her eye developed a malevolent gleam.

Only the cat, but he could have sworn there was something of Sarah, too. He could almost see her bending over the basket, the wide gold band of her wedding ring flashing candlelight flares as she stroked Mignon.

"You needn't think I'm going to keep you," he said. "I don't have to put up with you now."

He stood suddenly and to his amazement the cat stayed in the basket instead of streaking away as she usually did to keep beyond his reach. Now as he approached her she remained there, but the hair bristled on her spine. She arched her back and her black tail thrashed the air.

"What's with you? Aren't you going to run?" She crouched low, yowling in her throat in a strange, subhuman fashion like a primitive being without a language of its own.

"I don't get it," he said. "I don't get it." Then abruptly he realised what it was that held her riveted to the spot.

Quickly, before she could anticipate his move, his arm flashed forward, thrusting under her body, and the top of his hand brushed the incredibly supple, warm softness of her underside as he grabbed. Too late, her unsheathed claws darted toward him.

"So," Grutz said. "A kitten. You got yourself a kitten."

Anxiously Mignon stared at him, her one eye glowing. She left the basket and paced the floor beside him, stalking, a miniature tiger thrumming with fury in her throat.

To page 96



NEW 'BABEE'

BOTTLE AND TEAT STERILIZING SOLUTION—FROM THE MAKERS OF 'NAPPEE'



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'Babee' bottle and teat sterilizing solution is the new, safe way to sterilize your baby's feeding bottles and teats WITHOUT BOILING. 'Babee' effectively kills Golden Staph and the bacteria responsible for Typhoid, Gastro Enteritis and Food Poisoning. 'Babee' is a scientific formula which has been released only after extensive clinical testing and approval by a National Association

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of Testing Authorities Laboratory. Ask your 'Nappee' stockist for 'Babee' today — in the unbreakable plastic bottle with handy measuring cap. Two cents a day is a small price to pay to guard your baby from sickness. How to sterilize the 'Babee' way — without boiling.

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- * Remove bottles from solution — do not rinse — fill with usual formula.
- * Solution remains effective for 24 hours.

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Dear Polly,

I'm nobody's girl...make me somebody's blonde...

Q. I have very nice light brown hair and I suppose I should be happy with what nature has given me. But somehow my heart says I'm blonde. I know I would gain more attention (particularly from a very special "somebody" who lives next door). Every year about this time, I feel the same way. But when it comes to the point I just can't do it, because I've heard that blonding creams can actually harm your hair. Please, Polly, can you help me?

A. Now you can achieve your heart's desire. With Polycolor Blonde Cream, you can lighten your hair as much as you want, without fear of damage to the hair. You see, Polycolor Blonde Cream is not only extremely effective but also especially mild. The extra developing time allows a gentle blonding action which ensures that the results are always beautiful and natural. In addition, of course, Polycolor Blonde Cream contains special in-built conditioners which protect and nourish the hair shaft. In effect, you are giving your hair a beauty treatment and a health treatment at the very same time. Ask for Polycolor Blonde Cream—the results will delight both you and that special Mr. "Somebody" you want to impress. So have a wonderful summer—on Polycolor.

Q. When I was younger my hair was a lovely natural golden blonde, but over the past four or five years it has become a lot darker. I want something that will lighten my hair a little, just one or two shades to take it back to my natural colouring.

A. Polyclair Hair Lightener is the answer to your problems. Polyclair will lighten your hair up to two shades and is extremely simple to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. Shampoo in Polyclair about once every four to six weeks for the gentle lightening you want. At the same time, of course, you will be adding health and gloss to your hair because of the special conditioning agents in Polyclair.

If you have a hair problem write to Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood 2163, N.S.W., or call her in person at Sydney, 72-0461.



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A LONG SHADOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"You want your kitten, huh?" He held the tiny creature by the back of its neck, dangling it above its mother's head, back and forth like a pendulum, as Mignon propped taut with despair, watching her baby's movement like a clockwork toy with a turning head.

"They said it was an accident, but you and me know, don't we, eh? We know what happened. I can see it on your face. Every time I look at you it's there. But it won't be for long. She's not leaving you to torment me."

He glanced around the room unsure what to do with the kitten. He could throw it on the fire or wring its neck, maybe, but that wouldn't solve the problem of Mignon. He had to be rid of her, too. So long as the cat stayed it was as if Sarah was alive, still condemning him through one malevolent eye. But Mignon would never let him come close enough to catch her. Ever since losing her eye she had stayed out of range, so how was he to capture her?

Suddenly inspired he took a linen laundry bag from the cupboard and, holding the kitten aloft with his left hand, shook the bag free of its folds with his right, waving it as a conjurer might before a captive audience.

"Well? You watching?" he asked the cat, and with showmanship flaunted the kitten and bag before her. "Now you see it: now you don't," he said, then dropped the tiny kitten into the open bag, not caring how it fell.

With a growl of shock, anger, and outrage, Mignon leapt forward to defend her young, tormented to a state where she forgot her usual caution. The tip of her tail flipped up like a lever on a well as she plummeted to the bottom of the bag and Grutz, leering in triumph, closed the top.

"Got you! Got you, my beauty!" A thrill of exhilaration ran through him. Sarah always considered herself so smart, but now he had outfoxed them both, first her and then the cat, that terrible creature with its avic, knowing eye.

The kitchen was silent but Mignon set up an ear-deafening screeching and her violent struggle inside the bag made it difficult to hold as sharp claws pricked through the cotton. Freedom, that was what she was after. He knew too well what that meant. He'd discovered for himself with the unbelievable accuracy of experience how

important freedom becomes just as soon as it is lost.

He held the bag away from his body and left the house, walking briskly toward the creek. Already he knew the spot to drop his burden. The waterhole where the depth dropped to more than ten feet could be identified by a marker.

Being unable to swim, he had never given much thought to death by drowning, but somehow it seemed an appropriate end for the hated cat and her kitten. He imagined it to be quick but didn't much care, just so long as this creature with her grave accusing eye never crossed his path again. Mignon had always been Sarah's shadow, following the woman wherever she went. Now it was as if the corpse had gone but the shadow remained.

He grunted with approval as he saw the huge tree-trunk still protruding across the creek in the direction of the waterhole below, and Mignon, as if she sensed his thoughts, increased her struggles inside her prison.

He tested his footing on the tree-trunk. It was broad and the bark was corrugated, giving him a firm surface to walk on. If he went almost to the end he could drop the cats into the deepest part of the creek and that would be the end of them.

HE walked slowly, holding the bag in his right hand and keeping the other arm away from his body to give better balance.

Below, the water's surface seemed strangely still and flat, as if it had turned into a solid impenetrable mirror, and in it he could see his own reflection with a cloud-strewn sky above his shoulder.

When he was a child he used to imagine images in the clouds, animals and carriages, people and places, but now he fancied he saw Sarah's face peering over the edge of the bag's reflection. It was a long stretch of imagination. He knew it was imagination, yet it unnerved him. As if she would always be there, haunting him, whether the cat lived or died. When the cloud moved and changed its shape it seemed as though Sarah had turned her head, but she was still there, above him, following close behind.

Preoccupied with his desire to rid himself of the cats, he didn't hear the cracking sound beneath his feet, nor had he noticed that the core

of the log had been eaten away in the passage of time it had lain there. He felt it give, yet, somehow, it didn't seem as if the log was breaking beneath his feet so much as Sarah jostling against his shoulder, and as it broke, snapping under his weight, he threw up his arms to save himself. It was an involuntary movement on his part, without regard for the bundle he carried.

Through the air over Grutz's head swept Mignon and the kitten, to land on the soft earth beside the edge of the creek, but Grutz had already forgotten them.

His eyes were open as he fell and the water rushed past them in a reel of translucent ribbon. He grabbed out hysterically but his arms seemed leaden weights and there was nothing to hold as he plummeted down then rocketed back to the surface. Briefly he saw light, then the

water's darkness enfolded him again and a steel-strong band seemed to tighten round his chest.

He leant his head back and gushing once more to the surface saw a patch of sky. Fleeting, before going down for the last time, he saw the cloud that was Sarah's face and could have sworn it dissolved in a smile of triumph.

On shore, Mignon licked herself and her baby dry. She glanced once more at the creek's surface, but the bubbles that shone like fish scales in the sun had disappeared all ready. Gently she picked up the kitten in her mouth and, treading with tender care, returned toward the cottage. Her eye shone with an expression that had never been there before and something of Sarah was in it.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

ANDREW WAUGH

Australia's best-known do-it-yourself expert—see his simple ideas for handy-men to copy each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

With a view to murder

• The supposition that violence on television is having a detrimental effect on today's youth is continually thrown at us. So far I haven't killed anyone or exterminated a whole city, although at times my television set practically overflows with blood and gore. Of course, I'm affected by it, usually to the point of hysteria. This might give some young viewers the urge to attack the nearest little old lady. But people this unstable are liable to react to any stimulant, whether provided by TV, radio, or by two dogs fighting.

—J. T., Hobart.

For teenagers

RECENTLY I was involved in an incident in which all fourth-year students walked out of lessons and massed at the front of the school as a protest against the shortage of teaching staff. This to me was an indication of the increased responsibility which today's student is prepared to shoulder. We were not doing this just to keep in step with current student trends. This was our own action, necessitated, we felt, by our special situation, and carried out by students fully prepared to face any unfavorable consequences had any resulted.—David Guinane, New Town, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Best judge

I REALLY can't see how teens can compare their generation to that of their parents'. To do this they must either picture themselves as adults, or their parents as teenagers. And that is naturally impossible. On the other side of the fence, parents also compare us to their former young selves, tending to remember the best side—as we will when we get older. Perhaps for the best (and seldom heard) opinion, we should ask our grandparents for their views.—"Ting," Mudjee, N.S.W.

Shock treatment

PARENTS, if your teenager is dying to leave school and get a job, let him (or her) take one during the holidays, and find out what long hours, hard work, and little pay are like. Make him pay board, point out all the odd things that have to be

paid for, such as medical fees and unforeseen emergencies that crop up. He'll realise that very little of what he earns is his to do what he likes with. He'll appreciate staying at school, with short hours, long holidays, no worldly responsibilities, and a much better education behind him.—"Sorry," Myaree, W.A.



Out of date

TODAY we are still studying poems that our grandparents studied at school, while a wealth of Australian poetry is being ignored. Australia's natural surroundings and distinctive flavor provide original themes, and the student finds more stimulation in the stark realism of our outback than in rolling green hills and fields of daisies. Australian poetry offers something which we know and understand. Yet we are compelled to read

parents knew nothing. I hated having to conform to the rules of home. I wanted to smoke and drink and come home when I pleased. Just recently I turned 21, and was surprised at how much my parents had changed in three years. But then I realised it was not they who had changed. It was me. And I know now that those restrictions were not to deprive me of happiness, but to teach me to be responsible and to have a good sense of values.—Julian Burns, Traralgon, Vic.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



LETTERS

poetry which is completely outmoded by modern society, and inconsistent with the Australian scene.—Diane Kemsley, Lake Illawarra, N.S.W.

See Australia

MOST girls seem to look forward to "a nice husband, nice home, garden, car, babies, etc." My boyfriend and I plan to buy a good, covered truck and travel Australia during the first years of our marriage, staying and working where we want and for as long as we want. In my opinion, this is the only way to see the real Australia, and I can't understand why more young couples don't put this idea into action, instead of living the best years of their lives in suburbia.—"Traveller," Yorkey's Knob, Qld.

Golden rules

AT 18 I wanted to leave home. I thought my

GO-MANGO

Hello Foot!



Now everybody else can see you — we're going to make you beautiful Scholl. And me.

You can make your feet beautiful. Of course you can. You and Scholl. Start by getting rid of blemishes. Think that's impossible? Oh but it isn't.

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So nearly everybody has corns. Well — you be different! If you face up to foot blemishes you can almost always get rid of them. Did you know that Scholl Zimo-Pads can ease corns away? It's crazy not to use them! Visit your chemist right away. Ask him about Scholl corn pads. Felt or foam ones for simple corns. Zimo-Pads for deeper corns! Pads for other common foot troubles (even callouses and bunions). But do go now summer is coming. Feet just can't be beautiful with blemishes.

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I SEE that a British scientist believes computers may replace human beings on Earth in the future.

Professor Sutherland, head of Sussex University's Department of Experimental Psychology, outlined his idea in a discussion about life in the year 2168.

His prediction, roughly, is that human beings may have wiped themselves out by that time — leaving the world to machines so intelligent that they could design other machines, and so on.

If that's to be life in the 22nd century, what's love going to be like?

Professor Sutherland said that the machines would be lacking mankind's selfishness and irrationality.

I suggest, however, that even machines would have problems when they got together with reproduction either in mind or at the end of the road.

Imagine male machine X100 saying to his female mate, Y41: "Isn't that Y40 over there? She looks much younger than 750 years — and yet you told me you went to the same assembly line."

Poor Y41, with her antennae drooping in shame!

Then picture a single female machine saying bitterly to her roving-eye escort: "You never tell me that I have lovely ball-bearing wheels."

And would "parent" machines have problems with their "children" (and vice versa) as happens today with humans?

Imagine one "oldie" machine saying to another: "Kids weren't programmed like that in my day."

In one way, of course, 2168 family disputes could be handled better.

With machines, no doubt an efficient method of smoothing things over would be to pour oil on troubled daughters.

LOVE WILL KEEP MACHINES ON METAL

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4059.—Semi-fitted A-line dress. Shaped jacket has three-quarter-length sleeves and rolled collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4832.—Dress with full skirt gathered on to contrast bodice, self-tie or purchased belt. Short sleeves included. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4312.—Semi-fitted dress is shirred into bias band at neck. Optional roll collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4409.—Blouse has front band and button closing. Neck and sleeve variations included in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4246.—Girl's dress has low V at back finished with self-bow. Puffed sleeves included in pattern. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8. Price 55 cents includes postage.

4811.—Girl's A-line skimmer has square armholes and contrast side panels. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. Price 65 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

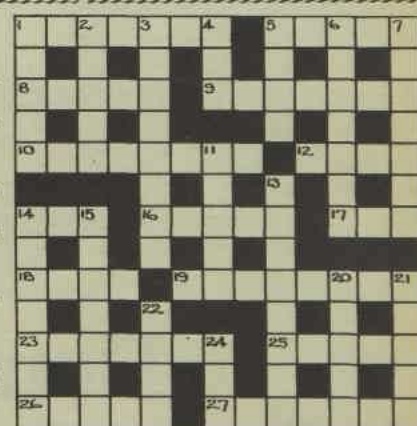
THE BABOOS on Earth have been captured and Magnon's fleet has destroyed the invaders in space. Magnon is then projected to Xanadu. READ ON ...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A carriage in a horse? It's gruesome (7).
- Watch sounds for mattress covers (5).
- Snare the two-wheeled vehicles (5).
- This fish is in the band (7).
- A position in a football team is flah (8).
- Design for fifty in a kitchen utensil (4).
- A backward expert is evil (3).
- Fast time with love, but slowly with music (5).
- Secure a draw (3).
- An agreeable Mediterranean resort (4).
- A child's friend to act the part of a ship's officer (8).
- A time it changed to mimic (7).
- Cast down a foundation (5).
- For example in doctors grounds (5).
- Meet Len (anagr., 7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- A formal contest for a lighter (5).
- Creep and behave abjectly (5).
- Game for a foundation dance (8).
- The finish for re-formed Ned (3).
- A trip to a Chaldean city (4).
- Arrived with the whole musical (7).
- Unfamiliar street to rove at large (7).
- An artificial watercourse (5).
- A Prime Minister has a saintly tree cast (8).
- Tossed to and fro as the prohibition expired (7).
- Refuse to bend down (7).
- Astound a labyrinth (5).
- The second person not without love happening (5).
- A girl for the French ship (4).
- An organ for a hole in a sewer (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Honest-to-goodness flavour...

Natural flavour. The natural flavour of whole wheat ripened by the warmth of a generous sun with the full protein and mineral content retained. This is the taste of goodness Arnott's have captured and kept in Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits.



Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News



● In this issue the stores make their choice of the most popular fashion trends for spring-summer. It includes dresses for all occasions, skirts and pretty blouses, plus the new season's beach gear.

Dasning mix-'n-match co-ordinates in soft pink bonded crepe: wrapover skirt, at left, \$15.50; sheer white spotted chiffon blouse with cravat tie and long, full sleeves, \$17.50. Trouser-suit, at right, with long flaring pants and crossover sleeveless jacket is shown with spotted chiffon blouse. Suit \$44.50. By Pucci of Melbourne. Sizes 8-12. (David Jones' Casual Things, 3rd floor.)

Flower-prints ... spots ... frills ...

POPULAR THEMES



At right: Cute shirt-maker for the business-girl in dacron/cotton is available in red or blue with white overcheck and white collar and cuffs. XSSW-W. About \$20. (Grace Bros. Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Fashion Depts.)

At left: For after-five dates an attractive suit in georgette/acetate with frill detail. In pink, aqua, navy with a white spot. XSSW-W. About \$18. (Grace Bros. Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Suit Depts.)



● POPULAR THEMES
FROM
GRACE BROS.

At right: Smart little dress for luncheon dates is daisy printed dacron/cotton, front buttoned to the hip. Collar and cuffs are white. In red/white/navy, grey/lemon/white, XSSW-W. About \$18. (Grace Bros. Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Fashion Depts.)

At left: Bra-dress for after-five, on left, is smart in white pique with two self bows. About \$14.50. Printed black-and-white cotton style. \$13. XSSW-SW. (Grace Bros. Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Showcase Depts.)



...bra-dresses... navy-and-white

FOR SPRING—SUMMER



Above: Beautifully tailored belted coatdress in navy-and-white ottoman has lots of fashion detailing such as covered buttons, slanted buttonholes, and strict seaming. By Raoul Couture of Melbourne. Size 14. About \$162. (David Jones', 6th floor, Coats.)

● POPULAR THEMES
FROM
DAVID JONES'



Glamorous 'fifties' look in flared navy organza. Plain navy dress, on left, with hand-embroidered top, about \$158. Design with white collar and cuffs, at right, is embroidered in white. About \$175. By Elvie Hill of Melbourne. Size 14. (David Jones', 6th floor.)

At left: Charming two-some in regency-striped voile with black velvet ribbon. Waisted dress, at left, with ruffle detail has full, tie sleeves. Shirtmaker, at right, buttons to hem. Both \$20. Sizes 12-14 in pink and blue. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

Belts . . . buckles

PLAIN AND PATTERNED

POPULAR THEMES
FROM
BIG W AND
WOOLWORTHS



Above: Youthful chic in fashionable gabardine: dress, on left, in bone with brown trim is available also in navy/red, red/navy. XSSW-SW. Shirt-style, on right, is in pink/navy, bone/brown, navy/lime. XXSSW-SW. \$16. (Woolworths, Town Hall.)



At right: White voile-type blouse with Swiss lace trim. SSW-SW. \$5.99. Striped terylene/polyester skirt is in navy/white, black/white, brown/white, 24-28in. waist. \$7. (All Big W stores.)



Above: Young, waisted-look print dress with front inverted pleat and back belt, in Sekers mini-care Monterey fabric in a range of colors. XSSW-SW. \$8.99. (Woolworths, Town Hall.)



Above: Printed linen-look frock is sleeveless, has lowslung belt and front bow. In Marchioness fabric, washable and crease resistant. XXSSW-W. \$9.99. (All Big W stores and Woolworths, Town Hall.)

buttons . . . and bows

Cool looks in pastels

POPULAR THEMES
FROM
WILSON'S FASHIONS



Above: Workman-like shirtdress in washable cream gabardine with gilt-button trim. Also in pink, blue, red, in a range of sizes. About \$12. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



At left: Trim and wearable dress in white hopsac linen with standup collar and button interest on skirt. Also in pink, navy, red, bone, in a size range. About \$14. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



At left: Smart coat and dress ensemble in a ribbed fabric is by Kenneth Pirrie. Available in white and cream in a range of sizes. About \$53. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

'Thirties mood dress for the young swinger in pale pink estacel crepe in which bodice pintucks break into a panel of pleats at dropped waistline. Ricki Reed. In navy, sky-blue also. 10-16. About \$23.75. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



POPULAR THEMES FOR SPRING-SUMMER, cont.

SKIRTS AND PRETTY BLOUSES



Above: Crisp white cotton blouse with a pretty front panel is banded at neck and sleeves and decorated with a fine edging. By Hibodress. SSW-W. \$4.50. (Farmer's, Waltons department stores, Chic Salons.)



Above: Casual chic in a slick outfit by Villager of America. Brown-and-white striped shirt (\$12) tops a fly-front, brown cotton skirt with buckled elastic belt. 8-16. \$20. (David Jones' Young Elite, 6th floor.)



Above: White and soft, this long-sleeved blouse of acetate batiste with lace trim is very feminine. By Hibodress. SSW-W. \$6. (David Jones', Farmer's, Hordern's Mid-city store, Curzons, Chic Salons, Waltons department stores, Big W stores.)

Below: The skirt and blouse look for almost any occasion. Dirndl skirt, at left, with cross-stitched waistband and rouleau tie in navy, red, black gabardine. \$5. High-neck white blouse. \$5. Skirt, at right, with striped waistband is in navy, red, aqua, pink, black gabardine. \$5. Ruffled blouse, frilled at neck and sleeves. \$5. In size range. (David Jones' Skirt and Blouse Depts., 2nd floor.)



FASHIONS in the SHOPS



At left: Black-and-white gingham bra-dress is cut on a high line, has narrow frill around top. Available in assorted checks and florals. 10-16. \$6. (Farmer's Sportswear Dept., 2nd floor.)



At right: Impact of navy-and-white color scheme in shirt-and-shorts outfit. Crepon shirt, in red/white, blue/white also. \$6.80. Navy short shorts with gold chain half belt, in pink and white also. \$5. Range of sizes. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.)

BEACH GEAR

At right: Gaily printed terry-towelling beach cover-up with plain contrast bands at neck and sleeves is available in assorted prints and florals. 10-16. \$6. (Farmer's Sportswear, 2nd floor.)



At left: Imported Italian knit sweater is red, white, and blue with gilt button trim. Small, medium, large. \$10. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.) Ribbed gabardine slacks in white, red, navy. 10 - 18. \$12. (Farmer's Sportswear Dept., 2nd floor.)

• POPULAR THEMES
FROM
FARMER'S

What people

At the Black and White Ball

• This year's Black and White Ball was one of the most elegant ever. The foyer of the Trocadero was transformed into an entrance hall with chandeliers and black-and-white striped wallpaper, the ballroom had an 18th-century theme, and women guests wore their loveliest black-and-white gowns.



Above: Elegant ball-gown worn by Mrs. Brian Conolly, who was photographed with her husband in the 18th-century entrance hall, had a bouffant skirt of black silk and a strapless bodice swathed with white silk which fell away at the back into two floating panels. She added a single string of pearls and pinned a diamond brooch to the bodice.



At left: One of the most striking gowns at the ball was Mrs. Paul Swain's slim black-and-white crepe dress which had an intricately cut open section at the front and back outlined in the black crepe. She teamed it with silver accessories.



Above: Fashionable twosome Vivienne James, whose lovely white chiffon gown had a Grecian-inspired neckline trimmed with guipure flowers, and Zenon Franelli, who wore a coachman-styled dinner jacket of French waterwave velvet with cuffs, buttons, and lapels of taffeta and a frilled dinner shirt.

are wearing in SYDNEY



Recently engaged Joanne Rose and David Massy-Greene before the start of the Derby. Joanne's Edwardian gown by Victoria and Albert had insets of lace, a lace-trimmed neckline, and a black sash.



Combination of black and white for Sandra Todrin, whose dress had a black silk skirt and a white top, trimmed with black-centred daisies which spilled down the sash. With her is Michael Nolan.



At left: Lace gowns chosen by Margaret Armstrong, on left, whose slim guipure dress had an unusual wrapover skirt at the back, and Louise Christie, whose dress of rows and rows of fine white lace had bands of black velvet ribbon around the skirt, waist, and neck.



Above: Many of the gowns at the ball followed a Grecian line like Mrs. Shirley Rivett's white chiffon dress, which had a V-shaped halter neckline and a shimmering cascade of crystals at the front. She carried a white fox wrap and had silver kid accessories.



French actress Genevieve Page, in London for the premiere of her film "Decline and Fall," was photographed in her hotel room in a long coatdress in a heavy brocade, styled with a zippered front and wide sleeves.



Above: American actress Lelia Goldoni wore a high-necked white satin gown and carried a single red rose for her wedding to scriptwriter Robert Ruddelson in Caxton Hall, London.

At right: Taking in the sights of Hong Kong is Paris couturier Pierre Cardin and one of his mannequins, Japanese-born Hiro Ko, in a dress of black crepe with inserts of fine black lace. Cardin was in Hong Kong to show his latest collection for a charity benefit.



What people are wearing OVERSEAS

At left: Dame Edith Evans, often called the greatest contemporary British actress, was pearled, hatted, and gloved English-style when she visited a film set in London and was presented with a sheaf of flowers in recognition of her contribution to British films.





Above: Princess Grace of Monaco photographing the sights as she toured San Antonio, Texas, with her husband, Prince Rainier. The Princess wore a bone suit trimmed with brown buttons and a brown chiffon scarf hat.

Below: Actor Audie Murphy at a charity night in New York with one of the organisers, Mrs. George Barrie, in a brown velvet gown bordered with white mink. Her unusual hairstyle had a pleit arranged in loops.

At right: British Prime Minister Mr. Harold Wilson and his wife arriving at a London theatre. Mrs. Wilson wore a coat-and-dress ensemble in white with gold spots. She added a small strand of pearls.



OUR BUDGET BUYS of the week

Cool sleeveless dress in cotton/dacron print, buttons to below waist, has frill trim. In beige, lemon, blue, pink. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$. \$6. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Parramatta, Roselands Proportionate Depts.)

● A cool print dress in summery cotton and dacron, a smart cover-up to wear on the beach, and a selection of new-season gilt jewellery are special offers from the stores to our readers. Stocks are for early shoppers.



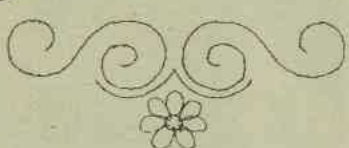
Above: Smart cover-up for a bikini or swimsuit in popular terry-towelling. Available in pink, aqua, white. About \$7.80. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.)

At right: Inexpensive gilt jewellery includes fine linked multi-string necklace (on head), \$5.25. Gilt earrings set with small simulated emeralds, \$5.25. Matching bracelet (on upper arm), \$10.25. Fine necklace, \$8.50. Fine mesh bracelet (lower arm), \$3.50. (All Angus & Coote stores.)



The Australian
Women's Weekly presents . . .

Bridal Fashions



This bridal book shows the latest fashion trends from Australia and overseas and chosen-for-each-other bride and brides-maid designs. There are also flattering veiled headdresses and the newest in bouquets. And for real glamor there are bridal fashions, like the silk-chiffon one illustrated here, to buy, complete with details and prices.

• For details of our cover design, see page 3.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 30, 1968



BRIDAL FASHIONS — Page 1



SCOOP - NECKED dress, above, has a moulded bodice and lace trim. The long tulle veil is held in place with a tiny cap.

BOW-TIED Empire-line dress, right, has lace bands on high collar, bodice front, and sleeves. The long train falls from waist level.

THE ROMANTIC LOOK

Dresses softly shaped to the body and worn with long diaphanous veils give a romantic look in current bridal fashions. The trio of dresses here are by Lord and Taylor, New York.



WHITE SATIN dress, above, has a yoke and trim of coarse lace. A high cap-like headdress of seed pearls holds the long tulle veil in place.

OUR COVER DESIGN SILK-CHIFFON bridal dress on the cover has a guipure lace yolk and sleeves. Re-embroidered flowers are scattered on the dress and on the long tulle veil. Dress \$95, veil \$18. The dress on the cover and the bridal fashions on this page are by Wilson's, Bridal Gallery, 180 Pitt Street, Sydney.

GLAMOR BRIDAL GOWNS TO BUY



CLASSIC slender-line dress is made in silk chiffon, the bodice and hem trimmed with guipure lace. For extra glamor, a flower motif is repeated around the skirt. The tulle veil is tiered and has a scalloped order. Dress \$95, veil \$18.



SUMMERTIME bridal dress made in silk organza with a guipure lace trim. The standing collar and cuffed three-quarter-length sleeves are new fashion features. The veil has a scalloped edge and embroidered trim. Dress \$85, veil \$24.



TRADITIONAL bridal dress made in crystal organza with a chantilly lace trim. Design has high neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. Long graceful veil is tiered and has a scalloped edge and embroidered trim. Dress \$70, veil \$24.

In silk, organza, chiffon,



DRESS for a young bride, left, is made in heavy silk. The design has a high Empire bodice buttoned up to a high neckline in front. The long sleeves and neck ruffle are made in embroidered organza. The skirt has a deep front pleat. Note short veil.

THE DRESS with sleeves and a modest neckline has returned to fashion. This theme is seen, right, made in white organza with a matching organza headress and elbow-length veil. The headress is held in place with a cluster of roses.



The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1952

and lace



SLENDER - LINE dress, left, is appliqued in crystal beads and pearls at high waistline and the motif is repeated all over the design. The matching headdress is covered with a long tulle veil. Short white gloves complete the outfit.

TODAY'S popular turtle-neck is interpreted into a look of romance and modesty in the lace dress, left. The design is finished with a capelet of lace rising high in front and falling to floor at back to form a graceful train.

SOFTLY clinging dress of accordion - pleated silk chiffon, below, has a mini-bodice and lace sleeves. The veil consists of two long trails of tulle, and the bride carries a single long-stemmed rose with its own green leaves.





TWO sweet young dresses, left, for a bride and her maid are designed for each other. The bride, left, wears a slender Empire dress, the bridesmaid follows the same silhouette and also has a front fall of pleats.

BRIDE and her maid, right, wear white organza separates. Bride's dress, far right, has double-breasted top; bridesmaid's dress has a cowl neck on its separate top. Organza headdresses have streamer ends.



SWEET AND YOUNG

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 30, 1968

Slender look in lace

SLENDER-LINE lace dress, left, is softly shaped to the body. The bodice is finished with a turn-over, bias-cut collar made in satin. The long veil falls from a prettily bow-tied headpiece.



STRAIGHT-CUT dress, left, has a see-through yoke and beguiling puffed sleeves trimmed with chantilly lace. The skirt and the graceful flowing train attached at shoulder level repeat the same lace in circular motifs.

SOFT high neckline and mini-sleeves are sweet young touches on the organza-and-lace dress, above. The train flares prettily from the shoulderline. The high lace headpiece is pearl embroidered.

FROM the PARIS AUTUMN



LANVIN chooses a fantasy bridal head-dress for the classic white wedding dress, right. Note the new look of ultra-full sleeves.



PATOU puts a ruffle of ostrich feathers around the hood and cuffs of the satin dress, above. The dress sweeps into a graceful train at the back.

GUY LAROCHE'S white-and-pink wedding dress, left. The cap with its long "fall" is made of pink bows; the dress sleeves repeat the same theme.



DIOR'S white satin dress, left, has the waistline marked with a glitter belt and ornament. Dress is worn with a hooded cape.

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COLLECTIONS



CARDIN'S powder-puff wedding dress, left, with a matching bonnet. Bonnet and dress are made in ribs of maribou.

CARDIN'S exotic wedding dress, right, is made in silver brocade and banded in pure white fox fur on hood, sleeves, and trailing hemline.



FRENCH DRESSING

JACQUES ESTEREL designed the cover-up form-following dress, below. The material is heavy white satin. The matching bonnet-type headdress is bow-tied and falls into a cornucopia of white organdie flowers to below waist-level.



PIERRE BALMAIN uses a pure renaissance line for this dress, made in white satin. Patterned bands of cut velvet outline the deep inverted pleat on the front and accent the high waistline and three-quarter sleeves.

Page 10 — BRIDAL FASHIONS



PHILLIPPE VENET'S high-waisted dress is made in heavy silk ottoman. A fairy-like effect is achieved with the trim of white maribou feathers outlining the kerchief-shaped head-dress, high waistline, and long sleeves.

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ROMANTIC tulle headpiece, left, is worn with a short flowing veil. Headpiece and veil are scattered with tiny handmade blossoms. Headpiece by Robyn Garland. Bridal dress by Kara, 65 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

FEMININE bridal headdress, right, combines a short, tiered white sheer veil and a cluster of white sweet peas and organdie ribbon. Headpiece by Robyn Garland. Bridal dress by Kara, 65 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

VEILED BEAUTIES

ENCHANTING summer bridal dress, below, is made in white sheer and is worn with a matching veil. Bodice has long sleeves. The waist is belted and bow-tied and self-material flowers are scattered over skirtline.

SMOCK - TYPE dress, right, is strewn with lace-and-organza flowers. The veil is held in place with a coronet of flowers. Far right, a fitted dress made in net-like fabric is trimmed with rich alencon lace.



SHEER ELEGANCE

The beguiling look of diaphanous white is seen in these six dresses.



DRESS, above, is made in pin-spot white sheer. The dress is belted, has a high-to-the-throat neckline and short cuffed sleeves. The narrow lace trim on the bodice is repeated around the hemline.



FORM-FOLLOWING white organza dress, left, is designed for a summer bride. The floor-sweeping cape-like veil is fastened to the bride's head with a chic pillbox of white flowers.

FRENCH-DESIGNED dress, above, is made in white organza. The wide sleeves and border on the skirtline are massed with fabric daisies and gardenias. The scarf headdress is organza.

LONDON BRIDES



EMPIRE-LINE dress, above, is made in white satin and trimmed with motifs of guipure lace. Kimono sleeves give the design a new look. The long tulle veil is held in place with a cap-like headdress and adds more glamor.



SUMMERTIME dress, left, is made in crystal organza. The high neckline has a ruffle trim that continues to form a front panel. The veil is tulle.



UNUSUAL long-sleeved dress, right, features a coatdress made in lace worn over a slender-line organza underdress.

HIGH-NECKED Empire-line dress, left. Ruffles of lace are used in bands for sleeve and skirt trim. The neat headdress is worn minus a veil.

GLAMOR dress, right, has a form-fitting silhouette and ultra-large bishop sleeves. Yoke of the design is finished with superb pearl embroidery.



Coat-and-pants ensemble

Here is the latest in bridal trends from abroad—an eye-catching outfit for the way-out bride. The three-quarter-length white lace coat is finished with a hood and is worn over white velvet knee-pants, trimmed with white fox fur. The bride carries a leaf bouquet.

TROUSERS have entered bridal fashions. The chic hooded-coat-and-pants ensemble, right, was designed by Sorelle Daniele of Rome.



Bridal bouquets

ROSY-PINK daffodils styled in a natural bunch arrangement, below, form a balanced bouquet. (Liberty Florist, Crows Nest, Sydney.)



POSY of white daisies, left, is designed for a summer wedding. Loops of white satin ribbon and streamer ends complete bouquet. (Available from David Jones', Flower Shop, Sydney.)



TRAIL arrangement of cream tulips, right, is the perfect bouquet to wear with a classic wedding gown. Cream ribbon bow ties stems. (David Jones', Flower Shop, Sydney.)



UNUSUAL bridal trail, above, combines shades of green in *Cobaea scandens* and *euphorbia*. (Liberty Florist.)



MAGNOLIA stellata, right, is arrayed with superb balance to create a delicate bouquet. (Liberty Florist.)